

TRUE April  
★ DETECTIVE

Mysteries

"Checking"  
*into*  
SING  
SING

An  
Editorial  
by

EDGAR  
WALLACE

IN THIS ISSUE



—SEVERN—



# BRAND NEW CORONA GENUINE *Model #3*

**Lowest Price — Easiest Terms  
Ever Offered**



HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted — on the easiest terms ever offered — at the **LOWEST PRICE** ever offered. Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc. *Manufacturer's Guarantee.* Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest portable built.

S. Joveton writes: "It truly is a wonderful machine. I am very pleased with it and find it very simple to work, although it is the first typewriter I have ever used."

Don P. Fina, composer and pianist says: "Corona has helped me put my songs over and is still doing it. I find it just the thing for writing words to songs and for all correspondence to the profession."

F. J. Barsuglia, Jr., writes: "I am very well pleased with your little Corona and I must say I do not know what I would really do without it. It works like a charm and has every convenience of a larger machine."

Mrs. G. Bernstein says: "Allow me to thank you for prompt delivery of the Corona. I am delighted with it and know I shall derive great pleasure from its possession."

## *Yours for 10 DAYS FREE*

Only a limited number of these splendid machines available. To get one, you must act now! Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it ten days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office, desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, manuscripts, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price on such easy terms. Remember, these are *brand new* machines right out of the Corona factory.

**Carrying Case  
FREE  
If you act Now!**



Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money — just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only \$2 — then \$3 a month until our special price of \$39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated.



**Save Money — Use This Coupon**

**Smith Typewriter Sales Corp.**

[Corona Division]  
**469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Dept. 94**

Ship me the Corona, F. O. B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit \$2 with express agent. If I keep machine I'll send you \$3 a month until the \$37.90 balance of \$39.90 price is paid, the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent who will return my \$2. You are to give your standard guarantee.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Employed by \_\_\_\_\_

# They gave me the "ha-ha" when I offered to play *... but I was the life of the party after that*



THE first day of Dorothy's house party at her cottage on the shore had been a huge success. With an afternoon of swimming, boating and golfing, we were all set for the wonderful dinner that followed.

"Well, folks," said Bill enthusiastically, as we were leaving the table, "I don't know how you feel, but I'm all peped up for a good dance."

"Fine!" cried Dorothy. "Dick Roberts has his banjo and can sure make it hum. Now who can play the piano?"

Instantly the laughter and merriment ceased. All looked at one another foolishly. But no one said a word.

"How about you Jim, you play, don't you?" asked Dot.

"Yes, I'll play 'Far, Far Away,'" laughed Jim.

"Well then, Mabel, will you help us out?"

"Honestly," Dot, I hate to admit it, but I can't play a note," she answered.

It certainly looked as if the party were going flat. Plenty of dancers but no one to play.

## Then I Offered to Play

"If you folks can stand it," I offered shyly, "I'll play for you."

The crowd, silent until now, instantly burst out in laughter.

"You may be able to play football, Jack, but you can't tackle a piano."

"Quit your kidding," cut in another. "I've never heard you play a note and I've known you all your life."

"There isn't a bar of music in your whole make-up," laughed Mabel.

A feeling of embarrassment mingled with resentment came over me. But as I strode to the piano I couldn't help chuckling to myself when I thought of the surprise I had in store for them.

No one knew what to expect. They thought I was about to make a fool of myself. Some laughed. Others watched me wide-eyed.

Then—I struck the first snappy chords of that foot-loosing foxtrot "St. Louis Blues." Dick was so dumbfounded he almost dropped his banjo. But in a flash he had picked up the rhythm and was strumming away like mad.

Although they could hardly believe their ears, the crowd were all on their feet in a jiffy. And how

they danced! Fox-trots, waltzes—with rests few and far between.

After a good round of dancing I decided to give them some

real music and began a beautiful Indian love lyric.

The couples, who but a moment before had been dancing merrily, were now seated quietly about the room, entranced by that plaintive melody.

No sooner had the last soft notes died away than I was surrounded by my astonished friends. Questions were fired at me from all sides.

"How wonderful, Jack! Why haven't you played for us before?"

"How long have you been studying?"

"Why have you kept it a secret all these years when you might have been playing for us?"

"Who gave you lessons? He must be wonderful!"

## I Reveal My Secret

Then I explained how some time before I made up my mind to go in for something besides sports. I wanted to be able to play—to entertain others—to be popular. But when I thought of the great expense and the years of study and practice required, I hesitated.

Then one day I ran across an announcement in a magazine telling of a new, quick and simple way to learn music at home, without a teacher.

I was a little skeptical at first, but it was just what I wanted so I sent for the free Booklet and demonstration lesson. The moment I saw it I was convinced and sent for the complete course at once.

When the lessons arrived, I started right in, giving a few minutes of my spare time each day. And what fun it was—even from the very beginning. No monotonous scales—no tedious exercise—no tricky methods—just a simple, commonsense system that even a child could understand. And best of all I was playing my favorite numbers almost from the start.

Anyone can learn to play this easy no-teacher way—right at home. The piano if desired; or any other instrument that you may choose. Over half a million people have learned to play by this simple system in less than half the time it takes by the old-fashioned methods. And regardless of what instrument you pick, the cost averages only a few cents a day.

## Send for Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

To prove how simple and practical this remarkable course is, the U. S. School of Music has arranged a typical demonstration lesson and explanatory booklet which you may have for the asking. So if you really want to learn to play—if you wish to win a host of friends—to be popular everywhere—write for this free booklet and valuable free demonstration lesson.

Don't delay, act at once—fill in and mail the attached coupon today—no obligation whatever.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

### U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 3064 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, free demonstration lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

..... Have you Instr?

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT	
Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar	
Sight Singing	
Piano Accordion	
Italian and German Accordion	
Voice and Speech Culture	
Harmony and Composition	
Drums and Traps	
Automatic Finger Control Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	

# TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. XIII

April, 1930

No. 1

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Cover design painted by Dalton Stevens

## NEXT MONTH: THE SECRET CRIME in APP'S WOODS

### The RIDDLE of the SEVEN PHANTOMS

It's a Federal case—it enlisted the attention of the President of the United States—caused the mobilization of the entire New Jersey State Police to hunt the ruthless killers . . . Swift-moving, dramatic—a thrill in every line!

### SCOPOLAMIN—the NEW "THIRD DEGREE"

You have heard of it—the mysterious "truth medicine," which, when injected into the blood, makes criminals talk—makes them tell the truth. But—do you know how it works? Do you know what it is? A recognized authority on crime and police work will tell the astonishing story of this great scientific discovery next month.

### The MAN From RISING SUN

Pretty Clara Olson, innocent of her frightful fate, left a pitiful farewell note to her parents, and under darkness of night hurried to keep a secret rendezvous with—her murderer. A detective story that touches the heart!

Also The BAFFLING MYSTERY of CAMBRIDGE TURNPIKE (the Marguerite Stewart case); HOW I TRAPPED The BELMORE BANK BANDITS by that master-detective, De Martini; The VANISHING GHOST of SAN FERNANDO ROAD and other detective thrillers. This outstanding issue of May TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES will be on sale at news stands everywhere on April 15th.

### This BAFFLING MYSTERY

—the murder of Harvey Willow in App's Woods, Snyder County (Pa.), has become notorious throughout the civilized world—yet the inside facts are not known to the public. We have secured these sensational revelations from the detective who solved the case, and will print the amazing complete story next month—a story you can't afford to miss!

### The GIRL, the DOCTOR—and the MISSING WIFE

The infamous Doctor Crippen case, notorious on three continents. There is dark mystery—poison, cunningly administered—the mad Doctor's flight with his pretty secretary, Ethel LeNeve, dressed as a boy—Inspector Dew of Scotland Yard, stalking the scheming killer . . .

### WHO WRECKED the "WEST COAST LIMITED?"

The crack flyer, the Southern Pacific's "West Coast Limited," was wrecked by a fiend on November 10th, 1929, in Mint Canyon . . . Two girls gave the detectives a hot clue. Then—

(MEMBER OF TRUE ROMANCES GROUP)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY NEW METROPOLITAN FICTION, INC., WASHINGTON AND SOUTH AVES., DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY  
Editorial and General Offices: 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: Graybar Building, New York City.  
Edwin E. Zoty, President M. A. Wood, Secretary William Thompson, Treasurer Gilbert S. Parks, Advertising Director  
Copyright, 1930, by New Metropolitan Fiction, Inc. Copyright also in Canada and Great Britain.  
Entered as second class matter, Sept. 27, 1928, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.  
Price 25c per copy in U. S.—30c in Canada. Subscription price \$2.50 per year in the United States and possessions; also, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All  
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Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Ave., C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. London Agents: Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co., Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C.  
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stories are of actual people, but are not intended to be a likeness of, nor to depict the individuals named in such stories, unless such pictures are specifically labeled.



## Are You Caught Behind the Bars of a "Small-Time" Job?

Why be satisfied with a "small-time" job at low pay? Why grind along at tiresome, uninteresting work with long hours and no future? Why take orders all your life from every Tom, Dick, and Harry who happens to be your boss?

Right now—this very minute—you hold the key to REAL SUCCESS in your hand. Hundreds of other

men before you have read of COYNE just as you are doing now—and are making \$50—\$75—\$150 a week as a result. This is your BIG CHANCE to get friendly help and practical training that will enable you to climb out of the rut, and EARN REAL MONEY! Don't miss it! Today may be the big turning-point in your whole life!

# LEARN ELECTRICITY Without Books or Correspondence **IN 12 WEEKS**

*By Actual Work—in the Great Shops of Coyne*

SOME kinds of jobs ought to be labeled with a big sign that says "Man-killer." They are either so heavy, dirty and hard that they sap a man's strength and keep him dog-tired all the time—or else they are so disagreeable, uninteresting and poorly paid that they kill his ambition in almost no time. And AMBITION is the most valuable thing a man can have!

### Fascinating Work— Real Pay!

That's why so many men are turning to ELECTRICITY, which offers unlimited rewards and opportunities—with ordinary salaries of \$50—\$75 and up a week! Right now big electrical jobs are actually going begging! Electrical experts are in demand—and the need is growing every day! The situation is one that spells O-P-P-O-R-T-U-N-I-T-Y in letters a foot high for the man who is wide-awake enough to see it!

### Learn Quickly

Let me make you a trained electrician—the Coyne way. I've done it for thousands of others—farmers, laborers, factory men, and hundreds who haven't had more than 8th grade education! I can do it for you—and start you off on the road to independence and big earnings in just 90 days!

### Not by Books

The secret of Coyne-training is that it is ALL PRACTICAL work. No books—no dry lessons—no useless theory. In the great shops of COYNE you learn the "ins and outs" of Electricity by actual work on real electrical equipment—the finest outlay in the country! And best of all—experts work right with you every step of the way, showing you all the electrical secrets that are essential to your success!

### No Advanced Education or Experience Needed

With a personal, practical method like this, is it any wonder I say I can make any man into a master electrician in 12 happy weeks? You don't need a bit of previous experience or advanced education. Many of our most successful graduates are fellows who never went to high school and hated "book learning." The Coyne method is different!

### Special Offer Now

Make up your mind today to get into one of these real-pay electrical jobs. If you act now—I'll allow your railroad fare to Chicago and give you these courses free! AVIATION ELECTRICITY, RADIO, and AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRICITY! And besides that, I help you to a part-time job while learning! FREE employment service for 'life' after graduation, too. We place dozens of men in wonderful jobs every week.

### Send for FREE Book

Just give me a chance to tell you about the unlimited opportunity that awaits you. Let me send you this big book free, containing over 150 photographs and listing and telling you how you can qualify for the kind of jobs that lead to \$75 to \$200 a week. If you really want more money and a wonderful future, send for this book now! No obligation. Simply mail the coupon.

**Mail This  
FREE  
BOOK  
Coupon  
To-day**

### Big Pay Jobs

are common in electricity. Our free employment bureau puts you in touch with openings to choose from. The following are only a few of the kind of positions you fit yourself for in the Great Shops of Coyne:

Farm Lighting Experts	\$60 to \$100 a Week
Armature Expert	\$50 to \$100 a Week
Power House Operator	\$50 to \$75 a Week
Auto Electrician	\$60 a Week and up
Inventor - Unlimited Income	
Maintenance Engineer	\$60 a Week and up
Service Station Owner	up to \$200 a Week
Radio Expert, \$60 a Week and up	
Contractor, \$3,500 to \$15,000 a Year	

Radio Expert, \$60 a Week and up

Contractor, \$3,500 to \$15,000 a Year

### Special Reduced Tuition Offer

NOW—for a short time I am making a Special 30th Anniversary Offer. You can now get a real money-making training at the lowest price.

### COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL

H. C. LEWIS, Dept. 40-94  
500 South Paulina Street, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis:—I want the facts, so without obligation, send me your free illustrated catalog and details of your R. R. fare.

Name.....

Address.....

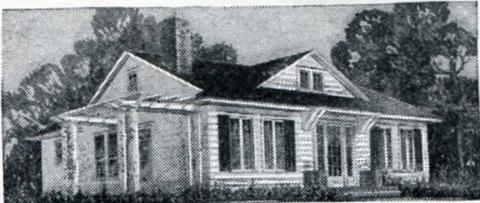
City..... State.....

**COYNE**  
**ELECTRICAL  
SCHOOL**

500 S. Paulina St., Dept. 40-94, H. C. Lewis, Pres., Chicago

# Name This House \$500.00 GIVEN!

We Will Pay \$500.00 Cash For the Most Suitable Name For This Beautiful Six-Room House



**ANY NAME may win. Offer open to everybody. Nothing to buy or sell. No Obligation.**

This is a new Colonial Bungalow --- cozy, convenient --- yet a roomy

house. It is meeting with such popularity that we are desirous of obtaining a suitable name for it for use in connection with our building program, and will pay \$500.00 cash for the most suitable name suggested. There are no strings tied to this offer. Sending us a name for this house does not obligate you in any way. Nothing to buy or sell. We merely want a suitable name and are willing to pay \$500.00 in cash for the best one sent in. Surely you can think of an appropriate name for such a beautiful home. Do not use more than two words. Any word or words may be used or any combination of words, such as Ridgeland, Shadynook, Hearthome or names like Sunshine Inn, Journey's End, etc. No matter how simple your suggestion is, you cannot afford to neglect sending it in at once. Any name may win. Possibly you may have the most suitable name right on the end of your tongue this minute. If you have, send it in at once, and \$500.00 in cash is yours.

**FOLLOW THESE RULES** This offer is open to everyone, excepting members of this firm, its employees and relatives. Each participant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out. Contest closes June 28th, 1930. Should two or more persons submit an equally suitable name for this house, the full amount of the prize offered will be paid to each one so tying. To win the \$100.00 CASH PROMPTNESS PRIZE, the winning name must be mailed within three (3) days after this announcement is read. This \$100.00 CASH PROMPTNESS PRIZE will be added to the \$500.00 prize and paid to each one submitting the winning name, provided suggestion is mailed within three (3) days after this announcement is read. Act quick!

## \$100.00 EXTRA FOR PROMPTNESS

We want the name for this house quickly, and are going to pay the winner an extra \$100.00 cash just for promptness—or a total of \$600.00 in all. Send your suggestion today!

**FREE!** In appreciation of your suggesting a name for this house real quickly, we will send you FREE and POSTPAID, the floor plans and blue print of this beautiful house. Understand, this does not obligate you in any way. ANSWER TODAY—QUICK!

## HOME BUILDERS' SOCIETY 4254 Lincoln Way, Batavia, Illinois

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this offer was read \_\_\_\_\_

Date my suggestion is mailed \_\_\_\_\_

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Town \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

## LICK 'EM ALL

Almost instantly—without tiresome study—you can now be invincible, proof against knife, gun fist—bullies or rowdies. Develop super-strength—learn the simple tricks of veteran fighters—the Two Million Secrets of N. Y. Police. Startle your friends by brilliant feats of strength and dexterity. Send \$1.97 stamps or M. O. for Capt. Wallander's \$2,000,000 Secrets, or pay \$2.15 on delivery. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

EDUCATOR PRESS, Dept. PT-66  
19 Park Row New York

## GET THIS DAINTY WRIST WATCH

Jeweled movement. White gold effect. Silver dial. Ribbon leather. Sterling clasp. Send for 20 packs Garden Seeds. Sell at 10¢ a packet. Remit as per catalog. Catalog with seeds, then watch is yours... **EXTRA-\$1500 IN BIG CASH PRIZES. You may win.**

Write for seeds today. Send no money now. We trust you.

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO. STATION 334 PARADISE, PA.

## GRAY HAIRS need worry you no more

Wm. J. Brandt's  
Liquid

EAU DENNA  
(formerly Eau de Henna)

will cover gray hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it. No pack. No mess.

You get a natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

### ANYONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling or straightening iron—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots.

### Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair.

### Does Not Interfere With Permanent Waving

Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn (in ordering please state color desired). Price \$2.50, C.O.D. \$2.77. Order through your department store, druggist or Beauty Parlor or from us. Give full local address.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO., 772-D, 112 East 23rd St., New York  
Men as well as women can use Eau Denna to advantage.



(Continued from page 79)

exhibiting a fake passport," Gabor said aggrievedly. "I assure you the Houston officers are in error regarding the latter charge. I did not show a fake passport. I merely exhibited some cards and letters I had in my possession—but there is no foundation whatever for a Federal charge against me!" Evidently, the man's former experiences with Federal officers had made him unwilling to face them in another court.

"And then, San Diego! What a beautiful little city! I really enjoyed myself there. It was so easy to telephone one of the prominent clubs, introduce myself as 'Colonel Campbell of the United States Army,' and request the club to extend its courtesies to 'Mr. Taft Thew Houghton,' son of Ambassador Houghton to the Court of St. James. I had a glorious time with the hospitable Army and Navy officers. My tour of inspection of the army and navy forces—particularly the review of the Fleet in company with the Admiral—was most enjoyable! Of course, it was necessary that I have a certain amount of money in my possession, but I found it all too easy to cash checks and obtain loans on my unimpeachable credentials.

"Why," he said naively, "I must have collected somewhere in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars in loans—but you'll understand my reticence in declining to say from whom."

"And now," Gabor sighed, "here we are in Los Angeles. I believe, sir, that brings us up to date," he added pensively.

During the brief pause that followed, his mood lightened and his naturally effervescent spirits bubbled up once more. He burst into a hearty laugh.

"Well, I've had the time of my life during the last two years. The game was worth the candle—whatever the candle costs!"

EVEN from his cell in the County Jail, George Gabor, clad in the blue denim garb worn by prisoners, commented facetiously upon his strange case to newspaper men.

"It's easy to get these smart men to fall for a line like mine," he laughingly declared. "Rich people and men in high places are not exactly dumb, but they certainly are gullible! The only reason more big men didn't fall for me was because my territory was limited."

For a couple of years, at least, Gabor's territory will indeed be limited, for in October, 1929, he was sentenced to two years at McNeil Island on charges of impersonating a Federal Officer. We voluntarily relinquished the prisoner to the Federals, content to allow our charges to remain in a state of abeyance, pending his release from the above named institution. In this connection I might say that there are no less than six official "holds" filed with the Warden of McNeil Island Penitentiary against the inmate, George Gabor, some of which will no doubt result in his prosecution on charges of issuing fictitious checks.

And thus, for the time being at least, George Gabor passes from the public stage. He might well be considered one of the best "actors" of our time—for the nerve and ingenuity that characterized his brilliantly successful impersonations before varied and exacting audiences!

**Ain't Life Wonderful!****By Mason**

# Button Rupture Newest Way (Without Pressure!)

**S**CIENCE now advises discarding steel springs, barbarous leg straps, and other harness that press against the rupture and thus prevent nature from healing it. A new sensible method has been perfected, after experience of more than 50,000 cases, called Magic Dot System—entirely different from any other way. Instead of “pressing” it “buttons” rupture.

### Rupture Help Breathes Air

With this 1-25th oz. device is a new kind of pad, air-porous and washable. It actually “breathes” air and cannot slip off the rupture—a feature, you’ll frankly admit, that is lacking in your present appliance. In fact, it is so superior and different that it is praised by physicians as “an entirely new departure.” Users re-

port they have forgotten they are wearing it. But don’t buy it yet.

### Ruptured? See It First!

By a special arrangement you can now have it sent to your home. Don’t send a penny or order it now. Just mail the coupon for full description of this unusual offer. Act now for quick relief. Write your name and address on the coupon and mail it today!

**NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE**  
3971 Clay St., Steubenville, Ohio

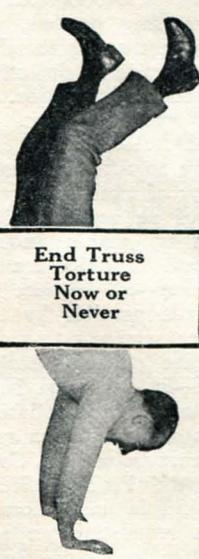
NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE,  
3971 Clay St., Steubenville, Ohio.

Please send me your illustrated book, sample of Airtex material that “breathes,” and full details of the amazing new way to button rupture. Include also your offer which permits me to see the Magic Dot System without cost or obligation.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
(Print address and be sure of reply.)



End Truss  
Torture  
Now or  
Never

FREE SAMPLE

# Introducing the Mechanical Policeman

(Continued from page 48)

correct on every receiving machine in the city. This assures accuracy in numbers and letters, in descriptions, addresses, and automobile license numbers—the nucleus and backbone of police messages.

**F**ORMERLY, under the telephone system of communication, each message was necessarily repeated some ten to twenty times (depending upon the number of substations) to a corresponding number of receivers varying in accuracy and mental alertness.

Take such a message as the following, sent over the San Francisco Teletype system:

JAN. 1, 1928. MESS 2628 6:50 P. M.

BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A GRAY NASH COUPE LIC 1 996 230 DRIVEN BY A NEGRO C. J. BROADNEAUX 37 YRS 5 FT 7 IN 156 LBS. THIS MAN IS WANTED IN SALINAS FOR MURDER AND LEFT THERE AT 2 P. M. THIS DATE FOR THIS CITY.

With such a message, telephoned to each substation, there would be delay and errors. Both are eliminated by the Telephone Typewriter. No longer are there telephone misunderstandings, no longer does one hear:

"Just a minute 'till I close the door."  
"Will you repeat that last?"

"Not so fast, please."

"Hold the line while I get another connection."

"Who do you want? Who? Spell the name."

As officers of each detail report to their respective station-houses a first duty is to read messages received in their absence. They copy license numbers of stolen automobiles, descriptions of suspects and missing persons, and all general and special orders and assignments. Under the telephone system, officers are often denied receiving an assignment. With the Teletype, the assignment is part of the permanent record of both station-houses and headquarters, as the following from San Francisco:

SEPTEMBER 7 MESS 1101 4:45 P. M.

CHIEF'S ORDER: THERE WILL BE A CAPTAINS' MEETING IN CHIEF'S OFFICE AT 10:00 A. M. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8.

With such messages, responsibility is fixed, and "passing the buck" impossible.

In contrast to the telephone system no operator is needed at the receiving end of the Telephone Typewriter. Where once a message sent out by headquarters required an hour to reach all substations, with officers both at the sending and receiving ends, now the same message can be sent in one minute by a Teletype operator without anyone necessary to receive it.

To appreciate the enormous time saving effected, an understanding is necessary as to the volume of business conducted by the police department of a large city. In Los Angeles, for example, the daily crime total involves: forty stolen automobiles; twenty burglaries; four robberies; two cases of grand theft; eighteen of petit theft; three suspicious deaths; thirty accidents; two hundred

and fifty arrests; and hundreds of petty complaints and false alarms.

These represent the new cases of the day, many of which have to be reported to all stations in order that patrolmen can be on the alert for suspects. In addition there are follow-up reports on cases, both new and old, many entailing separate communications.

By adopting the Telephone Typewriter the transaction of all this business has been revolutionized. Eighteen hundred words, possibly sixty separate messages, can be readily transmitted to all stations in an hour, while with the telephone it would have taken sixty hours at both the sending and receiving ends. Officers

STREETS H. J. WRIGHT 268 GRAND AVENUE OAKLAND CALIFORNIA GLENCOURT 7742 OR DOUGLAS 4860 BUSINESS ADDRESS 625 MARKET STREET.

JULY 23RD, 1929. MESSAGE NO. 7288.  
2:10 P. M.

THE CENTRAL POLICE STATION REPORTS THAT AT 11:00 P. M. THIS DATE OFFICER J. AMEND FOUND A TWO-YEAR-OLD BOY WANDERING AROUND BROADWAY AND STOCKTON STREETS AND SAME SENT TO THE JUVENILE HOME. DESCRIPTION: WHITE BOY, 3 FT, 40 LBS, BLUE GRAY EYES, BROWN HAIR, ANGULAR FACE, BROWN OVERALLS WITH RED TRIMMINGS, SKY BLUE COAT, TAN SHOES, NO STOCKINGS, NO HAT.

And the sequel to the above, six minutes later:

RE TELETYPE MESSAGE NO. 7288:  
PARENTS OF THE LOST TWO-YEAR-  
OLD BOY HAVE BEEN FOUND.

**C**HICAGO and Los Angeles were the first two police departments in the world to adopt this new communication system, Chicago blazing the way in 1922. Since then San Francisco, Portland (Oregon), Cleveland, Detroit, St. Louis, Boston, New York, and Berlin (Germany) have made complete installations. During the past twelve months at least a dozen other cities have started negotiating for installations.

In August and September, 1927, the State of Connecticut went a step farther in the matter of speeding up police communication work by laying the foundation for connecting up every important city in the state with the Telephone Typewriter system.

To inaugurate the service, the police departments of twelve cities of the state were equipped with both sending and receiving machines, so connected up that when a message is sent on any one machine it is transmitted and recorded by all twelve. This service is available twenty-four hours a day.

In Connecticut the use of the system at first was confined largely to notifications regarding stolen automobiles and their recovery, burglaries, descriptions of stolen goods and missing persons, requests for assistance in the apprehension or notification of individuals in other cities, and miscellaneous information.

Innumerable cases could be given of automobiles reported stolen in one city picked up within five to fifteen minutes in a neighboring city; of motorists evading responsibilities of an accident (hit-run drivers) picked up within an incredibly short interval in cities ten to twenty-five miles away—all because of the quick action made possible by the Telephone Typewriter service.

For years the peace officers—sheriffs and chiefs of police—in California have been in favor of a state-wide installation of this instantaneous communication system. Almost two years before the Connecticut installation, the Peace Officers' Association of California unanimously passed a resolution requesting an appropriation by the state legislature for a state system of communication.

Led by Chief August Vollmer of  
(Continued on page 8)



Jackie O'Neil, Los Angeles gas station bandit, worked quickly. It took him only three minutes to drive up with a companion to a Shell Service Station, rob the money drawer and speed away. But the Teletype got his license number, transmitted it instantly to every police sub-station, and Jackie (shown above) was nabbed by the police in quick order

formerly occupied in sending and receiving messages are now catching criminals.

**T**HE following San Francisco messages give an idea as to the scope of information actually sent and the need for quick action:

#### HIT AND RUN AUTOMOBILE.

SEARCH ALL PUBLIC GARAGES AND BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR A FORD TOURING, WASH STATE LIC NO 84 069, STRUCK AND INJURED A GIRL AT BUCHANAN AND UNION STS AT 5:50 P. M. THIS DATE.

#### SPECIAL NOTICE! SPECIAL NOTICE! SPECIAL NOTICE!

\* POLICE OFFICER MC COLGAN OF THE POTRERO STATION WAS JUST HURT IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT AT 17TH AND ARKANSAS STREETS. HE WAS BADLY CUT AND WILL PROBABLY BLEED TO DEATH. DOCTORS AT MISSION EMERGENCY HOSPITAL WANT VOLUNTEERS IMMEDIATELY FOR A BLOOD TRANSFUSION. ANY VOLUNTEERS TO NOTIFY THE DETECTIVE BUREAU IMMEDIATELY.

IF THE CHIEF OF POLICE CALLS AT YOUR STATION HAVE HIM PHONE HIS OFFICE AT ONCE.

#### STOLEN AUTOMOBILE. CENTRAL POLICE DISTRICT, CO. A.

STUDEBAKER SEDAN 9 H 359 OR 360 STOLEN FROM POST AND POWELL

# Savagely he fought the Sea Wolf to save her!

MADDENED at the sight of her frantic struggles, Weyden sprang to save the woman he worshipped.

But a wave of the Sea Wolf's powerful hand, and the city man hurtled back, crashing through the door. Again he flung himself forward slashing desperately!

All appeared lost when suddenly like a blast from heaven a strange thing happened! The Sea Wolf struggled back, reeling, dazed, his hand across his eyes and . . .

Here is a strange situation. A beautiful girl of gentle breeding on a rough ship at the mercy of a fiend who feared neither God nor man! How came this city man to share her strange fate? How could she escape? What happened to her lover?

*To learn the answer to this and a host of equally exciting, gripping tales of high adventure and daring romance, send at once for 10 Days Free Reading of*



"Then I saw red again . . . I sprang upon him, blindly, insanely."

# THE WORLD FAMOUS WORKS of JACK LONDON

New Uniform Edition Now Ready—12 Priceless Volumes of Education and Wild Delight—at a Splendid Bargain to Those Who Act Promptly!

BE the first in your community to own these—the World's greatest stories of raging adventure, flaming conflict and daring romance. Here are no ordinary adventure tales, but glorious volumes of merit so outstanding that they have been translated into many languages the world over.

Sailor, gold miner, philosopher, tramp, oyster pirate and university student, never a man lived as Jack London! And into his books he poured the accumulated wealth of his own turbulent career. So vivid, so realistic are these absorbing pages you feel yourself actually taking part in every situation.

## 4600 Absorbing Pages

One moment you are a Klondike miner rushing along over the frozen wastes in the mad search for gold. In the next you are a city weakling plunging into the jaws of hell to save the woman you love. In breathless succession you race from one thrilling episode to another—from arctic Siberia to torrid Africa—from the South Sea Islands to England's misty shores—for these are extraordinary tales, so stirringly told that you will never tire of reading them over and over again. They help you relax and increase your efficiency. Indeed good books are the most economical form of enjoyment today.

To Jack London life was a tremendous opportunity to discover—to know—to experience. He enjoyed life to the utmost, and he makes you enjoy it too. No man ever had redder blood coursing through his veins, no man ever had greater power to grip and thrill his readers with the dramatic stirring quality of nature and of man.

## Never A Dull Line

Never a dull page, never a dull line! Only Jack London could write like that, for only Jack London lived like that. His soul is in his style. "He set the West on fire; the flames are still red in the sky."

## Priced at a Bargain For Quick Action

For years the public has clamored for a uniform library edition of Jack London at a popular price. And here it is—a special small edition far below the regular publisher's price! Made possible only by eliminating editorial and plate costs altogether and by manufacturing the books in the dull season. These sets are going fast, **ACT TODAY!**

## Complete Sets 10 Days Free on Approval

You needn't send a cent. Simply mail the bargain coupon below and these glorious volumes will go to you immediately all charges prepaid. If they fail to delight you, return them in ten days at our expense and you owe us nothing.

**BUT DON'T WAIT!** This opportunity may never come your way again! Tear off and mail the coupon today!

Send me for free examination, all charges prepaid, your new Uniform Edition of the World Famous Works of Jack London in 12 volumes, handsomely bound in cloth. If at the end of 10 days I am more than delighted, I shall keep them and send you \$1 promptly and \$1 a month thereafter for only 14 months. Otherwise I will return theseet in 10 days at your expense, the examination to cost me nothing.



**McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie**

Dept. 245, 114 E. 16 St.  
New York, New York

MAIL NOW  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Age: Over 21? \_\_\_\_\_ Under 21? \_\_\_\_\_  
For rich Art Craft binding with gilt tops, change above to \$1.50  
a month for the same number of months.

FOR CASH DEDUCT 5%



# LET HER INTERPRET YOUR ★ STAR OF ★ **DESTINY**

If you are unhappy, discouraged, lonely, unsuccessful in love or business, do not hesitate to consult Lucile, astrologer, famous for her accurate forecasts of events of national and world-wide importance.

She will aid and advise you and point out your Star of Destiny, lucky days and many secrets of happiness.

For only 25 cents she will send you her Special Dollar Reading which may explain much that may seem dark and doubtful. Send her your correct birth date, name, and address and 25 cents.

We are all born with certain talents and abilities that require development. KNOWING them should be startling, profitable and炳利。

Financial success, prominence and marital bliss may await you. Write today and learn what the stars reveal.

**LUCILE, ASTROLOGER, STUDIO 320-B**  
257 Back Bay Sta., Boston, Mass.



## GET THIS



all the latest hits. SEND NO MONEY. Just name and address. WE TRUST YOU. 20 packets Garden Seeds to sell at 10¢ a packet. When sold send \$2 collected and we will positively send back the money. \$1500 in BIG CASH PRIZES you may win. Write for seeds today.  
**LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO.** Station 343 PARADISE, PA.

**20 DRESS GOODS**  
YDS BARGAIN! THIS MONTH \$1.95  
SPECIAL OFFER 5 YDS GIVEN + P.T.G.

Gingham, Percale, Prints, Voiles, Chambray, Shirting, Crepe, etc. New clean goods direct to you at a big saving. Latest Assorted Colors, 4 yards of each. The very newest, latest patterns for dresses. Our finest quality. SEND NO MONEY. Pay postman \$1.95 plus a few cents delivery charges. 5¢ yard value \$2.39 postage paid, money back. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.  
**EASTERN TEXTILE COMPANY**  
693 Broadway, Dept. J-40, N. Y. C.

**GRAY-HAIR**  
Tinted any color, quickly, easily.  
Used for over 18 years by millions.

**BROWNATONE**  
GUARANTEED HARMLESS  
**AGENTS \$9 a Day** chance to earn  
and More!

Introducing finest line New Guaranteed Hosiery you ever saw. For Men, Women, and Children. All kinds, 126 styles and colors. Guaranteed to wear seven months or replaced.

**Hosiery and New Ford Offered Producers**  
We furnish new auto to travel in as extra bonus and silk hose for your own use. New selling plan. We deliver or you can. No experience needed.

Exclusive territory. Full or part time. Illustrated catalog. Postage paid. Address for free sample outfit mailed promptly. Give hose size.  
**WILKINTON HOSEY CO.**  
Dept. 8485 Greenfield, O.

**Follow The Arrow-Take Your Choice**  
\$83

White gold effect case guaranteed 25 years. R. R. model. Case is stamped and engraved set in metal dial with raised numerals found only in expensive watches. This is a real piece. Written guarantee by Million Dollar Factory. In addition to the pocket watch you get G.I. 1913 your choice of any of the models pointed by arrow. Just check mark the square and send us your name and address. Send your order TODAY before this Special Offer is withdrawn. Standard time. \$83.00 plus postage or prepay your order and we pay the postage.  
**D'ORO CO., BOX 90, VARICK STA., NEW YORK, DEPT. T.D.4.**

(Continued from page 6)  
Berkeley, Captain of Detectives Duncan Matheson of San Francisco, and Chief of Detectives Herman Cline of Los Angeles (the committee of the peace officers for the past three years on a state Teletype system) these peace officers have been working continuously for their state system.

It is the hope and expectation of peace officers in the West to have all cities west of the Rockies connected up by the Telephone Typewriter or Teletype system so that notorious criminal gangs and individuals can be headed off and captured immediately after the commission of a crime, rather than be allowed to escape in fast machines and force police to a long drawn out chase.

One further example will illustrate the effectiveness of the Teletype, an example taken from Los Angeles—which is a city of many cities.

During May, June, and July, 1929, an epidemic of purse-snatching and the attendant newspaper publicity almost drove police frantic.

Two men, operating in stolen machines, seemed to be responsible for the jobs. Sighting a well-dressed woman pedestrian carrying a purse, the men would drive up to her, keep their motor running while one hopped out, snatched the purse, and jumped back into the machine. Speeding up before the woman could recover her senses, the men were usually blocks away before the startled victim could convey the nature of her trouble to fellow-pedestrians or police.

The pair generally snatched three or four purses in rapid succession, drove several blocks from the scenes of the crimes, and abandoned the car. In this way it was almost impossible for police to capture them. The only tangible clue, the license number of the automobile used, was thus rendered useless, because the machine would be abandoned before police could be notified of its number.

The last two weeks in June and the first week in July three or four jobs were reported practically every day. Dozens of officers were assigned to the one task of locating the crooks. Yet, but for the Teletype, the men might conceivably be operating today.

On July 10th, 1929, the purse-snatchers operated in Long Beach, a suburb of Los Angeles. The last victim phoned police the license number of their car. This, together with a description of the car was immediately transmitted to all stations by Teletype.

Officers C. A. Gould and Jack E. Heacock had just phoned in to their headquarters as the Teletype message

was being recorded. The message was read to them, and they copied the license number.

Turning from their phone, they glanced up in time to see the identical license number on a car which had slowed up before them for a boulevard stop. Two young men were in the car.

They were immediately arrested while in the act of examining the purse of their last victim. Caught with the goods, the men confessed. In a few hours' time fifteen different victims had identified them. The men admitted operating over a period of three months, and acknowledged that they had no idea how many jobs they had pulled.

"We've had a good time while it lasted," was their only explanation. And they admitted that in five minutes more the car would have been abandoned.

In adopting the Teletype or Telephone Typewriter as their communication medium, police are following the example of press associations, railroads, telegraph companies—in general, all concerns that have need for transmitting large numbers of communications quickly and accurately. The Associated Press alone uses more than 500 Teletypes over 50,000 miles of wire, operating them twenty-four hours a day in eight-hour shifts. The Southern Pacific is connected up from San Francisco to New York with Teletypes while the Western Union and Postal Telegraph use them exclusively.

The Teletype, known in the army as the Multiplex Telegraph or Printing Telegraph, was responsible for the fame of the American overseas communication system during the World War.

**G**ENERAL GEORGE O. SQUIER, Chief Signal Officer of the United States Army during the World War, says of it:

"The volume of traffic in operating a large army in France is unbelievable, and luckily we were able to take over this very same system to Europe and put it into operation. It was absolutely necessary to have a perfect system of communication at all times, and that solved it. So the Printing Telegraph really went to the battlefield for the first time and we got away with it."

Now it is being used in the war against crime—and the police are getting away with it.

Where time is at a premium, where speed and accuracy determine success, and delay spells failure, the Teletype steps in and assures victory. So the business world, the army, and now the police have found the Teletype.

## Behind the Scenes of the Great War

C-Z-211—one of the most brilliant operatives in the Secret Service of the English and French during the World War—has written the true story of her astonishing career exclusively for

### THE MASTER DETECTIVE

Secret codes, almost unbelievable facts, names, dates and locations hitherto closely guarded—all are daringly exposed in this startling masterpiece of fact entitled

#### MY CAREER AS A GIRL SPY IN THE GREAT WAR

Then, too, there is *Baltimore's Vanishing Murder Brigade*, the inside story on the sinister activities of the infamous Hart-Norris gang; *Toledo's Bluebeard*, revealing the real facts behind the reign of terror which gripped the Ohio city a few years back; *The Mad Druggist*—and the *Mystery Capsule*, an official account of the murder of Edna May Flash—and other fact crimes.

The April issue of *THE MASTER DETECTIVE* goes on the news stands March 23rd. A Macfadden publication; twenty-five cents in the United States; thirty cents in Canada.



### Greatest Time and Money Saver in Years

Every home, office, store and factory — every man, woman and child, can use the remarkable new "Reliable Systems," which includes:

1. Complete Home Budget System — Enables anyone to regulate expenses, stop wasteful leaks, and save hundreds of dollars each year.

2. Complete Individual Record System — For keeping track of important personal information.

3. Card Game Score Sheets — For bridge and other card games.

4. Memorandum Pad — For making notations, temporary records, etc.

5. COMPLETE PORTABLE ADDING MACHINE — Adds quick as a flash. Does everything \$300 machine will do — yet fits into pocket or purse. Makes figuring a pleasure. It is guaranteed for five years.

**Complete \$2.95**

# They Were Living in a Sieve

Until This Amazing New Home Budget System Showed Them How to Stop Up the "Small Leaks"



#### For Business

Individual Record System is included. Adding machine adds and subtracts figures just like the \$300 machines. Accurate. Saves time.



#### For Card Games

Convenient card game score sheets included. Adding machine totals scores in flash. Saves time. Eliminates errors.



#### For Home

Complete Budget System for home included. Adding machine makes it easy to check bills, statements, bank book, etc.



#### For Storekeepers Salesmen, Etc.

Complete memorandum pad included. Adding machine totals sales slips, accounts, expenses.

Jim and Irene were just like thousands of other married couples. Always trying to stretch their income to cover increasing expenses. Never able to figure out where all the money went. Never able to put aside savings for "rainy days." The more they tried to find a way out, the more muddled things became. Matters grew worse and worse. Jim became so harassed that he began to slight his work at the office. Irene became worried and nervous. In despera-

tion, Jim confessed to his friend that "he would soon have to declare a personal bankruptcy."

"You're crazy, Jim," protested his friend.

"Well, I'm getting in the hole deeper every day and my present income doesn't cover my expenses."

"Trouble with you, Jim, is that you don't know your expenses. Put your home on a business basis. Start a home budget system. Say, I've got just the thing for you."

#### Jim Followed His Friend's Advice

and secured a Reliable Systems. He was amazed at the difference it made. Expenses that looked small, but mounted up, were quickly eliminated. His bills were always checked carefully. His bank account was always straight. They began actually to save money even while reducing old debts. Once started, there was no trick in keeping up the home budget system. Jim could never express enough gratitude to his friend.

Every man, woman, and child can use the Reliable Systems, which includes not only Home Budget System, Individual Record Book, Memorandum Pad, and Card Game Score Sheets — but a genuine Portable Adding Machine, which adds quicks as lightning, yet is no bigger than a bank book. Makes figuring a pleasure. 100% accurate. Eliminates costly and embarrassing mistakes. So simple a child can operate it. Guaranteed for 5 years. The Reliable Systems offers a service worth many times its price (only \$2.95 complete) yet adding machine alone will do the work of a \$300 machine.

The Reliable Systems will save you hundreds of dollars each year and at the same time give you an adding machine that takes all the drudgery out of figuring. Order one today AT OUR RISK! Just fill out the coupon and enclose \$2.95 in currency, check, or money order and complete outfit will be sent to you, postage prepaid. Or if you prefer, send no money, fill out coupon, and pay postman on arrival. \$2.95 plus few pennies postage. Either way, satisfaction is guaranteed.



#### Big Money For Agents

Utterly new simplified home and office system is creating a sensation everywhere. Saves money for men and women. Includes Portable Adding Machine. Entire outfit sells for \$2.95. Wonderful profit opportunities.

"Easy to make \$7.00 to \$8.00 in one-half hour!" W. H. S., Ohio.

"Sold shipment in less than hour." E. G. J., Texas.

#### FREE Outfit Offer

Send coupon below for Agent's Free Outfit Offer, Territory, and full details of money-making plan. Special CASH PRIZES. Write Today!

#### MAIL THIS COUPON

**RELIABLE SYSTEMS COMPANY, Dept. 463**  
(Div. of Reliable Typewriter-Adding Machine Corp.)  
303 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me one complete Reliable Systems, including Home Budget System, Individual Record Book, Memorandum Pad, Card Game Score Sheets, and A COMPLETE PORTABLE ADDING MACHINE, all for \$2.95.

I enclose check, money-order, or currency for \$2.95. Send postage prepaid.

Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on arrival \$2.95 plus postage.

Name.....

Address.....

AGENTS! Check here if you want our FREE OUTFIT OF FER and big Money Making Plan.

**RELIABLE SYSTEMS COMPANY**

(Div. of Reliable Typewriter-Adding Machine Corp.)

303 West Monroe Street

Dept. 463

Chicago, Illinois



# WIN THIS NEW FORD and \$500.00 CASH!

OR \$1,000.00 CASH!

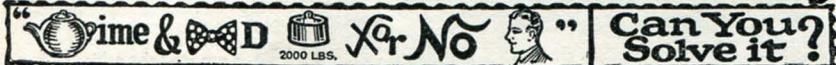
**FREE!**

A little pleasant pastime may bring you this latest FORD SEDAN, worth \$495 plus freight and tax, and \$500 besides. Many other valuable prizes in my new advertising offer. I have already awarded thousands of dollars. Myrtle Marsh of Minnesota, used prize money to pay hospital bill; Phyllis Limback, Ohio, entered contest to while away time and was greatly surprised to win check; Marion Repp, Md., had lots of fun working puzzle and didn't even expect her prize. Many others. YOUR TIME TO WIN NOW.

**NEW DESIGN**

**4-Wheel Brakes 60 Miles an Hour**

The new Ford car is taking the country by storm. Greater beauty, more room, more power, 60 miles per hour speed, new gear shift, 4-wheel brakes, economy of operation, larger tires, riding comfort—win it now without cost to you.



### The PICTURES ABOVE

when changed into words, represent a famous saying. Can you figure it out? If so, write the answer in the coupon and mail at once. 850 Points toward the Ford Sedan given for correct answer. Only 150 more points will positively WIN.

**\$500.00 For Promptness**

Extra Prize of \$500.00 Cash will be given to First Prize Winner who qualifies promptly. Here's your chance to win a fortune of \$1,000. Send your answer for full details TODAY.

FREE FORD MGR., 410, Ryan Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Here's my answer. If correct credit me with 850 points and tell me how to get final 150 points to win.

Name.....

Address.....

The Slogan is:.....

Send to Free Ford Mgr., 410, Ryan Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

# GRAY HAIR?

No need to fuss with messy preparations. Amazing discovery—REVA—imparts a youthful color to your hair so naturally none can detect it. No samples of hair needed. One bottle for all cases. REVA is clean, colorless liquid. Does not rub off or stain. Easily applied to hair, in privacy of home. Tens of thousands have used successfully. Satisfactory results guaranteed. Send today for full details and our FREE Book on care of the hair. No obligation. REVA CORPORATION, BOOK 4242 Lincoln Avenue, Dept. 584 Chicago, Ill.

### HOW TO OBTAIN A Better Looking Nose!

Improve your personal appearance



M. TRILETY

Pioneer Nose Shaping Specialist  
Dept. 134 Binghamton, N.Y.



### The Philosophy of PERSONAL INFLUENCE

A WONDERFUL BOOK FREE

Are you ambitious? Do you long to achieve success? Would you like to sway the minds of men and be at all times confident, self-possessed and master of yourself? If so, you should read the book "The Philosophy of Personal Influence."

Never before in the history of the world has personal influence been reduced to an exact science. Throughout all time certain people have wielded a powerful influence over their fellows, but no one has ever before been able to explain how they did it. It remained for this eminent author to discover the formula for winning hearts and wielding influence, and the simple laws by which it may be applied by anyone.

"The Philosophy of Personal Influence" opens to you a wonderland. It reveals the secret of personal magnetism in such a simple and easy manner that a child can understand it. Write for the book. It is absolutely free. Use an envelope with a 5-cent stamp. Sage Institute, Dept. 634A Rue de l'Isle 9, Paris VIII, France.

# MEN—BIG PROFIT!

400% to 800% profit. Exquisite art gravures. Lifelike, lovely colors. Ready to frame. Also postcards. Great masters, artistic models, religious, etc., 2500 different subjects. No talking—just show samples. Homes, stores, offices, factories, farms—prospects everywhere. Sales of 15¢ to \$20. No competition. Pockets hold day's needs. Beautiful samples \$1 (stamps). None free.

EDUCATOR PRESS, (Exclusive Importers)  
25 West Broadway Dept. L-66 New York

# BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

EARN UP TO \$250  
Per Month, Plus Expenses

Trained men needed in this important profession. Fascinating work; plenty of variety; chances to travel. Advancement rapid with experience. Excellent pay. Good prospects. Write for details. WE ASSIST YOU TO A POSITION upon completion of a few weeks' spare time home instruction at \$120. to \$150. per month plus expenses, or for advanced position \$175. to \$200. to \$250. Com moderate terms if desired. Write today for free booklet which tells all about Traffic Inspection, and what it can do for you.

Standard Business Training Inst.  
Div. 49, Buffalo, N.Y.



### Crooked Spines Made Straight

GREATLY BENEFITED  
OR ENTIRELY CURED

An old lady, 72 years of age, suffered for many years and was helpless, found relief with PHILO BURT METHOD. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance three weeks.

We have successfully treated more than 57,000 cases in the past 29 years.

### 30 DAY'S TRIAL

We will prove its value in your case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer.

The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old tortuous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakend-deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate.

Price within reach of all.

Send for Information.

If you will describe your case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT COMPANY

136-4 Odd Fellows Temple  
Jamestown, New York



# Who Poisoned the "Death Cocktail?"

(Continued from page 56)

Cohen in the Detroit delicatessen store at Brooklyn Avenue and Soto Street. Cohen on that occasion had posed as a contractor, Lipsitz said, and asked him (Lipsitz was then a salesman for a fixture concern) if he could sell him some second hand wrought iron fixtures.

Lipsitz said that he gave Cohen his business card and forgot the incident until it was recalled to his mind by the murder of his father-in-law.

THE remembrance of this conversation with Cohen acted as a stimulant to Lipsitz's memory and during his second statement he told us of a strange man who had interviewed Mrs. Lipsitz several weeks before while he was absent from the city.

The man said that his name was Shapiro, according to Mrs. Lipsitz, and he wanted to know if Lipsitz could supply him with wrought iron fixtures. From the description the woman gave we were certain it was Cohen. She later identified him positively.

It developed that Cohen, posing as Shapiro, after mentioning the subject of fixtures, questioned Mrs. Lipsitz closely about her husband's movements. He asked her if he ever went out alone at nights or gambled and seemed surprised when Mrs. Lipsitz said that they always went out together.

Gradually the chain of circumstantial evidence implicating Cohen was strengthened until we became almost certain that he was the slayer.

Once more we combed the neighborhood and again our net yielded still another link in the chain of circumstances. Morris Abraham, proprietor of a delicatessen store, told us that Cohen frequently had questioned him at length about Lipsitz for no apparent reason. The questions chiefly concerned Lipsitz's character, Abraham said. This suspicious circumstance added to the weight of the case in my own mind but would be of little aid as evidence.

Here, again, we ran into a veritable stone wall. There simply wasn't any more evidence obtainable, I decided, but refused to give up the investigation without another desperate effort.

THUS the time passed until July 23rd. This date, I decided, was the crisis. If I returned to the homicide detail offices that night without any worthwhile evidence we would be forced to release Cohen from custody and begin the entire investigation anew. There was nothing new for we had traced down every known clue!

I confided my gloomy thoughts to Guasti. He, too, was very much depressed. While in this mood we decided to make another effort to find where the slayer had obtained the cyanide. None of the poison registers showed any sales of the deadly drug. But we pressed the search deeper. Every pharmacist we interviewed was questioned closely regarding conversations with any person who might have asked them about the effects of certain poisons.

Our rounds were nearly completed. Ed-  
(Continued on page 12)

**"Give me your  
measure and  
I'll PROVE  
that you can have  
a body like mine"**

—CHARLES ATLAS

*"The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"*



How my secret of Dynamic-Tension  
can make a NEW MAN of you, too:

**SKINNY?**—develops a handsome, husky body!

**LACK STRENGTH?**—adds conquering muscle!

**HALF-ALIVE?**—gives new pep and tireless energy!

**WEAK WILLED?**—makes you master of yourself!

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GEO. WILSON, DEPT. 133, AUGUSTA, MAINE



(Continued from page 10)

ward A. Sandler, proprietor of a drug store on Brooklyn Avenue willingly showed us his poison register. It showed no cyanide sales. "Have you ever seen this man before?" Guasti asked, showing him Cohen's jail photograph.

"Certainly," Sandler replied. "That is Morris Cohen."

"Has he ever asked you about the effect of certain poisons?"

"Why, yes," Sandler answered. "He did on several occasions."

That was enough. Here was some real information at last which we must have in writing! A few minutes later two very excited officers sat in Captain Bright's office and heard a statement that gave them the thrill of their lives.

Sandler stated that he had known Cohen as a customer for more than a year and that on one occasion he had asked him regarding the effect of lead poisoning.

"I work in a foundry where they melt up old batteries," Cohen said, according to Sandler, "and I am afraid that I am getting lead poisoning from inhaling the fumes."

"Well, I told him it was nonsense, that it might be slightly poisonous, but not enough to amount to anything," Sandler said.

"Then he asked me one day to show him a book on poisons," the druggist continued. "You must have some books that tell about poisons and antidotes and all those things," he said. "Show me some." And I showed him some books—one was a United States Dispensary and he sat down and looked it over. Then he asked me if arsenic was a strong poison, and I said 'What do you want to bother with that for?' And took the book away from him."

A few days later, Sandler said, Cohen returned to his drug store and chided him about his lack of knowledge of drugs.

"What kind of a druggist are you?" Cohen asked, according to the pharmacist, "you don't know what arsenic will do or how much it will take to kill a person."

These conversations occurred about two weeks before Friedman's death, Sandler told us.

Guasti and I were greatly elated at the close of the statement, for this was the strongest bit of evidence disclosed up until that time. It required but a few terse questions by Captain Bright, however, to bring us back to earth with a sickening jolt.

"Can you prove that Cohen placed the poison in Lipsitz's car?" he asked. "Can you convince a jury with cold indisputable evidence that Cohen ever purchased cyanide or had any in his possession? Unless you can prove at least one of these things you can never convict Cohen or anyone else of the Friedman murder."

The Captain sat back in his chair and chuckled. It was his little joke, I guess. Then he removed the sting from his words.

"You're doing fine work on this case. Now go out and find where he got the cyanide."

I started for the door more or less dejected. Guasti followed close behind me. The telephone rang, and Guasti answered it impatiently.

The call was from an attorney who said that he had a client in his office who had some important information regarding the Friedman poison case. Just another rou-

(Continued on page 14)



# They Told Him Salesmen Were "Born" But Now He Makes \$10,000 a Year ...Thanks to This Little Book

**I**T was just a little free book that made the difference between Ed Pinkham and the rest of the men in our shop. Nobody ever imagined that Ed would land even in the \$5,000-a-year class, let alone be making \$10,000 before he was thirty. Ed didn't know himself, the abilities he had in him as a money-maker—he couldn't even sell the foreman the idea of recommending him for a five-dollar raise.

But one day, a strange occurrence changed the whole course of his life. During his lunch hour Ed started to read a little book he had brought to work with him.

"It's a book called 'The Key To Master Salesmanship,' Bill," he told me. "It's the most amazing thing I ever read. I never dreamed there was so much in salesmanship. You ought to send for a copy yourself. Why don't you? It's free."

"Huh!" said Luke Jones. "Does that book tell you how to learn to be a salesman? A fellow has to be 'born' that way to be a good salesman."

Ed just smiled at that, but he said nothing. We kidded him about it, but he wouldn't tell us any more; just smiled. About four months later he left us. The foreman grinned when he heard about it. "I'll see you in a week or so, I guess, Ed. You can have your job back when you want it," he promised and Ed thanked him. But after he left Ed never came back and we wondered what luck he was having.

After that, I forgot him until last night. I was going home, when a snappy sedan drove up to the curb next to me. "Hi, Bill, going home?" said the man in the car. I looked up, and there was Ed, dressed like a million dollars, leaning over the wheel.

"For Pete's sake!" I said. "What are you doing nowadays, Ed?" He smiled. "City sales manager for the Steel Castings Company," he told me. "What are you doing?"

"Still at the shop," I replied. "But what I want to know is, how do you come to be sales manager for Steel Castings? They're one of the biggest firms in the business."

Ed smiled again. "Remember that book on salesmanship that Luke Jones was kidding me about one day? Well, when I finished my salesmanship course, the Association I took it from gave me a choice of twenty-one jobs through their Free Employment Department. I got a wonderful job, and I had a wonderful training, so I've had a pretty successful time of it. They made me City Sales Manager three months ago at ten thousand dollars a year."

"Good night!" I said. "And Luke and I are still punching the old time clock!"

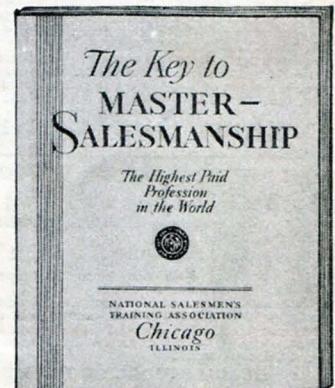
Ed looked at me seriously. "See here, Bill," he said.

"Are you sport enough to risk two cents that you can do as well as I did? Then spend the two cents to write to the National Salesmen's Training Association tonight and get their free book. Then take their course. When you have your diploma, their Free Employment Department will help you get a good sales job—every year they have calls for over 50,000 salesmen. Not only will they help you get the job, but they give you an ironclad money-back guarantee that you must be satisfied with the training received—or they refund your tuition!

"Bill, training is the only thing you need to make you a wonderful salesman. That stuff that Luke Jones talks about, that salesmen are born, is the biggest bunk I ever heard. They *make* a salesman out of me; they can make a salesman—and a good one—out of nearly anyone who will study. *Every human being is born a salesman.* Thousands of the greatest possible kind of salesmen live and die without knowing their own powers. The difference that makes the so-called born salesman successful is the fact that he has learned, through experience or through training, the fundamental selling secrets that *always work*. It's training in those secrets, which I got from the N. S. T. A. that made a \$10,000-a-year success out of me. You can master them as well as I did. Send for that little book tonight, and when you've got your training, come and see me."

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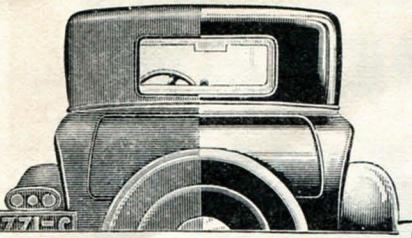
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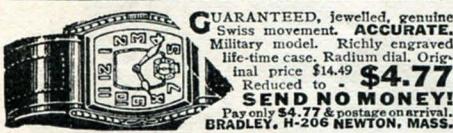
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(Continued from page 12)

and I haven't seen him since."

That was all that William Milmet knew about the Friedman murder!

And that was all that we needed to perfect a case which up until that time was so weak that it is doubtful if we could even have obtained a complaint against Cohen, to say nothing of a conviction.

THE next day, July 24th, Harry Friedman, the blacksmith's son, came to the District Attorney's office and signed a complaint charging Cohen with slaying his father, Hyman Friedman.

On August 1st the preliminary hearing before Municipal Judge Dailey Stafford was ended and Cohen was held to answer to the Superior Court for trial.

The trial was called in Superior Judge Hardy's court on September 20th, 1928. The State was represented by Charles V. Kearney assisted by A. S. Colegrove, two of the district attorney's ablest prosecutors. Cohen was defended by G. A. Benedict and J. J. Hill.

The trial, which lasted until September 26th, with a few exceptions, was a review of the evidence gathered during the investigation and already related. But Deputy District Attorney Kearney held two aces in his sleeve which our further investigation had disclosed.

He submitted evidence to show that Cohen had borrowed several books from a public library, and according to Miss Gertrude, they dealt with poisons. Then testimony was adduced to prove that two of the cyanide "eggs" had been stolen from the can. An analysis of the whiskey showed that approximately that amount of the poison had been dissolved in the liquor.

Public Defenders Benedict and Hill fought bitterly for the life of their client in a case which everyone thought hopeless. Cohen contended that he had read library books to make it possible for him to treat a stomach disorder. He took the witness stand for a few minutes during the trial only to identify his signature in the County Hospital records to prove that he had gone there on one occasion to receive treatment for stomach trouble.

Cohen's attorneys did not ask him if he had committed the murder, and therefore the defendant did not affirm or deny the charge under oath.

The jury required but a few hours to reach a verdict. They found Cohen guilty, as charged, but recommended life imprisonment instead of the death penalty.

Cohen appealed the decision, but the higher courts affirmed the conviction. He is now confined in San Quentin Prison, serving a sentence of life imprisonment backed by the recommendation of the District Attorney that he not be paroled.

In the photograph on page 54, of the four seated, Cohen is the man on the right. Next to him (wearing glasses) is Jack Price, hanged for the murder of his wife; next to him is Russell St. Clair Beitzel, hanged for the murder of Barbara Mauger, the story of that sensational case being published in May, 1929, issue of this magazine. At the extreme left is Leo Pat Kelley, who, after spending 13 months in the death house at San Quentin Prison, escaped the death penalty when he won his appeal, fixing his crime for the murder of his sweetheart, Mrs. Myrtle Mellus, as manslaughter.

tine angle to check up. Guasti agreed to interview the man while I continued on other phases of the investigation.

As a result we met again an hour later in Captain Bright's office.

The man who gave us this vital information was William J. Milmet, a pharmacist who conducts the Chicago Pharmacy at 2138 Brooklyn Avenue. His first words were the greatest surprise of the investigation and the most important.

"On or about June twenty-eighth, he said, "Morris Cohen came into my store and asked me for cyanide poison. I told him we had none in stock. He wanted to know if I could get it for him, and I said 'yes, I can buy it from our wholesaler.' I asked him what he wanted it for, and he said he wanted it for fumigating and killing insects, and as I remember it, he seemed to know just what the poison was and how deadly it was.

"The following evening, which was Friday, Mr. Cohen came into my store and asked me if I had procured this poison for him. I went into the dispensary and brought it out, a can containing one pound of cyanide, which I had just procured from the wholesaler, and wrapped it up and then I told him he would have to sign the poison book before I completed the sale. He seemed surprised and hesitated, and said he would be right back when he would take the merchandise and sign the book. But Cohen never did sign the poison book. And in some manner, while I was not watching him, he stole the can of cyanide.

"The following day, Saturday afternoon, while I was busy serving some customers, I noticed this Mr. Cohen alongside of me handing me a parcel and saying he couldn't use it, or something to the effect that it wasn't what he wanted, and left it in my arms and disappeared. I laid it on the counter and finished serving my customer. After the transaction I picked up the parcel and on opening the paper I found it was this can of cyanide. The top had been roughly pried open. I weighed it, and the weight being a little more than a pound, I didn't suspect that any had been taken out of it, and turned it over to one of my assistants and told him to seal it, tape it up, and put it away."

According to the pharmacist, he thought no more of the matter until sometime later when Guasti and I called at his store and inspected the poison sales register. Then, he said, after reading newspaper stories of the Friedman murder, he began to wonder if the Cohen episode might be connected with the death in some way.

While still debating the question of mentioning it to the Sheriff's office, Milmet said, he was surprised when Cohen returned to the store and expressed a keen interest in the lethal can once more.

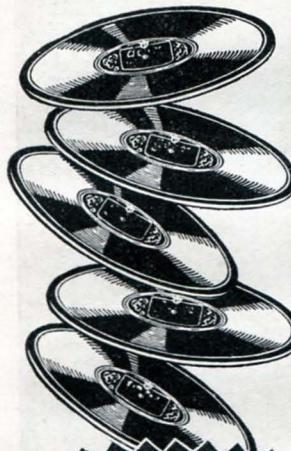
"I questioned him closely as to whether or not he had taken any cyanide from it," the druggist said, "but he denied taking a grain out of it."

"Cohen then asked to see the can again and seemed very anxious to get his hands on the package.

"Finally he asked me where it was and I pointed to it on the shelf. He immediately grabbed it and I also grabbed it and took it away from him. All the while he was mumbling something about wanting to throw it in the water closet. Then he left

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# DEFEATING CRIME

*By*  
**EDGAR WALLACE**

*NOTE: Mr. Wallace's more than 140 detective novels, plays and other works are well-known the world over and are very popular. More than five million copies of them are sold every year. Being in this country on a flying visit he consented to tell America, through this magazine, what he thinks of our crime problem, and his opinion follows below.—Ed.*

**A** NEW form of punishment must be devised if the world is to defeat crime. I am convinced the present penal systems are all wrong. Prisons have become so luxurious today that they are no longer corrective institutions. They have become a form of social club. Here the criminal is allowed to associate with others of his kind. He is served with much better food than he usually gets on the outside. He is allowed to attend concert parties, wireless parties, sees the latest cinema and in many places is allowed to smoke. The punitive value of the sentence is unfelt. Though the time passes none too quickly, the prisoner emerges from jail morally unchanged.

Reformers who really desire to better corrective conditions should study the psychology of the criminal. To understand criminals and their motives, one must affect to have a certain sympathy with criminal classes. Otherwise criminals will either lie, or boast of their ill-doings, and surveys will have no informative value.

Prisons should be made so as to put the fear of God into the hearts of those who view them from the inside behind barred doors. A long sentence holds no real fear for the criminal while conditions are as they are. There is only one way to cut down our ever-growing jail population— institute such drastic reforms that a prison will be made into a place of punishment. Make it so hard that even continuous criminals will hesitate before they commit any crime that is likely to send them back to a place with a reputation worse than hell.

I do not advocate cruelty but I do advocate discipline and I think such measures could be taken during a short, sharp sentence that would make life almost unbearable within sane, humane limits.

A prisoner should never be allowed to get used to jail.

Except for the few years spent in the army, my life has brought me more or less in touch with criminals and has gained for me an intimate knowledge of the underworld. In some way, a legend has grown up that I am in sympathy with professional criminals and am very generous with them. That is not so. I have no use for a criminal; the more I see of them, the less I like them. There is no romance to a crook and I have never yet met one who could be called clever. Most of them are too lazy to earn an honest living. Those of them who have sufficient intelligence to know the difference between right and wrong have other vices which usually render them most unpleasant members of society. (*Continued on page 92*)

# *The MAN with the*



A frequent guest at the White House during the McKinley Administration, this attractive and talented girl, Edith May Thompson (above) was beloved by all who knew her. What reason—what possible cause could anyone have for seeking her death?

**By A. E. WELSH**

Former Sheriff  
of Talbot County, Md.

*As told to K. S. DAIGER*

MIGHTY few major crimes ever take place on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. The inhabitants of "the Eastern Sho'" are a quiet peace-loving folk, living simply, and running their unusually fertile farms. The section is mostly open country, interspersed here and there by a few towns, and so little has the march of progress touched these little hamlets that even today you will find them enjoying the same rusticity that they did when the war was roaring on the other side of the bay.

The people have a fine ideal of honesty and squareness—an ideal which has communicated itself even to the darkies they employ in their fields and canning factories.

So you can easily see the sort of misdemeanor which prevails—petty thieving for the most part. There is no need for any extensive policing, and a police chief in one of the larger towns, with a sheriff and his assistants in the smaller ones, has always proved sufficient.

Yet it was in one of these quiet nooks that there occurred a crime unique in Maryland criminology. It stands unequalled for its features of human interest, and it was spectacular enough to sweep the United States from coast to coast. In the space of only a few hours, these people—who hate publicity as a cat does water—were compelled to turn their town over to newspaper correspondents, photographers, and detectives from as far north as New York, and as far west as California.

This was, as I have said, not only because the murder was brutal and shocking, but because the history of it was as romantic and mysterious as any which has ever taken place. I venture to say that if I were to write up the amazing facts of this case, and offer them to an editor as fiction, they would be returned to me with the cryptic comment—"too improbable."

As a matter of fact, the Eastern Shore gained all this unwelcome publicity no more justly than if a couple of Fiji Islanders had suddenly swam up on their shore and killed themselves there.

DO you mind, then, if I start at the very beginning and tell you of things which took place some twenty years before the actual crime was committed—and relate to you the story exactly as it was unfolded to me, step by step? You will probably be inclined to skip a lot of it, as having no bearing on the case or as being the rambling story of a man who is no longer young.

But you are wrong! All the little facts which I am going to write took on an amazing significance in the light of what later occurred, and the different parts will fall into place just as the tumblers of a safe will, and at last, throw open the iron door.

In the Far West, a young and beautiful wife was preparing to return to her girlhood home for a visit; in New York City, an embezzeler, who had just absconded with a fortune, was planning the details for his escape to safety; in Washington, a newspaper man and editor, of high intelligence and culture, was about to select the Eastern Shore as a retreat where he might read and write in quiet.

You say you don't believe in Destiny? Well, I don't know

# TWISTED FOOT

*Cloaked in deepest mystery, the strange death of beautiful Edith May Thompson, at first completely baffled investigators. A tragic story lay back of it, which, when finally revealed, startled the entire nation*

Some strange circumstance was to pull the wires of these lives closer and closer until they contacted—and the result was this utterly stupendous crime which shocked a nation. Two derelicts, after rushing hither and thither in the currents of the world, were to drift together to the Eastern Shore, where they made a climax not unfitting to their peculiar lives.

All of these things happened twenty years ago, when I was the Sheriff of Talbot County, with my headquarters at Easton. The Eastern Shore was settled originally by a very high-grade class of people. After the Civil War, many of the rich Northerners, lured by the beauty of the Chesapeake Bay country, by its loveliness and charm, emigrated here, bought themselves farms and built themselves handsome houses.

Among those who came to the South in this manner was Colonel Charles H. Thompson of Connecticut and his family. The Thompsons were warmly welcomed in their new home and had no difficulty in taking their rightful place in the rural society. Everywhere they were liked and respected.

THE victim of this horrible tragedy of which I am about to tell you first entered into the lives of the Thompsons—and those of us on the Eastern Shore—when she was only three years old. Her baby fingers at that early age twined themselves around the hearts of the Colonel, his wife, their son and daughter—they continued to twine themselves around the hearts of every man, woman, and child with whom they came into contact.

In about 1891—roughly speaking—the Colonel's wife was engaged in a great deal of charitable work in connection with the Associated Charities of Minneapolis. One day she called her husband's attention to the case of a little waif, a girl, then in the custody of a street-car driver or conductor. At that time, I think horse cars were in use in that city, and I believe the fellow was in charge of one of the cars that were called "bob-tailed."

The child did not belong to the man, nor did the Thompsons know how he came to have possession of her, they said. Maybe she had been left on the car. At any rate, they learned that the conductor was ready to surrender the youngster to anyone who could give her a better home than he could afford.

The little thing, even at that age, was of an appealing loveliness, with magnificent brown eyes and sunny curls. The Thompsons brought her home with them to their home on the outskirts of McDaniel, and rapidly became devoted to her. They could have loved her no more had she been their own.

As the years passed, the girl developed the most admirable traits of character. She was a favorite with all, and all who came within her influence were attracted by that mysterious

(Right) The "Man with the Twisted Foot." He was a human enigma, his life shrouded in mystery to the last

thing which for lack of a better name we call "charm."

Her full name was Edith May Thompson, and the child had an amazing capacity for friendship. Her disposition was as sunny as her hair. Her warm smile made her a welcome visitor wherever she went, and there were few of our houses which she did not honor with her baby calls.

When she was about eight years old, in addition to these really astounding gifts of beauty and disposition, still another talent made itself manifest—a decided leaning toward music.

She had a beautiful speaking voice and it soon became apparent that a musical education would bring forth fruit a hundredfold.

Now it happened that Lyman J. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury under the McKinley administration, was a personal friend of Mrs. Thompson, whom he had met in the course of her charitable work in Minneapolis. He was an occasional visitor to the Thompson home on the Eastern Shore, and it



was on one of these visits that he saw the beautiful little girl, and felt an interest in her and an affection for her that was to continue to the day of her tragic death.

On her part, Edith developed a love for "Papa Gage" (as she called him) which became the predominating influence of her life, and so frequently and so fondly did she talk of him that he was generally supposed to be her guardian.

Both Mr. Gage and Governor Frank Brown, of Maryland, believed Edith to possess an unusual ability. Governor Brown, thoroughly interested, begged Colonel Thompson to allow him to educate her for the stage. This was refused. Twenty years ago, you know, there was plenty of opposition to the stage as a career.

But these two men, and also Governor Lloyd Lowndes of Maryland, did secure permission to have the child trained as a vocalist and instrumentalist, and in both of these lines she developed ability which exceeded their fondest hopes. Her

home. Some of the prominent people whom she numbered among her friends were the two governors of Maryland, Frank A. Vanderlip, the financier; "Kid" McCoy, the pugilist, and, in particular, Mrs. Katherine Lingtry, known as "the purple mother" of theosophy. For several years she became Mrs. Lingtry's protege, and made her home in New York.

When Edith was eighteen years old, with the world literally at her feet, the first tragedy occurred in the Thompson family—as if Fate were gently leading up to the horrible circumstances which were to overwhelm them so soon.

George, the only son of the Thompsons, shot and killed himself—for the love of his foster-sister, many said.

But so great was the love of this couple for their adopted daughter that they were fair enough to see that their boy's death was due to no wrong on her part. They loved her devotedly and rejoiced in her happiness when, a short time later, she became the wife of Gilbert Woodill.

Young Woodill was the head of an automobile company in Los Angeles, a fine and wealthy young chap, and quite worthy of his beautiful and talented bride.

**"PAPA GAGE"** sent the couple \$5,000 as a wedding gift and began work upon a magnificent mansion in California, where he planned to have the young people come to live with him.

When Edith was twenty years old, and when she had been married about a year, she began to make her plans to revisit the haunts of her girlhood days.

At this very time, unfortunately, a man named Emmett E. Roberts, who had edited a magazine in Denver called "Facts" and who styled himself a journalist and magazine writer, was looking about for a quiet rural community where he might retreat

without publicity. In New York, a desperate crook, who had just vanished with a million and a quarter, was badly wanted by the police. These characters were to meet in a singular and remarkable manner in the town of Bozman, which is about four miles from St. Michaels, the center of this community.

**I**N due course of time, Edith arrived from her western home to renew her earlier friendships, and such was her sincerity and charm that this girl, who had so many influential friends, so much money, whose career had been so different, walked back into our hearts as if she had never been away.

Among the many old faces, there was one new one. This belonged to Emmett E. Roberts, the so-called Washington newspaper man. He had bought a little farm not far from the Thompson residence, and was building himself a modest bungalow. He had purchased this land for \$7,500 from Professor Carl Edgar, of Elkton, Maryland.

Not a great deal was known about Roberts, but that little was extremely gratifying to our upright community. Although

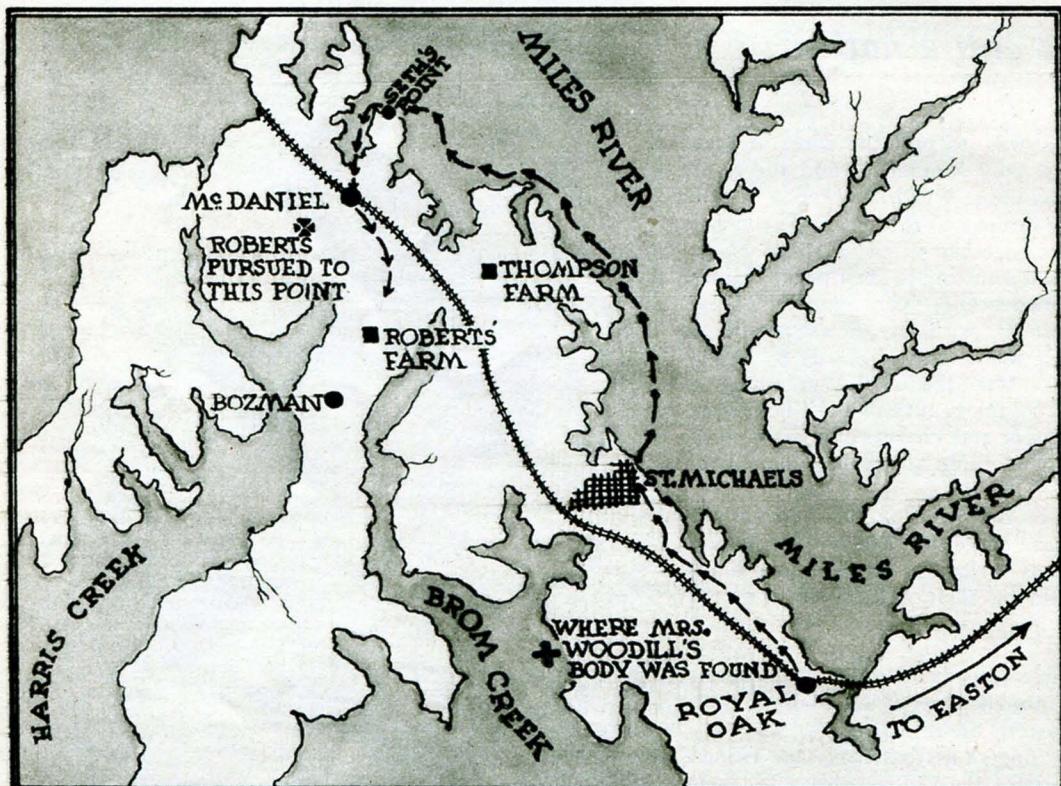


Diagram showing the relative locations of the Thompson farm, Roberts' house, and local towns mentioned in the story. By following on this map the action as the solution of the mystery develops, a clearer idea of what happened may be obtained.

early training was at the Peabody Conservatory of Music and the LeFebvre School in Baltimore.

**W**HEN she was fifteen, Secretary Gage persuaded Mrs. Thompson to accompany Edith to Paris, where she continued her studies at his expense. Meanwhile it was one of his greatest pleasures to take the child to Washington with him and get her to sing for groups of the cabinet members and diplomats.

It was at one of these gatherings that President and Mrs. McKinley met her, and, like everyone else, they fell under her spell. Edith became a frequent visitor at the White House, where she had the honor of singing for a group of the President's friends.

Can you remember the little girl, with her golden curls and her stiff white skirts standing out all around, sitting demurely in the carriage between the President and his wife as they took their daily afternoon drive down the avenue? That was little Edith May Thompson.

After this, the girl's life began to grow away from her early

actually an editor, he called himself a newspaper man and journalist, who sought a quiet spot where he might read and write in peace. Many letters and telegrams came for this writer, but he had few callers and seemed quite satisfied to settle down among us. He announced that his residence on the Shore would be permanent, and his very obvious intellectual attainments and his breeding made him welcome.

A little thing occurred which cemented his hold upon our simple affections, for, as I have already told you, we have a high regard for honesty.

Under the date of May 31st, Mr. George B. Taylor, with whom Roberts was taking his meals, received a letter signed "E. B. Wellington, Washington." In it, the writer inquired about E. E. Roberts. It was written on the stationery of the New Willard Hotel and the writer said that he was very much interested in the affairs of Roberts, but that Mr. Taylor should not let him know that any inquiries were being made about his boarder. The letter said that Roberts had just given up a \$12,000-a-year position without giving a reason and that a rich uncle of his had just died.

Sure enough, there came a telegram for Mr. Roberts himself, signed "E. B. W." It said: "Uncle Bill destroyed himself. Heavily financially involved."

To this, Roberts wired the following reply: "Horified. Uncle's name must be cleared. Count on me for my share."

Of course, the facts of the letter and the telegram got out and we all said: "Well, Roberts is a pretty decent kind of fellow. We're lucky to have him here with us."

**R**OBERTS devoted himself to the building of his bungalow. He seemed to do a fair amount of writing, and he fitted into our country life to perfe-



tion. If there was anything good afoot, he was sure to be mixed up in it. He sang in the church choir and interested himself in the young peoples' societies. You know—there's always a Roberts in every community to think of the welfare of his neighbors.

The man was about forty years old, somewhat stout in build, with bushy luxuriant hair and a ruddy complexion. He had an engaging smile and his face could light up when he laughed as if an electric bulb had been turned on inside. He had, however, one defect; he limped, and as the result of this affliction, he was compelled to wear a brace.

On account of this twisted foot we gave him sympathy. We liked him because of his honest face. He was merry, he was approachable, and he was always inviting somebody to drop in and drink his health at his bungalow on Brom Creek. Also he had ready cash, and he minded his own affairs—two traits that go a long, long way down here.

What has all this rigmarole about Roberts got to do with the

murder of Edith May Woodill, you ask? Wait awhile. The New York crook, who even then had put his nefarious schemes well into execution, was to be linked up later with this writer in a singular way.

It is not surprising that when Edith returned in June for her promised visit to us, she and Roberts should have felt an instant liking for one another. There is no reason to believe that the two had ever met before—Colonel Thompson afterward authoritatively said that they had not. They had an intellectual background which they could share and many were the hours that they spent together talking of Roberts' books and Edith's music.

"Daddy," the young wife sometimes said to her foster-father, "you are sure there is no harm in my going out in Mr. Roberts' boat with him? You know how I should dislike, even innocently, to cause any comment."

"None at all, my pet," answered the old man. "You don't



(Above) Sutton's store, at Bozman, Maryland, where the "man with the twisted foot" asked the strange question: "How long would it take for the crabs to consume a human body?" (In oval) Bird's-eye view of St. Michaels, Md. (Bottom) One of the numerous spots searched by the posse, which gives a good idea of the nature of the country over which the fugitive was chased

know these folks. There is no mean or petty gossip here."

So the harmless tramps and boat trips of the two continued. After three weeks of this friendship, Edith told her foster-sister (Mrs. Thompson had died in 1905) that she was going to Easton, fifteen miles away for some dental work. Roberts, she said, had promised to take her there in his boat.

**W**HAT actually did happen is uncertain. Later it was possible to piece together some of the facts, but many of them are doubtful and will have to take their places among the enigmas of criminology. Roberts did apparently meet her at Royal Oak—but by train—and they started for Easton in a horse and buggy.

Edith wore a tailor-made costume linen suit of the new ashes of roses color. Her pumps were bronze and were tied with wide bows of bronze ribbon. Her waist was encircled by a belt of silk, ornamented with a handsome metal buckle (a present from an admirer in Paris).

The dental work was accomplished in Easton. Then there were calls to pay, and supper, perhaps. It was past seven o'clock, the sunlight beginning to fade, and the first shadows striking across the river from the oaks that grew to the water's edge, before the couple returned to Royal Oak. Then an hour's ride back to St. Michaels, which brought

the time somewhere in the neighborhood of eight o'clock.

Then they were seen to run hurriedly to the wharf at St. Michaels, where their motor boat was moored, jumped in it and were away up the Miles River.

Bad luck sent them ashore at Seth's Point, which was a sand trap across a spit of land just across from the girl's own home. Roberts toiled to get the boat free; but was unsuccessful. On the veranda of Joe Seth's boarding house, on Seth's Point, a few idlers, amused by Roberts' frantic gestures, laughed at him. Roberts shook his fist at them, good naturedly. The girl stood up in the boat, shifting weight. Finally, Roberts waded ashore and called for Joe Seth. He wanted Joe to lend him a rowboat.

**R**OBERTS jumped in the boat and oared away before any further words were passed. Seth saw him lift Edith out of the boat and into the rowboat and row away toward Hemsley's Creek, one of the jagged cuts of water leading toward Bozman and McDaniel, where the two lived. The launch was left masterless. The rising tide lifted it from the sands and took it away toward the North. It drifted twenty miles up the Chesapeake before it was recovered.

*But that was the last time Edith was ever seen alive—that twilight when the idlers on Joe Seth's porch saw her erect in the boat, laughing and encouraging the laboring Roberts!*

*She did not return to her home that night—Saturday, June 19th, 1909.*

Her failure to appear did not greatly disturb her family. They thought, perhaps, that she had remained in Easton to visit some of her old friends.

But when no word came from her on Monday, Colonel Thompson walked over to Roberts' bungalow.

"Bob," he said. "I suppose you left Edith in Easton, but we feel a little uneasy about her."

"Oh, no," answered Roberts easily. "Edith went on up to Baltimore. I thought she had told you. I said good-bye to her in Easton, and I am sure that she believed you knew of her plans."

"Funny," said the Colonel to himself. "She didn't tell us and she never gave us a moment's anxiety about her. I can't understand it."

From that moment, the old man seemed to have a premonition that something had befallen his darling, as if, by some

psychic law of sympathy, she had tried to call to him from her grave!

On Tuesday, 'the Colonel appealed to such local aid as there was and managed to communicate his fears to his neighbors. With this announcement of her disappearance, rumors began to drift around and people began to match up stories.

For example, it seemed that on Sunday night, about 6 o'clock, George Powell, a near neighbor of Roberts', took a notion to call on young William Sutton, who also lived near the Roberts bungalow. While they were chatting, Roberts passed along moving slowly on his lame leg.

That put an idea into Sutton's head. "Let's get Roberts to go to the children's service at the church tonight," he suggested.

So he went to the door of the bungalow, where he heard high voices and backed up. *There was a woman in there—a very angry woman—who was telling Roberts what she thought of him.* The quarrel rose higher and higher, and Sutton pulled himself away.

"It was no place for churchgoers," he observed dryly.

Quite early on Monday morning, George Powell had seen Neighbor Roberts very busy over a bonfire back of the bungalow, putting on fuel, and poking a stick carefully around in the embers of the fire. Powell watched him for awhile in silence, until suddenly the lame man looked up and noticed that he was being observed.

**T**HAT same day—Monday—Roberts made a trip to Baltimore, returning on Tuesday. On Wednesday morning, when the search for Mrs. Woodill was beginning in earnest, he met George Powell and clapped him on the back.

"You did me an awfully good turn when you loaned me those boards that time," he began. "Now I'm going to return the favor. I noticed you looking at me when I was burning some stuff. I was getting rid of the straw that came with a set of dishes I ordered the other day. Straw is a bad thing to leave around when the wind blows. Now there are sixty dishes in that set, and I don't need so many. I'm going fifty-fifty with you—split with you."

Then he began telling Powell a strange story about a party of friends he had entertained the previous Saturday night—the evening after his excursion to Easton with Mrs. Woodill. There had been an argument between himself and a New



The END OF THE TRAIL. After a long and exhausting chase, at this spot and in this skiff the "man with the twisted foot" was finally brought to bay by the posse—in the darkest hour of the night, just before dawn. What happened then, few could have guessed.

Yorker about the nearby home of the oyster, he said.

"He said he was from Missouri," rambled Roberts. "Said they didn't grow here. I got out my motor-boat and the whole party went off in the middle of the night to chase the little oyster to his lair. Did we get any? George, don't ask foolish questions. We got lost—that's what we got; lost in the bosom of old Mother Chesapeake. I sailed my boat an hour and a half straight in one direction; couldn't come to land, turned her square around and sailed for another hour in just the opposite direction. Hit up straight against my own front door again. What do you think of that?"

"I thought it sounded like a lie," Powell told the police later.

On Wednesday, two things happened. Roberts paid George Taylor \$400 which he owed him.

And when the Thompson family were loud in their assertions that something certainly had happened to Edith, there came a letter from the missing girl!

It was postmarked Baltimore, seemed to be in her handwriting, and was a chatty account of her doings in the city for the last couple of days. It made no reference to her having taken "French leave" but seemed to assume that her people had been entirely aware of her plans.

The letter was addressed to her foster-sister.

*Dearest Girl:*

*A line only to say I am well and safely landed. I stayed in Easton with little Mae Barlett and her aunt, Mrs. Emory. We had a fine time talking over old times. Dr. Smithers filled my teeth temporarily and I have an engagement with him for next week. I'll get all fixed up in Baltimore, and if there is any travelling to be done, well, we'll decamp together.*

*By the way, would you like to come up now? Just say the word if you want to. My "face" is good in Baltimore, and I am expecting a check from Gilbert any day to make good.*

*I don't know how many days I will be in town. Write and tell me all the news.*

*I may stay until Thursday and go with Edith H. to see "The Factory Girl." But I am not sure. You know how it goes in Baltimore. I don't know where to go first and what to do to keep step with the rush. Forward mail until you hear from me.*

*Let me know if you have any commissions to be executed in town.*

*Love to all. As always, your baby sister,  
Edith.*

When, in the course of the day, Roberts heard of the arrival of this letter, he said laconically, taking a pull at his pipe:

"Well, I told you so."

IT was about this time that something occurred which interested me very much. On Wednesday night, while a group of us were gathered in Sutton's store at Bozman, the conversation turned to Roberts.

"Funny thing," a man said to me. "You know I heard Roberts ask the strangest question the other day when he was here: said he wondered how long it would take for the crabs to consume a human body."

I agreed with him that it was mighty funny, and my mind began racing to all kinds of queer things. Was there anything in the Colonel's premonition that some harm had befallen his child? For he still maintained that all was not well, in spite of her letter.

I didn't say so aloud, but mentally I determined to slip down and ask Roberts a few questions and look over his house and grounds. He called his place "The Joke Farm," because he said so much fun could be had there.

But on Wednesday morning, shortly after breakfast and before I had carried out my half-formed intention to interview Roberts, something occurred which put a new light on everything, and which, in the short space of a few hours, turned St. Michaels into a teeming mecca of newspaper men and their retinues.

Two men—Edgar and Hamilton Grace—were crabbing in a shallow cove on the Back River when they saw the outline of a



This photo of Edith May Thompson was taken shortly before her tragic death. The spot where her body was recovered, on the Black River, Maryland, was thereafter known as "Murder Point."

*human hand appearing in its whiteness above the water!*

This cove was a popular place to pick up soft crabs, but many a day was to pass before any crabber or fisherman could be found who would set foot in it again. "Murder Point" it was called after that, and "Murder Point" it is to this day.

For the horrified workers found that this hand was attached to a human body—the body of a woman, clad only in a silk shirt. It was horribly mutilated and almost devoured by the crabs. The skull was crushed in, the face badly disfigured, and decomposition had already started.

Around the waist was tied an iron tea-kettle, containing half a dozen bricks. Yet despite this weight, the body had been moved by the tide and had drifted into shallow water.

The woman appeared to be about twenty-five years of age. The men towed their gruesome find to shore and it was carried to St. Michaels where an inquest was held by Coroner Alexander R. Radcliffe. It was at first believed that this was the body of a Miss Plummer who had been missing, but that

evening it was definitely established that it was not she.

Then arose the horrible suspicion that this might possibly be Edith May Thompson—if the Colonel's premonition was to be trusted.

Since any normal identification was impossible, Doctor T. J. Smithers, of Easton, who had just done the work on Mrs. Woodill's teeth, was asked to ride over. His examination cleared up all doubt.

These mutilated remains were all that was left of the beautiful Edith Thompson. She had been beaten to death by blows on the head. A coroner's jury, hastily impanelled, brought in the verdict that she had come to her end at the hand of Emmett E. Roberts!

**T**HE news was phoned to me by State's Attorney J. Frank Turner, who immediately assumed the official control of the case. Accompanied by Deputy Sheriff James A. Gannon, I went as quickly as possible to Roberts' bungalow.

This little house was a modern one-and-a-half-story type of dwelling, only partially completed. It was situated in a desolate spot overlooking the creek where Mrs. Woodill's body had been discovered. Close by it were the ruins of a house recently destroyed by fire which had formerly occupied the property.

The place was deserted and we were forced to crash in the door to gain an entry. Things were in fairly good order. On the table were two cups and saucers and plates as if two persons were to dine.

But in the kitchen we were rewarded by finding some women's clothing in the stove, partially burned, and which later was identified as having belonged to Mrs. Woodill. There were portions of a dress, undergarments, and even a corset steel, as well as the bronze buckles from her shoes and the handsome buckle from Paris.

There was ample proof to link Roberts with the slaying

and to convict him beyond any shadow of doubt of participation in the crime. Three pieces of tongue and groove flooring had evidently been the murder bludgeons. They were stained with blood and in the grooves we found strands of Mrs. Woodill's fair hair.

In the bedroom was a blood-stained and blood-soaked sheet and mattress on which the girl had lain as her life-blood ebbed away. Underneath the bed, the floor was deeply stained with blood. Efforts had been made to remove many of these marks by renewing the wood and by planing and scraping the woodwork that could not be replaced with fresh timber.

Nor were clues lacking in the yard outside. The bonfire which George Powell had observed on Monday morning yielded more evidence—the buttons from Mrs. Woodill's dress. A wheelbarrow stood beside the house, spattered with blood-stains; upon its handle was the clear print of a bloody hand. It was possible to reconstruct a part of the tragedy. The bleeding body had been rolled over a plank running from a window to the outside of the bungalow and then into the wheelbarrow.

**S**IENTLY we stood and looked at it and realized that this was the vehicle in which poor Edith's body had been trundled down to make a feast for the crabs!

There was another thing, too, I remember. In some rubbish, we found a scrap of paper. The writing, in ink, was blurred, but the importance of the few remaining words was tremendous. It read:

*"You were seen in Baltimore Tuesday. I think the police know—"* That was all. What did the police know? That he had killed Mrs. Woodill or was this man, beloved in his community, in reality some fiend on whose trail the police were already warm?

It was my job to find an answer to these questions. By the time I had finished my examination (*Continued on page 107*)



The half-finished bungalow where beautiful Edith May Thompson was murdered. It stood at a lonely spot overlooking the river where her body was recovered, she apparently having been trundled from the house in a wheelbarrow, on the way to her watery grave.

# The Prince of "Dupesters"— Incredible

*"I've certainly  
had one hell of  
a good time!"—  
The "Baron"*

## "Baron VON KRUPP!"

(Right) The Prince of "Dupesters" in a pleasant mood



FOR two hours my partner, Detective R. K. Moug and I had sat at the long table that served as a desk for the eighteen or twenty men who comprised the personnel of the Pickpocket, Shoplifter and Bunco Detail, eagerly scanning the pages of a big book that contained the mugs of all "bunks" and swindlers known to our Department, in the slim hope that we would find a face whose features tallied with those of a man we wanted badly—a man known to us only by description and several aliases.

I was dimly aware of the fact that Captain B. W. Thompson, commander of our Squad, and a Department of Justice Agent, whose name I am not permitted to reveal, were engaged in conversation in the tiny conference room adjoining ours. We continued our search without noticing those about us.

Suddenly, however, I was jolted to wide-awake interest when the Federal man — who shall be known in this story as "Operative Blank" — said briskly:

"I came over to see if you've got anything on Taft Thew Houghton."

Moug and I leaped like hungry trout at this mention of one of the names used by the very man we were at that moment trying to identify—a dashing young swindler and impostor representing himself as the son of Alanson B. Houghton, former United States Ambassador to England.

We fairly bolted into our commander's office.

"We want that man Houghton! Have you got him?" my partner and I demanded in unison.

Operative Blank surveyed us with mildly amused eyes.

"Have I got him? Have I got a slippery eel in my hand?"

"He's papering the town with checks," I declared, somewhat taken back, "and obtaining all kinds of money by false pretense. We've had no less than two dozen beefs on him, and so far he's managed to keep two jumps ahead of us whenever we get on his trail. What do

**By Detective M. D. WILLIAMS**  
**Los Angeles Police Department**  
**As told to MADELINE KELLEY**

you know about him?" I anxiously awaited his reply. "I want him for impersonating the Third Assistant Solicitor General of the United States," was the reply. "I have a description of him here."

"Description, the devil! I've got ten of 'em—all alike. Listen." I fished a letter out of my pocket and read aloud: "Young man about twenty-five, a little below medium height, weighing about one hundred and forty pounds, with brown hair, brown eyes, ruddy complexion, noticeably Roman nose—

speaks with a slight foreign accent. How's that check with yours?"

"Perfectly. And something tells me we have no ordinary crook to deal with in Mr. Taft Thew Houghton! He's no piker, anyway. They tell me that in San Diego he presented a lot of fake credentials and hobnobbed with all the highranking Army and Navy officers down there—even reviewed the Fleet!" At this point, the operative could not restrain a laugh. "He's in our own fair city now," he went on, "splurging around as Aeronautical Inspector of the Fifth U. S. Army Area, and has already made most of the flying fields here. Goes out with a cock-and-bull story about buying a couple of planes, and ends up by getting someone to cash a 'hot' check for him."

"Fits right in with our dope," Moug commented.

"And nobody's too big for him to tackle," Operative Blank continued. "Louis B. Mayer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, was one of his intended victims. Crashed the studio gate with a letter showing he was somebody of importance from Washington, D. C. Mr. Mayer got suspicious, had his secretary put in a long-distance call to Washington and found there was no such person as Taft Thew Houghton known at the Capitol."

"Here's a sample of his handwriting—one of them, I mean," Moug said, and produced a check for \$50.00 drawn on the Crocker First National Bank of San Francisco, signed *Taft Thew Houghton* and endorsed by a Mrs. G. E. Chandler. Across the face of the returned check was written "No Account."

"There's plenty more like it. He's been jumping from one hotel to another, leaving one of these—" he flapped the check held in his hand, "behind him in each place, in payment of his bills."

"We'll grab him sooner or later. It's only a question of time," I remarked confidently, at the same time wishing I felt as optimistic as that sounded.

**A**RANGEMENTS were then made for Moug and me to work in close co-operation with the Department of Justice agent, who placed all of his resources at our disposal. We, in turn, gave him such additional facts as we had garnered concerning the bogus "Mr. Houghton."

When G. E. Chandler, whose wife had endorsed the "bad" check previously mentioned, called at our office the day before to lodge a complaint against the writer thereof, he informed us that he had been introduced to the man known to him as "Taft Thew Houghton" in San Francisco some months before.

As a result of a recent accidental meeting in Los Angeles, "Houghton" had delicately hinted that an invitation to stop a few days with the Chandlers would not be displeasing to him. He wished, he said, to "hide out" for awhile, to avoid being served with divorce papers. The Chandlers had unsuspectingly offered him the shelter of their home.

To Mrs. Chandler the young man represented himself as the son of a wealthy Virginia statesman. And, as her engaging house guest was always perfectly and expensively groomed, possessing the air of a gentleman to whom mere money meant nothing, it was with no misgivings that



No information is available on this photograph, except that the "Baron" is the man on the left and it was taken in a jail in New Mexico. On it being shown to him, he broke into a hearty laugh, but declined to explain the circumstances.

she, on the last day of her guest's stay, graciously endorsed the aforementioned check.

As "Houghton" carelessly remarked, "It's such a nuisance, don't you know, to establish one's identity at banks."

Mr. Chandler was, in his own words, "pretty well burnt up" over the manner in which the suave mannered stranger from the South had repaid him and his wife for their hospitality.

On the day following the Federal officer's visit to our office, Moug and I called on Mr. Chandler at his downtown business address and requested his permission to make a thorough inspection of the room "Houghton" had used while a guest in his home.

"Sure! Only too glad to help

tidiously neat housekeeper, a telephone number was scribbled on the wall!

"Hempstead six-one-two-six," I read aloud. "Whose number is that?" I asked the question almost mechanically, for of course, as yet I could not know the importance of my accidental find.

"Search me," Chandler replied. "But you may be sure he wrote it. It would never occur to either Mrs. Chandler or myself to deface a wall by writing upon it."

Tentatively, I lifted the telephone receiver from its hook and was rewarded by the familiar buzzing sound that showed the instrument was still in operation.

"We're in luck. It hasn't been disconnected yet," I murmured,



you bring that bird to justice," Chandler declared heartily. "We've since moved from the place and the house is vacant, but I'll get the key from the landlord and we'll go out and look it over."

A half hour later we arrived at a large apartment building located at 38th and Western, and shortly afterward stood inside the furnished, but now untenanted, room formerly occupied by the impostor.

"Here we are," said Chandler. "Here's where the bum stayed."

IT seemed that our search was doomed to failure, for not a thing remained of young Houghton's effects. Closets and bureau drawers yielded nothing — no letters, no scrap of paper that might prove a clue to the whereabouts of the wanted man.

"My wife says he spent about half his time at the telephone," Chandler remarked. "He was always calling the president of a bank or some big bug—trying to create an impression, I guess."

Involuntarily, I moved in the direction of the dial phone which stood on a small table in the hallway just outside the door, and sat down before it, as though I hoped to get an inspiration from merely looking at the instrument.

Whether or not some subconscious instinct guided me, I cannot say, but there in plain view was suddenly revealed a clue—a clue destined to ultimately lead to the arrest of the elusive miscreant—for in this apartment that bore every evidence of having been lived in and cared for by a fas-



(Top) The second airplane the "Baron" was to purchase. He inspected this plane, but did not have the immediate "cash in hand." He stated, casually, that he was thinking of taking a round-the-world tour by airplane! (In circle) One of the aero-students illustrates how the "Baron" exited through this window at the Western College of Aeronautics, Los Angeles, when he learned detectives had arrived and wanted to see him!

and promptly dialed the number staring me in the face. "We'll use a little ruse to try to find out who the number is registered to."

"Hello!" a youthful male voice responded.

"Hempstead six - one - two - six?" I inquired. Assured that it was, I continued: "Let me speak to Mr. Harmon, please."

**W**HAT? You must have the wrong number."

"Is this Hempstead six-one-two-six?" I demanded.

"Yes, but——"

"Well, Mr. Harmon must be there. He gave me that number."

"This is Warren's residence——"

"What is your address, please? Maybe I'm mistaken——" I rushed on.

"This is — Wilshire Boulevard, and there's no 'Mr. Harmon' here," came in no uncertain tones.

"My error. Pardon me, please." I hung up and hurriedly jotted down the name and address I had just heard.

Then, after heartily thanking Mr. Chandler for his valuable cooperation and promising

to notify him of any future developments, Moug and I drove straight for the Wilshire Boulevard address. I was optimistically certain that Mr. Taft Thew Houghton's arrest was a matter of hours. How sadly mistaken I was will soon be apparent!

"This'll make 'Tommy' sit up and take notice," I said to Moug on the way over. (Most of the boys under Captain Thomason's command referred to him thus familiarly and affectionately when not in his (Continued on page 66)

# How I Solved Kalamazoo's



THE PEACEFUL-LOOKING COTTAGE IN KALAMAZOO IN WHICH THE WITCHCRAFT CRIME WAS COMMITTED!

*By Sheriff JEROME S. BORDEN  
Kalamazoo County, Michigan*

*As told to L. L. BINGAMAN*

**F**IIFTEEN years ago the Burgess family, and the Reverend Mr. Fairchild and Mrs. Fairchild, were neighbors.

The Burgesses were simple folk. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Burgess and their two children; a son named Burnett and a daughter, Eugenia. Their neighbor, Mr. Fairchild, was a minister in one of the churches in the community. The minister's wife, said the Burgesses, was of a super-intelligence, capable of casting evil spells over the homes of anyone she chose, or who displeased her.

Etta Fairchild was, in short, in the opinion of the Burgess family, a witch.

The Reverend Mr. Fairchild died and left his widow practically destitute. She was thrown upon charity and for several years she lived on the mercy of the people of the town and the members of the little church that her husband had served as minister. Then she was sent to a home—the Merrill Home, at Kalamazoo, Michigan.

In the meantime the Burgess family had removed from their former residence. They now owned their home at 439 West Ransom Street. Mrs. Etta Fairchild was an inmate at the Merrill Home less than a block away.

It was a rather remarkable coincidence that Eugene Burgess should establish his residence in the immediate vicinity of the Merrill Home. Had he known that his former neighbor resided at the Home, Eugene Burgess probably never would have located where he did.

Shortly after building his new house on Ransom Street, Burgess' mother was suddenly taken ill and died. Then he discovered Mrs. Fairchild was an inmate of the Merrill Home.

**T**O the simple-minded Eugene Burgess and his wife this was no mere coincidence. It was not any natural act of fate that Burgess' mother should die. To Burgess and his wife was born the truth, or what they believed to be the truth.

*The senior Mrs. Burgess was a victim of witchcraft.*

Her death had been caused by some evil mental process which a person capable of commanding dark spirits possessed. And that person was Etta Fairchild.

So said the Burgesses, although Mr. Burgess had not seen the widow of the deceased Reverend Mr. Fairchild for nearly fifteen years. The Burgess family began to be harassed by many fears. Dark and dreadful superstitions clouded

# WITCHCRAFT *Crime*



SECRET CISTERN WHERE MRS. FAIRCHILD'S BODY WAS HIDDEN! Mrs. Fairchild is shown in inset. Detective John Smith is holding up lid, Deputy Sheriff Al Billig is holding flashlight. Note curtains and rug in which the body was wrapped

***This crime was MORE BIZARRE THAN A "HOP-HEAD'S" DREAM! Paralyzing FEAR was goading the harassed minds of its perpetrators to their bloody acts. But WHY? See if you can figure out what actually was at the back of it all***

the minds of the simple couple. Witchcraft, in the minds of the Burgesses, did not belong to the dark ages. It belonged to the present, to twentieth century America with her unlimited educational facilities; her vast store of scientific facts.

In every death in the community following the demise of the aged mother of Eugene Burgess, these former neighbors of the minister's widow saw the evil influence of Etta Fairchild. The Burgesses lived in constant fear of what they chose to call the great and evil mental power of the poor harmless old lady who lived at the Merrill Home for the aged.

*It was inevitable that the thing should happen.*

EARLY in the evening of July 18th, 1929, Mrs. Marian C. Ring, an acquaintance of the Burgess family, telephoned to me and reported that Mrs. Burgess had been to call on her. The story that this woman heard from the lips of the 52-year-old wife of Eugene Burgess would have put the fear of death into the hardest individual living.

My informant was incredulous. Mrs. Burgess had been to her home early in the evening, around 8 o'clock. It was 10 o'clock when I received her telephone message. The woman who had called me said she had been trying ever since Mrs. Burgess was there, to make herself believe what she had heard.

BUT such a thing was impossible. *No sane person would have told such a story.* And no one would have believed it after it was told.

This is what Mrs. Ring reported to me over the telephone: "She came to my house about eight o'clock this evening, went to the garden house at the side and waited until I went out to see her.

"When I went out to the garden house, Mrs. Burgess asked me if I knew about the evil powers of Mrs. Fairchild. She told me of how Mrs. Fairchild had caused the deaths of at least a hundred persons here, and of



(Above) This is Eugene Burgess. STUDY HIS FACE and try to reconcile it with what this story says of him! (Below) Room in the Burgess home, scene of one of the weirdest crimes in all history. The murderer tried to hide between the head of couch and wall. Note where bloodstained wall-paper was torn away



Mrs. Fairchild's plans to kill several others. "But she will never carry out her plans," Mrs. Burgess said.

"I asked her what she meant. She said that Etta Fairchild was no more. Then I asked what had happened to Mrs. Fairchild. Mrs. Burgess replied that she was dead—murdered.

"Did you murder her?" I asked.

"Mrs. Burgess said that she had.

"I asked her if she did it alone. She said that her husband had helped her.

"Mrs. Burgess then asked me if it wasn't possible to place the body by the side of some road, in a way that would make it appear that a car had struck her.

"I told her that murder, even if it was some one whom she deemed better off dead, was no way to do a thing.

"'You cannot take the law into your own hands, even in a case such as that of Mrs. Fairchild,' I told her. She said that she had done the only thing she knew to do.

"When I said that the law would prosecute her, she said that she would place her fate in the hands of God, but not in the hands of man.

"Unbelieving, I asked her if she really meant what she was saying. Mrs. Burgess replied: 'It is the truth. I have killed her. I've got to get rid of the corpse. You must help me.'"

My informant told me that she finally got rid of the woman and sat for some time thinking about what she had heard.

Fearing that Mrs. Burgess' story might have been true, after all, the woman to whom Mrs. Burgess had applied for assistance in disposing of the body of a murdered woman, telephoned the Merrill Home, and asked if Mrs. Etta Fairchild was an inmate there. Mrs. Burgess had said that her victim had lived at the Home.

Officials of the Home informed her that Mrs. Fairchild had been an inmate of the institution for some three years. Was she in at that time? No. Mrs. Fairchild had gone out for the evening, to visit with some friends. She left around 2 o'clock.

Then Mrs. Burgess had told the truth, thought my informant. Mrs. Fairchild was absent, "visiting with friends." Those "friends" were the Burgesses. It was after learning this that the woman had decided to call me, and report the matter.

I laid the telephone instrument aside, and reaching for another set, which connected the county offices, I called Prosecuting Attorney Paul Tedrow and told him what I had just heard. He said he would rush right over and accompany me to the Burgess home. I then called Police Headquarters and reported the matter to the commissioner and the chief of police. Those officials also asked me to wait until they arrived at my office, that they might go to the Burgess house.

We arrived at the home of Eugene Burgess a little past 10 o'clock. Commissioner Rock Fleming and Chief Roy Carney walked toward the front of the house, and Prosecutor Tedrow and myself hurried around to the back. I arrived at a little lean-to at the rear of the house, cautiously opened a door and tip-toed stealthily in.

The lean-to was unfurnished. It apparently served the purpose of a back porch. I stood for some time pressed against the kitchen door, listening. Not the slightest sound came from within. I tiptoed back to the yard and called to the prosecutor to examine the garage, to see if the family's car was in. He returned shortly to report that the machine was in the garage.

I knew then that the Burgesses were at home, but were keeping their presence in the house concealed. I returned to the kitchen door, and knocked several times, at the same time demanding that the door be opened.

While I was waiting for someone to come to the door, I flashed my light through a window, to illuminate a part of the parlor. A narrow partition jutted out from one corner of the room, and a couch sat out (Continued on page 99)



(Above) Pearl Burgess. Does she not look like AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN OF CHARACTER? Yet —what is your opinion when you have read this remarkable story? (Below) The victim was seated in the chair shown when death came. Note smudge on floor by chair where effort was made to remove blood-stains



# *"Inside"* on the GREAT RONDOUT

*The most astounding train robbery of all time . . . the crack C.M. & St. P. flyer, roaring through the night at 65 miles an hour is held up—and robbed of TWO MILLION DOLLARS BEING TRANSPORTED UNDER GOVERNMENT PROTECTION! A clean getaway! WHERE, and WHO were the shrouded shadows back of this gigantic scheme that baffled the government sleuths?*



Chief Postal Inspector Rush D. Simmons (*left*) showing Harry L. New, at that time Postmaster General, one of the high-powered guns used by the bandits in the Rondout robbery. When the news reached Washington, Chief Simmons, with a picked staff of Federal sleuths, left the city for the scene of the hold-up, to personally direct the investigation.

TEN minutes behind schedule, Engineer Steve Waite at the throttle of Mail Train No. 57 of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, was straining his engine to sixty-five miles an hour to make up the lost time.

Back of him, in the cabin, the arms of Fireman E. J. Dibble raced to meet the demands of the hungry box of flame.

Nine-thirty o'clock, and the engine with its eleven cars of mail and express was roaring through the quiet little hamlet of Rondout, Illinois, thirty-two miles northwest of Chicago.

The blanket of night covered the village and the countryside about it. Alone in the darkness was 57's headlight pouring a white, shimmering stream to show the way ahead.

The grinding wheels kept secret the movements of the two figures creeping over the tender behind the crew. Unseen and unheard, they dropped to the floor of the engine.

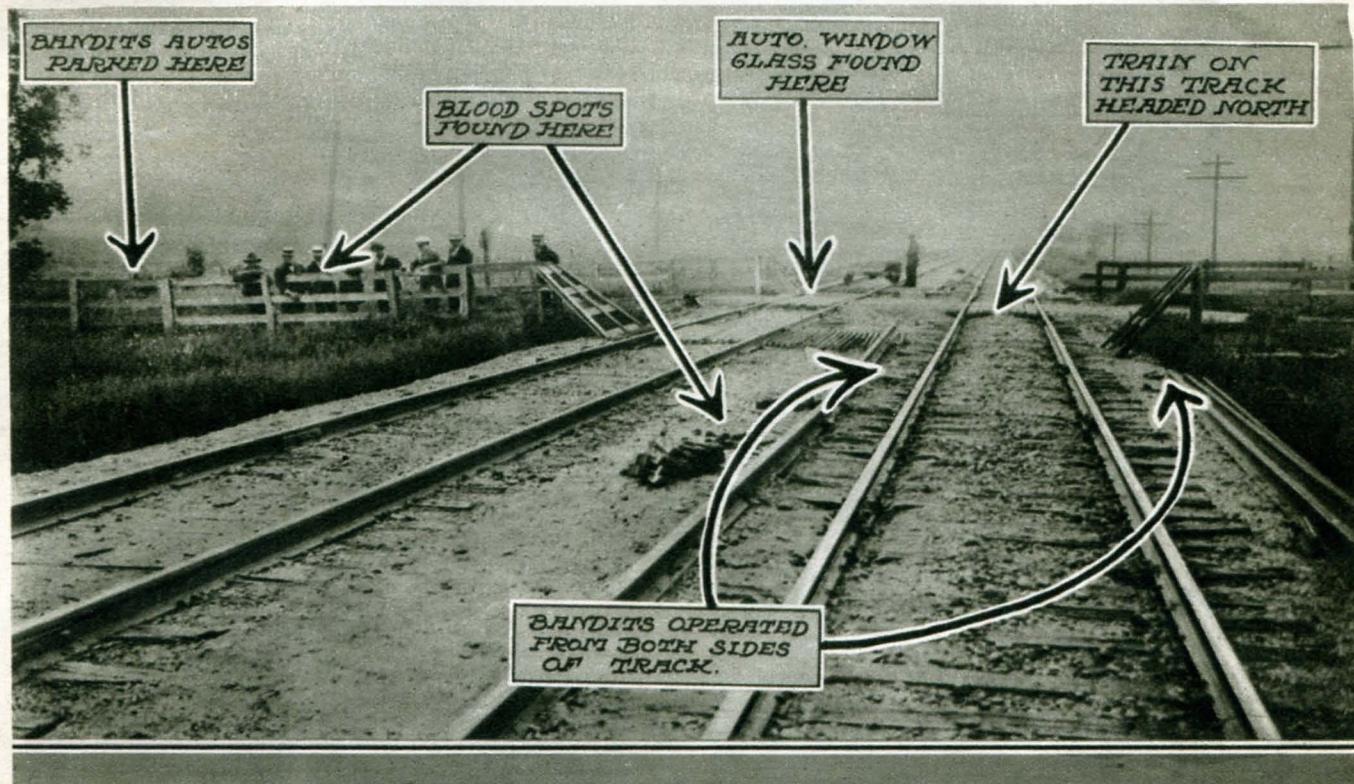
Fireman Dibble paused to mop his brow, and then there came to him, subconsciously, a warning that he and the engineer were no longer alone in the little cabin.

QUICKLY he raised his head—and looked into the muzzle of a rifle. A hard-faced man was behind the gun. Dibble saw a second man pressing a revolver, small and round, into the back of Engineer Waite.

"You're ten minutes late, Mr. Engineer," the second man clipped his words sharply, and put his lips close to Waite's ear so that he would be heard above the roar of the engine. "Now if you value your life—you'll do as I say. Put on those brakes—and flash that headlight. Flash it three times."

Waite followed orders. One—two—three times the stream of light, like a signal, was dimmed and then restored to

# TRAIN ROBBERY



Scene of the two-million-dollar Rondout hold-up—most daring of all mail robberies, with arrows pointing to the high-lights. Sleuths arriving on the scene were impressed with the care with which the robbery was planned, and the precision with which it was executed and the quick getaway accomplished.

full strength. Waite closed the throttle and applied the brakes. The eleven coaches groaned and lurched and trembled, and then were motionless.

The spokesman of the pair looked out the cabin.

"Move it back three car lengths," he commanded.

Again the engineer obeyed. When he had done so, the third car of the train—the registered mail car—straddled the hard road crossing known as Buckley Road!

Four men moved out from behind an automobile, black as the night, that was parked on the road. Two carried gas masks in their hands. The four started on a run toward the train, and as they ran they fired shots into the air.

Waite and Dibble, prodded by guns, leaped to the ground. They were forced back against the engine. A man stepped from the group of four to guard them with leveled rifle.

EIGHTEEN clerks were in the third car, sorting the registered mail. The shots brought them to the door. One peered out to see the advancing armed men.

"It's a hold-up," he cried to his companions.

The door of the mail-car was slammed shut, and the lights were quickly extinguished. The clerks crouched on the floor in the darkness.

Conductor James Sweeney, Brakeman Harry Van Delind and Flagman Stanley McRae leaped from the rear car to in-

vestigate the sudden halting of the train. Halfway down the tracks they were met by a man who waved a rifle before them.

"Throw up your hands!" the outlaw cried.

A BULLET whistled through the upper portion of the registered mail-car and cracked the glass. The clerks huddled closer on the floor.

A small bomb followed the bullet and broke through the glass.

"Now, by God, you will come out!" the man who hurled the bomb shouted, knowing that they could not stand the fumes.

With the breaking of the bomb, suffocating tear gas filled the car. The clerks gasped and choked; they

fought against the fumes as long as they could, and then stumbled out.

The eighteen were lined up under the muzzles of guns. The outlaws stood over them for long minutes while the night air dissipated the fumes in the car, and then two of the invaders leaped aboard to pick out the mail bags. The pair worked slowly and carefully.

Their task was halted abruptly when confused cries rang out. A lone figure had been detected coming upon them from the head of the train! Neither the bandits nor the train men appeared to recognize the man.

One of the outlaws trained his gun upon the advancing man. Four shots broke the hush, and the man fell.

*By JOHN J. MCPHAUL  
of the Chicago HERALD and EXAMINER*

**DIRECTING the MAN-HUNT—**Captain of Detectives, William Schoemaker, veteran officer of the Chicago Police Dept., who was placed in charge of the police investigation into the big mail robbery. **WHICH WAY DID THEY GO?** The map, lower right, shows the numerous highways available for the escape back to Chicago of the four automobile loads of bandits who held up the fast mail train near Rondout.



Another of the armed men ran to the prostrate figure. He stood over him for a moment, then took him in his arms and dragged him to one of the bandit machines.

The looting of the car was resumed with greater speed. One after another—sixty-four mail bags were carried from the train to the automobiles, and then the bandits who had been guarding the crew were given a signal to withdraw.

Firing again into the air to discourage pursuit, the outlaws fled to their automobiles.

The red tail lights faded in the distance, and only then did the trainmen let drop their tired and strained arms. Obeying the habit of years, Engineer Waite, a veteran pilot whose first thought was of his time schedule, took out his watch.

It was 10:05.

The bandits had been in control of the train for only thirty-five minutes, but in that short time they had reaped millions—just how many millions it was impossible for the dazed crew to guess.

The trainmen counted their numbers, and when they found the crew was intact, a fear that had been in the heart of every man was stilled. In the horror and confusion of the swiftly moving acts of the hold-up, none had known who it was that fell in the hail of bullets, but now they were almost certain that the victim was one of the bandit gang. Spirited away, he was dying—maybe dead—from the shots of a companion in crime!

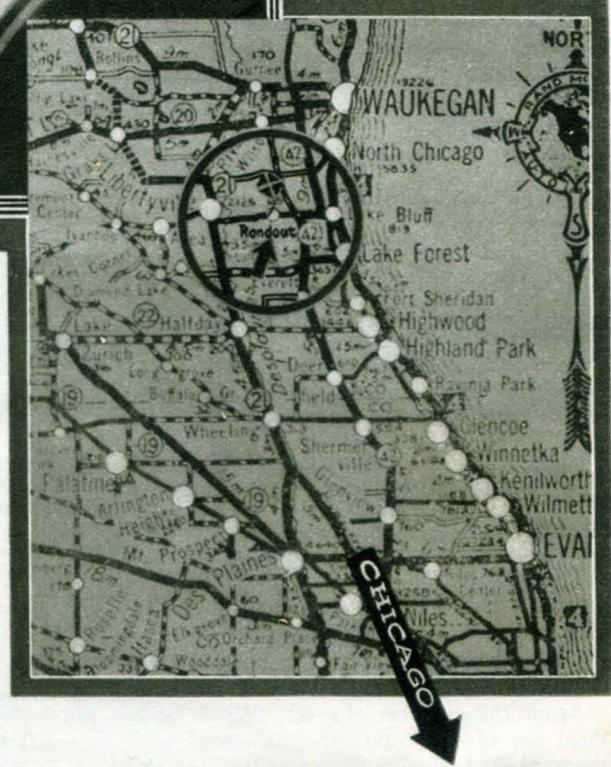
**I**N the hours between the first telephone call from a stuttering, frightened mail clerk bringing the news of the hold-up, and the clicking of the telegraph key sending the report to the capital at Washington, criminal investigators of four separate groups converged on Buckley Road.

The field posse was in full strength at midnight. The lonely stretch of prairie land, where shots had resounded two hours before, now echoed the tramp of the feet of many men, and saw its darkness, pierced before by the flashlights of outlaws, now broken by lanterns that bobbed up and down like fireflies.

The lanterns were in the hands of United States postal

inspectors, Lake County, Illinois deputy sheriffs, Chicago police detectives, and railroad agents. They covered every inch of ground about the tracks, seeking a clue to direct their pursuit of the six who had executed the daring foray against the mail that was under the protection of the United States government.

Postal Inspector William Fahy, the "ace" of the government's criminal investigators at Chicago and regarded as one of the most brilliant in the entire federal service, took over command of the various forces. Notified of the crime at his desk in the federal building at Chicago by a newspaper reporter, Inspector Fahy had rushed to Rondout by motor.



The officers who had preceded him on the scene were familiar with his achievements in the detection of mail bandits; they remembered his skill in solving the \$380,000 Chicago Union Station mail robbery of a few years back, and they turned to him by common consent for leadership.

**T**HE midnight lantern hunt soon brought results. In a ditch alongside Buckley Road there was found a .44-caliber revolver, a bottle of nitro-glycerin, and two gas masks.

Seemingly they were all that the bandits had left behind when they sped away from the ransacked train. And in ridding themselves of the articles, it soon became apparent, the outlaws had not lessened their chances for a clean escape.

The serial number of the gun had been filed off, Inspector Fahy found, thus preventing it from being traced, and all distinguishing marks had been removed from the bottle and the masks.

Fahy expressed the belief that the nitro-glycerin was to have been used to blast away the door of the mail car in the event that the clerks would have refused to open it. The masks, he thought, would have been utilized if the tear gas had remained in the car and hampered the search for the

mail bags. This was a logical conclusion to which all agreed.

At the break of dawn—the dawn of Friday, the 13th of June, 1924—a dozen police squads were patrolling the highways north and west of Chicago in the belief that the bandits might attempt to enter the city.

THE possibilities for the detection of the outlaws that lay in their wounded comrade were not overlooked. Hospitals in the territory between Rondout and Chicago were warned to hold any man presenting himself for treatment for rifle wounds, and police in the various communities were notified to check on all doctors who might receive such a patient.

Inspector Fahy and his fellow agents were convinced that it was one of the bandits who had been shot. The only other possibility was that the victim was an innocent motorist or pedestrian, who had stopped to determine the reason for the halting of the train; but as no automobiles were found about, and it was not likely that a man would be walking in the uninhabited territory at that hour, the investigators did not consider the thought seriously.

The crime was a front page story nationally. The country awaited with interest an official announcement on the total amount obtained by the bandits. Wild rumors floated about estimating the loot anywhere from \$1,000,000 to \$10,000,000. The Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, it was known, had had large shipments aboard the train for member banks in Milwaukee, the Twin Cities, Seattle, and other northwest points.

The public knew that a veritable king's ransom had been obtained, but even so it was startling to see in cold figures the post-office department's authentic announcement that the outlaws had made away with exactly \$2,000,000 in negotiable bonds, currency and jewelry.

The theft of this fortune stamped the crime on police records as the most lucrative mail train hold-up in the history of the Middle West.

The plunder included more than \$1,500,000 in Liberty Bonds of \$1,000, \$500 and \$100 denomination and commercial bonds of \$1,000 denomination, among the latter being issues of the Commonwealth Edison Company and the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway. Currency issued by the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago and \$50,000 in jewelry made up the remainder.

The bonds were of a type that would be accepted without question by brokerage houses. To forestall any attempts to convert them into cash, Federal Reserve officials listed the serial numbers on stock tickers with a warning to brokers throughout the country to hold for arrest anyone presenting them.

At 10 o'clock that morning Inspector Fahy received a message from the police of Joliet, Illinois, that caused him to turn the

financial phase of the investigation over to subordinates. Gathering fellow agents and police he sped to Joliet. There, on a side road near the city, they found an abandoned automobile.

In it were sixty-three rifled mail bags and \$100,000 worth of commercial bonds. Evidently the bandits had stuffed the loot into one bag and not having room for the bonds left them behind.

The find did not help toward identifying the thieves. No one could be found who had seen the car's passengers, and the license was useless as a means of identification, for it was found to have been stolen from another machine in Chicago.

With \$100,000 in their possession, and \$1,900,000 yet to be recovered from the hands of the outlaws, who had seemingly achieved a perfect "getaway," Fahy and his men returned to Chicago.

He was met there with the information that Rush D. Simmons, Chief of Postal Inspectors, was on his way from Washington with a picked staff of federal sleuths to direct the investigation.

Chief Simmons had received a complete report of the hold-up. He had found particular significance in the statement of Louis H. Phillips, of Sparta, Wisconsin, chief clerk of the looted mail car.

THE bandits knew all about our shipments," Phillips said. "One of them made me point out the heavy bond loads to Milwaukee and the Twin Cities. Also they spoke about the twenty-eight thousand dollar cash shipment to Roundup, Montana, and forced me to show them the bag."

Phillips' words stamped the crime as an "inside" job. Chief Simmons saw that the trail, beyond all doubt, led inside the post-office. From no other source could the bandits have received the information they showed they possessed when they demanded specific packages.

Realizing all this, Chief Simmons departed hastily for Chicago. But little did he dream of the high place to which the search for the bandits was going to lead!

The investigators in Chicago were confronted with varying theories as to the type of men who had perpetrated the hold-up.

A police official put forward a "Robin Hood" theory to fit the crime.

"It's my hunch that this is the work of ex-soldiers," the



Police Sergeant Fred Tapscott (under arrow) who played an important part in running down the Rondout mail robbers. Tapscott, a fearless detective, was serving as personal bodyguard to Jack Dempsey at the time this picture was taken. Dempsey's wife, Estelle Taylor, is on the Champ's left.

officer said. "I can imagine them as men who have been embittered by their war experiences, and have led themselves to believe that the government has not taken proper care of them in the way of jobs and pensions and the like. Now they've gone out to get money in their own way. They probably have an idea to split some of the millions they got with disabled veterans. Being trained in the service they'd naturally be familiar with gas masks and bombs. I honestly don't believe that experienced criminals would have the nerve to try as big a job as this."

Inspector Fahy disagreed with him. The federal agent called attention to the filing of the number from the gun.

"Those fellows weren't amateurs," he asserted. "They were professionals in the business of crime. They saw ahead and made certain that we could not trace the gun. The amateurs you speak about wouldn't have thought of that; their altruistic dreams would have held all their attention. The professional criminal has learned the lessons of the war without taking part in it. Gas masks, tear bombs and such things are his weapons, too, now."

**CAPTAIN WILLIAM SCHOEMAKER**, veteran officer of the Chicago detective bureau, who had been placed in charge of the police end of the investigation, subscribed to Fahy's theory.

Following out this thought of professional hands at work, Captain Schoemaker and two squads raided a pool-room on West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, that was a rendezvous for notorious gangsters. There the officers arrested thirteen men with police records, the principal ones being "Dean" O'Banion and Earl "Hymie" Weiss, two of Chicago's best known gangsters.

These latter two sat high on the thrones of the rum and beer oligarchy. As leaders of the powerful "North Side" gang, they were supplying Chicago with a large percentage of its illicit liquor. Both were destined to go to their deaths at the hands of gangland foes within two years.

O'Banion, Weiss, and their fellow prisoners stoutly denied any knowledge of the Rondout crime. The suspects were inclined to be satirical in their references to the outlaws. One called them: "Tom Mix cowboys;" and another offered the thought that the gang was made up of "lucky small town boys who made good in the big city." Their flippant remarks gave police the impression that the local talent was just a little bit envious of the rich haul made by the men whom they apparently believed were outsiders daring enough to invade the highly-organized field of Chicago crime.

With all their "wisecracks" the thirteen found time to present air-tight alibis covering their movements at the time of the hold-up, and were released.

The evening following the hold-up, Captain Schoemaker

was in his office thumbing the bureau of identification records in the hope that he might be able to pick out a criminal who had the brains and courage to direct such a daring job as the mail train raid. The jingle of the telephone took him from his task.

LIFTING the receiver, he recognized the voice of a "stool pigeon," one of those hybrids of gangland, hated and feared by criminals, and detested but found useful by police.

"Say, Cap," came a whisper over the wire, "there's a doc takin' care of a wounded guy at fifty-three North Washtenaw Avenue. He's got a lot of bullets in him, I think."

"I'll look into it," Schoemaker said briefly, and replaced the receiver.

He returned to his search of the files, but his mind kept reverting to the telephone message. The Captain knew his informant's motive well enough. The tipster was merely storing up grace at headquarters, hoping it would weigh in his favor when jail doors would swing ominously for him. But, too, Schoemaker knew that it was not wise to pass up a "stool's" information. News travels swiftly through the strange grapevine of the underworld; one who moved in that stratum, such as the man who had telephoned, was usually better informed concerning the activities of his fellows than the police.

The Captain got the station's report for the day and found no record of a shooting at the address given. He reached the natural conclusion that there must be some good reason for keeping it secret. Could it be that the man with "a lot of bullets in him" was the unfortunate member of the Rondout gang? At least they could do no harm by investigating.

**SCHOEMAKER** took a squad to 53 N. Washtenaw Avenue, and arrived at midnight at the place, which appeared to be a small private home.

Sergeant Fred Tapscott and Policemen Arthur Wacholz and Eugene Foley covered the rear. Schoemaker and Policeman Charles Griffin went to the front door. They knocked and got no answer. Footsteps were heard inside. The two officers put their shoulders to the door and broke it in.

The raiders had their guns in their hands and were ready for battle. But they met with no resistance. Two men and a woman were standing calmly in the front room.

On a bed in an inner room was a third man. He had been shot several times, and his face and the upper part of his body were swathed in bandages.

Schoemaker recognized one of the men as Walter McComb, who was well known to the police as a beer runner. McComb admitted he was the owner of the home, and identified the woman as his wife, Catherine. The second man said he was John Wade.

The officers questioned the trio carefully. No, they



One of the bandits' cars, used in the Rondout robbery, which was found by detectives in a field near Joliet. Arrow points to stolen mail sacks—sixty-three of them—lying just as they were found by detectives in the tonneau of the car



The MORNING AFTER. Part of the crew of No. 57, crack mail train of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, robbed of \$2,000,000 by daring bandits under cover of night, near Rondout, Ill. Left to right, they are: James Sweeney, conductor; Harry Van Delind, brakeman; E. J. Dibble, fireman and Stanley McRae, flagman.

answered, they knew nothing about the Rondout hold-up; they had just "read about it in the papers." They were here taking care of "our friend who got in a little shooting match."

The wounded man was questioned next. His condition made it difficult for him to speak and he gasped as he answered the officers.

He gave his name as John Wayne. His first statement was that he had been shot by a woman in Hammond, Indiana. Then he changed his story to say that he had been wounded while resisting hold-up men. Pressed by the officers, he finally cried out:

"Oh, my God—I hope I die so I won't have to talk."

Then he became unconscious.

McComb's presence gave weight to the thought that the shooting of Wayne was due to a dispute over beer sales. But even so, an unexplained gun fray was sufficient to cause the arrest of all in the apartment, and the officers moved to take the four into custody.

SCHOEMAKER searched McComb and found nothing. He "frisked" Wade; his hands found several bills, and when he drew them out, his heart leaped. There were two brand new federal reserve bank bills in the man's roll; one of a \$1,000 denomination, and the other of \$500.

Fresh currency; just like those in the neat packages that the Federal Reserve bank had shipped aboard the looted train!

The find caused the police to fire new and insistent questions at the trio. Wade declared he had been given the money for his work on a bootlegging job. He was ill at ease, but held to his plea that he knew nothing of "any train hold-up." The McCombs echoed his plea.

Schoemaker ordered that the three be sent to an outlying police station to be held incommunicado. A patrol wagon was summoned to take the wounded Wayne to the House of Correction hospital.

The Captain had a hunch that the Washtenaw Avenue home was a "hot spot;" if the captives were members of the Rondout gang, then their comrades might appear at the place later. Schoemaker left Sergeant Tapscott and the patrolmen in the home to arrest all callers, and departed to summon Inspector Fahy and his federal aides.

TAPSCOTT and his men were comfortable in their chairs; the sergeant had just glanced at his watch to see that it was 2:15, when the night calm was broken—broken ever so slightly—by the jingle of a key outside the door. The watchers stiffened to attention.

The door opened and a man stepped in. Tapscott collared him. The officer saw that the visitor's coat was stained—and that the blots were not unlike blood.

The captive was a prosperous-looking individual. He identified himself as James Mahoney.

"I just stopped in to see my sick friend, Wayne," he explained.

Tapscott informed him that he was under arrest. Mahoney protested vehemently, and then turned to bribery. He brought \$260 from his pockets, and promised to get \$1,000 more at once.

The officers scorned his proffers, and he was hustled off to the police station where Fahy and Schoemaker were interrogating the other prisoners.

The sleuths could make no headway in attacking the defense of Wade and the McCombs, and in receiving Mahoney

they had a captive not only stubborn but bellicose. The officers were busy on two fronts. While they struggled to break down the stories of the suspects, they had to deal with newspaper reporters who rushed to the station after learning of the calls for patrol wagons to McComb's home.

The evidence against the prisoners was slight, indeed, and the reporters could be given but little information, but the investigators believed they were on the right track. As they continued the grilling, the thoughts of the questioners kept reverting to the Washtenaw Avenue home, where they hoped for developments that would shatter the defiance of those in custody.

In the Washtenaw Avenue home Tapscott and his men were looking forward to the hour when they would be relieved from duty. The night had been long and tedious; milkmen were abroad now, and homes were discharging early morning workers. Tapscott's watch passed the hour of seven; the minute hand was approaching fifteen—when the bell of the front door rang.

**T**HE patrolmen hid themselves behind curtains; Tapscott went to the door, opened it, and slipped back as it turned. A man stepped beyond the threshold, and Tapscott seized him.

Officer and prisoner stood looking into each other's eyes, and then there came the voice of a newsboy, who that moment appeared on the street.

*"Extra — all about the capture of the mail train suspects!"*

Tapscott saw an expression of fright appear on the man's face as he heard the vendor's cry.

"My name is H. J. Watson," he said hastily. "I'm a bootlegger. I just dropped in to see if the folks needed some stuff."

Tapscott decided to bluff him.

"Don't kid us," he said. "We know all about it."

"Know all about what?" the man demanded.

"The Rondout job, of course," Tapscott answered. "You were one of the fellows in it. We've got the lowdown. Wayne's talked; and he's talked plenty."

Watson fell into the trap.

"Well, I guess the jig's up," he said. "I was in it all right."

He looked at Tapscott and the patrolmen that surrounded him, and thought for a moment.

"Look here now," he spoke again. "You fellows seem to be

all right. Live and let live is my motto. I'm going to give you boys a chance for a nice clean-up. I'll give you twenty thousand dollars if you'll let me blow out of town."

The bribery market was going up fast! Tapscott summoned Schoemaker, and the Captain began to dicker with Watson.

"Why, twenty thousand dollars is not enough," Schoemaker asserted. "There were millions in that job. You know what you fellows got."

"I guess we got about three million," said the other.

"Well, twenty thousand won't go far," the Captain replied. "I'll have to split with the chief and a flock of other guys. Can't you get any more?"

"Sure," the man answered, "I can get twenty thousand more from Jimmy Murray." He spoke in a confident tone.

"Oh, you mean Jimmy Murray, the bootlegger," the Captain answered. "He was in the job, too, wasn't he?" Schoemaker put the question casually, and was a good enough actor to make it seem that the information was no news to him.

"Sure," Watson naively replied.

"Well, I don't trust Murray," Schoemaker responded. "I don't want him to have anything on me. How about getting the other money first?"

Watson explained that his wife was arriving in Chicago within an hour, and that she would get the money. He led Schoemaker and his squad to the railroad station. The officers were introduced as lawyers who were going to aid a friend of Watson's. The woman took the policemen to a south side bank where she opened a safety deposit vault and took out \$20,000, most of it in \$1,000 and \$500 bills.

**S**CHOEMAKER got the money in his hands, and then took a firm hold on Watson and the woman. He informed them they were under arrest for participation in the Rondout mail robbery and for the attempted bribery of

an officer. This move took them completely by surprise.

Watson stormed that the officers had double-crossed him. The woman was indignant. She identified herself as Mrs. Louise Drafke Newton of New London, Wisconsin. Not knowing that the man was posing as Watson, she named him as her husband, Willis Newton of Texas, "a dealer in oil leases."

The disclosure upset Newton. Captain Schoemaker and



U. S. Postal Inspectors William Fahy (left) and J. P. McWhorter are shown examining gas masks found along the tracks of the C. M. & St. P., after the train hold-up and robbery—an underworld onslaught of such daring and magnitude that it startled the entire country

Inspector Fahy began to grill him, and he wilted quickly. He was ready to tell the whole story of the robbery, he said.

"Wayne," he admitted, was his brother, Willie, who had been wounded by a member of the gang during the course of the hold-up. "John Wade," on whom the money had been found, was his brother, Joe. "James Mahoney," the first caller seized in the apartment, he identified as James Murray, Chicago politician and bootlegger, partner in a \$10,000,000 beer and rum syndicate operating ten breweries in Chicago.

There were just two members of the gang missing, and they had gotten away with the loot, Willis said. He named them as Sam Grant and "Blackie" Wilcox. Both, he said, were members of "Egan's Rats," a notorious St. Louis gang. These two and Murray, Willis said, conceived and directed the hold-up.

Promptly all the prisoners, save the wounded Willie, were brought together to be viewed by the train personnel.

There came immediate recognition between those members of the two groups who forty hours before had faced each other with rifles intervening. Fireman Dibble picked out Willis as the man who had held him up in the engine. The mail clerks identified Joe Newton as one of the bandits who had guarded them. None of the others was identified by the victims.

THE trainmen went to the bedside of Willie Newton but could not identify him. The investigators did not think this surprising as none of the victims had seen the outlaw who had fallen under his comrade's fire.

Schoemaker and his officers came in for hearty congratulations from Inspector Fahy and others of the federal staff. A "stool pigeon's" tip; a routine investigation of a shooting, and here were prisoners and identifications, and the great mail train robbery practically solved!

So it seemed at the moment, but in reality it was only the beginning. There were many weary months of search ahead, and many startling disclosures yet to come.

Joe Newton denied Willis as his brother. He held firmly to his story that he had had no part in the hold-up. Murray, likewise, made an indignant denial of Willis' charges.

The prisoners were established in new cells, and found new cellmates. These latter were friendly souls; they commiserated with their jail friends, and offered to be of service, explaining that they were serving only short sentences and would soon be freed. Couldn't they do a good turn for their mates when they got on the street?

The "short term" prisoners were anxious to be of service, for, although the Rondout suspects could not know it, they were federal agents who sought to ingratiate themselves in the hope that they would obtain a clue toward the hiding

place of the loot.

In the same way a federal operative was brought into the House of Correction hospital as a patient. He was placed in a cot close to the wounded Willie. Day and night he strained his ears to catch the words that the bandit, in his delirium, let fall from his lips.

Chief Postal Inspector Simmons arrived in Chicago with the cream of the government's investigating force. His first assistant on the case was Charles Claranah, chief inspector for the New York district. Others were Grant B. Miller, Washington; Thomas Milligan, Toledo; R. E. Nicoli, Syracuse; John W. Hartwell, Albany, and C. C. A. Battles, New York.

All had brilliant records. Their individual achievements in the detection of mail robbers were surpassed by only one other man in the federal service, and he was William Fahy, whom they were now joining.

This unification of forces was the government's defi to the outlaws. Uncle Sam was giving the best he had to the pursuit of the invaders of the mail, just as he always does.

Chief Simmons immediately ordered the reassignment of United States Marines to guard the mail trains. The marines had been placed on the trains two years before after a series of robberies in the Chicago area, but were later removed. Fearful that the success of the Rondout bandits would inspire further attacks on mail trains, Chief Simmons issued drastic orders.

"Kill all marauders on sight," the marines were instructed. "The mail must be guarded with your lives. If a robbery is accomplished, it must be over your dead bodies."



Harry C. Shales, postmaster at Crystal Lake, Ill., examining a mail pouch which was found in the woods near scene of the Rondout robbery, where it was discarded by the bandits

murmured weakly that he had been shot in a fight over a load of beer.

Fahy, a keen student of criminology, suggested the injection of scopolamine, the serum regarded by some scientists as helpful in forcing truthful statements from a man. This suggestion was not acted upon, but if the serum had been injected, not into Willie, but into the questioners who lined the cot—and had proved effective—there would have come then, instead of later, the startling story that was to rock the city of Chicago and the capital at Washington!

Murray tired of his cell after he had occupied it for three days, and had his lawyers file a petition for a writ of habeas corpus. The petition was filed in his (*Continued on page 117*)

# "CHECKING" INTO

*In all the underworld there is NO CRIMINAL HARDER TO CATCH THAN THE SKILLED FORGER—no crook more cunning in COVERING HIS TRACKS. Here a MASTER DETECTIVE BATTLES TWO OF THESE MASTER CROOKS TO A FINISH!*



**By H. A. CROWE**

Manager,  
Criminal Division,  
William J. Burns  
International  
Detective Agency

*As told to*  
**FORREST S. NICHOL**

**I**N the summer of 1925, a Mr. Edward Graham, representing, he said, the N. E. Construction Company, called on a Boston merchant and explained he was in the market for a substantial order of provisions. Mr. Graham had the characteristics of a business man used to transacting his affairs with ease wherever he might be and expecting from others the honesty on which he apparently based his own policies. The merchant was interested and, after the discussion that usually precedes a business deal, put his name to a contract by which he undertook to provide a consignment of commodities when Mr. Graham met the terms as to cash and payments. This was all that remained to do for the time being, and the two men shook hands and parted.

A few days later Mr. Graham presented himself at a bank in Boston with a check for \$200 bearing the endorsement of the merchant with whom he had just concluded the deal. Anxious to please the merchant, who was a client of the bank, the teller cashed the check and Mr. Graham smiled, nodded and departed.

It was not long before it was discovered that the endorsement on the check had been forged from the specimen signature the merchant had unsuspectingly placed on the contract and that the check was worthless.

Ten days later, a Mr. Charles L. Norton appeared in New Haven, made representations like those Mr. Graham had made to the Boston merchant, cashed a check bearing the forged name of the merchant, and disappeared.

"GETTING THE GOODS" ON THE MASTER FORGERS!—checks and check-books on dozens of banks throughout the country, typewriter, check-writer, stamping and numbering machines, blackjack, timetables, petition used to obtain names in forging bogus checks, etc.—all of it uncovered by detectives in the master forgers' hideaway at Malba, L. I., shown on page 43

# SING SING



THE HUMAN ENIGMAS!—two of the cleverest "check artists" America has ever known. The four photos forming a square, show the notorious forger, Crawford Ross Browne, at various periods in his crime-checkered career, the first (*upper-left*) taken in 1919, and the last (*lower-left*) ten years later, shortly after he and his partner in crime, John Howland (*center*) were captured by detectives at Malba, Long Island

At intervals of a few weeks, a Mr. Charles B. Willis obtained by similar means \$200 in Oneida, New York; a Mr. Henry V. Allen obtained \$400 in Geneva, New York; a Mr. Thomas E. Martin obtained \$400 in Auburn, New York; a Mr. Edward G. Martin obtained \$500 each from a bank in Ithaca, New York; and in Cortland, New York.

Then the trail of these frauds returned to New England, where, at Arlington, Massachusetts, a Mr. Vernon D. Willis obtained \$300 from a bank. By this time it was December, in which month a Mr. Charles T. Manning obtained \$400 from a bank in Pottstown.

These depredations naturally caused an outcry from merchants and bankers and particularly from bankers who were members of the American Bankers' Association. Members of this organization are protected against forgery and other criminal activities by the William J. Burns International Detective Agency, and it was not long after the first of these swindles had been committed that, as manager of the criminal division of that agency, I assumed direction of the case.

In crimes of this kind, we begin by trying to determine whether the perpetrator is some one known to us or whether he is some one who has never crossed our path.

Acting on this rule, we brought out our rogues gallery of bank swindlers—and what a fine looking set of mugs they are—and had some of the defrauded bankers look them over. Most of them seemed to recognize the picture of a man known to us as John Cunningham, whom I had helped usher behind the bars of the Louisiana penitentiary for a forgery committed in New Orleans in 1919.

Released after serving part of his two-year sentence in Louisiana, Cunningham had gone to work again in Washington. His luck there, however, was no better than it had been in New Orleans and he was caught and sentenced to two years in the Atlanta Penitentiary.

How, then, if he was in that penal institution, could he be defrauding New England merchants and bankers?

Inquiry developed that he had been released prematurely from Atlanta, and, with that information, we started out on his trail. But Cunningham was too smart for us. Realizing that we were after him by that time, he suddenly became cautious, his depredations ceased and after the Pottstown swindle, the trail went cold for many months. We heard nothing more of Cunningham nor of crimes that could be attributed to him and some of us even thought he might have decided to leave the field of crime for good. Others, and they proved right, contended that "they seldom reform."

LATE in 1927 a Chicago bank teller cashed a fraudulent cashier's check ostensibly drawn on an Indiana bank and bearing the forged initials of one of his superiors. In January, 1928, a stranger appeared in a Cleveland bank and asked to have a check cashed bearing what seemed to be the initials of one of its officials. That bank, however, in accordance with the recommendations of the American Bankers' Association, had a rule that an official who initialed a check must be present when it was cashed. On being told this, the stranger left hurriedly.

A few days later a stranger of the same description cashed a forged check for \$375 in Toledo.

This meant work for us, and we immediately ordered some of our operatives to question the tellers involved in these swindles and attempted swindles. They had hardly completed their work when reports came to us of other swindles of a more elaborate nature in which not one but two men were involved.

A Mr. George W. Adams, calling himself head of the Adams Construction Company, opened an account in a Baltimore bank with a good check for \$2,000, against which he subsequently drew until his bank balance was low. Then he de-

posited a check for \$2,500, against which he drew \$750, and had disappeared before a bank in Evanston, Illinois, could return the second check marked "fraudulent."

In this deal, Adams played a lone hand, but, a few days later, he showed up in Philadelphia under the name of Thomas E. Becker, accompanied by an "agent," who called himself H. E. Wells.

This was a confusing development. Cunningham had always worked alone so far as we knew and we were faced with the problem of ascertaining whether he was or was not one of the team of Becker and Wells. Then Becker gave away his hand. Failing to hoodwink the Philadelphians with the good-and-bad check fraud, he tried the old Cunningham method of obtaining specimen signatures of bank customers for use in forging checks. This was pretty good proof that Cunningham was one of the team and, when those with whom he had contact in Philadelphia thought they recognized his picture, we shifted our operations from the Middle West to the East.

**W**HAT Cunningham's companion was remained a mystery. But our quarry were too quick for us. Swinging to the Southwest, one or both of them cashed fraudulent checks in Memphis, Dallas, Houston, Tulsa and finally returned to Atlanta, where they cleaned up \$2,000. Before warning circulars could be distributed fast enough, they had done \$2,000 worth of business in Louisville, Kentucky.

It looked as if the detectives and the bankers were to be forever made to look like monkeys by the persuasive manners and rapid movements of Cunningham and his unknown ally. New methods of trailing them were evidently in order.

A conference was held in my division and a new plan of action formulated. It was decided that Cunningham's true name or something about his private affairs had to be learned before he could be apprehended. Dashing into a town to investigate several days after he had left had availed nothing. It was squarely up to us to comb the vicinity of previous scenes of his activity and particularly to discover where he had hidden between December 17th, 1925, and November 1st, 1927.

**T**HIS plan worked even better than we had hoped. A week after it was put into operation, a criminal was arrested in a Pennsylvania city for attempting somewhat the same form of fraud that was practiced by Cunningham. When we sent one of our investigators to question him, we soon saw that the criminal was not Cunningham but that the methods



LEAVING THE FIELD WITH THREE NEW RIBBONS: C. ROSS BROWNE of Babylon, With His English Bull Terrier, Navy Guns, First-Prize Winner in Reserve and Special Classes at the Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Westbury Kennel Association, Westbury.

**A COMMENTARY ON CAMOUFLAGE!** This picture, which appeared in the Sunday rotogravure section of a conservative New York morning newspaper, explains itself after even a casual reading of this story. Here this clever crook is "getting away with it," and looks like a respectable member of good society

he used indicated a contact with Cunningham. The investigator questioned the man closely and at length. Eventually the prisoner came through with the truth, which, as is often the case, turned out to be more interesting than we had expected.

The prisoner related that at the time of his disappearance in 1925, Cunningham had appeared in Washington under the name of Crawford Ross Browne, had represented himself as a fur buyer and writer of moving picture scenarios and had married into a respectable family.

There he had lived an open life, for when our investigators went to the capital they were readily informed by persons of some standing that the Brownes had moved to an apartment on Kenmore Avenue in Chicago.

This looked like easy pickings. We rapped out a telegram to our Chicago office and before many hours had elapsed one of our operatives was lounging in the vicinity of the designated apartment, watching all who entered and left it. As we waited, a woman drove up in an automobile. She was soon identified as Mrs. Browne, but there was no trace of Browne himself.

IT was dangerous to ask questions, so the operatives continued their surveillance for three days. They were in momentarily ready to swoop down on their quarry at any hour of the day or night. The trap was ready. It required but for the victim to touch the spring.

ever, had become so well known that the cashier, instead of cashing the check immediately, engaged the stranger in conversation and at the same time caused a clerk to call the police.

In response, Detectives Michael Johannes and Fred Dwyer appeared at the front door, the forger retreated from a side door and a hot pursuit ensued through the crowds of shoppers. After a chase of three blocks, Dwyer, who had played football at Northrop Field, dived forward, seized the legs of the forger and brought him down.

**S**earched and questioned, the prisoner gave his name as Paul White, but when a number of travelers checks and other documents bearing the name of Ross Browne were found on him, he was identified as that criminal. Word was flashed to Chicago and, as I have related, the watch at the Browne apartment ceased.

As it turned out, this merely proved once again that thoroughness pays in every branch of detective work. When we came to take finger-prints of the Minneapolis prisoner, we found that he was not Browne but John Howland, another old acquaintance of ours, whom we thought we had lodged for a five-year term in the Maryland Penitentiary.

Instead of serving the full term, he had been released on November 16th, 1927, after serving only four years. When the mistake was discovered, we resumed our watch at the Browne apartment only to learn that Browne had returned



**THE MASTER FORGERS' HIDEAWAY!** A detective crept close to a window of this peaceful little Long Island bungalow, and after careful observation recognized both the notorious crooks, Browne and Howland, within. Reinforcements quickly arrived. The detectives closed in. **NEITHER FUGITIVE HAD LEFT THE PREMISES**—yet after two hours of intensive search, Howland had not been captured. In a few brief moments he had apparently **COMPLETELY VANISHED!**

Suddenly news came that apparently made it unnecessary to maintain this vigil. Word arrived from Minneapolis that Browne had been arrested there. The Chicago operatives immediately charged off their efforts to profit and loss and went on to other cases.

About noon on May 18th, 1928, a man had entered a large store in Minneapolis and presented a check bearing the initials of one of its officials for cashing. This trick how-

home suddenly, packed his clothes and departed at night without leaving any address.

This was a disappointment, but we had a prisoner who seemed to be connected with Browne in some way and might afford a clue to his mode of life. We had but to turn to our files to see that both Howland, whose criminal records dated from 1913, and Browne, whom we had captured at New Orleans in 1919, had been prisoners (Continued on page 104)

# The *Flaming* RIDDLE



Rolled to the spot from which the smoke is seen rising, THE BURNED BODY OF THE MYSTERY VICTIM was found beside this seldom-traveled road near Annawan, Illinois

IT was just as the sun was making its first struggle to break through murky, fleeting clouds after a raging thunder-storm that two farm boys, bumping along in an automobile of antique model over a lonely country road, made the gruesome discovery that was to furnish peace officers of Illinois with one of their most baffling murder mysteries. The place was four miles west of Annawan, Henry County, Illinois, and the day was Sunday, June 29th, 1929.

Floyd Haxby of Annawan and Walter Powell of Mineral, Illinois, a town in an adjoining county, were in a hurry as they jolted and skidded along the seldom-traveled Township Line Road, that runs through a rich farming section.

It was Sunday and the chores were all finished at the farm where Haxby was employed. This was a combination that could mean only one thing to the youths, and they were anxious to keep an appointment in the little village of Annawan.

Haxby was at the wheel of the automobile. He remarked to his companion of the lateness of the afternoon—the hour was nearing 6 o'clock—and deplored the fact that the terrific downpour of rain had made travel on the already rough road hazardous. An upgrowth of weeds, two feet or more high, fringed both sides of the highway and concealed a deep ditch or ravine to the right. The scene everywhere presented a drenched appearance.

The surprise of the farm boys, then, could be explained when a tiny circle of smoke was seen to rise above the curtain of weeds, just at a place where a fire would not be expected to burn.

A quarter of a mile away, on a state highway, automobiles whizzed along on slippery pavement amid Sunday afternoon traffic on a busy artery. Haxby stopped the car.

"LET'S see what's burning over there," said the driver. "An automobile might have gone over the incline back of the weeds and caught fire."

His companion agreed and together they strode through sticky mud to the spot from which the smoke was seen to rise.

Their astonished gaze centered upon the charred remains of a man, burned beyond recognition, wrapped in the ashes of what was once a bed-quilt. The body was in a sitting posture.

"It is a man!" gasped Haxby. "Let's get the marshal." Anxious to inform the authorities and equally hasty to

leave behind that "thing beside the road," the boys hurried to Annawan, four miles distant. The marshal and P. L. Wilson, the only undertaker in the village, were notified and the four returned for an investigation.

Wilson made a preliminary inspection of the body. He determined that the man had been rolled in a blanket, the covering had been tied with cords and the bundle saturated with an inflammable oil. The body had been transformed into a torch and the flames had left little more than a skeleton. The stench of seared flesh poisoned the air and made the investigation difficult. The man's teeth had been driven through his tongue, as though in the throes of a death struggle. The shoes were missing and only four clues that might serve to identify the body were found—a few gold teeth, a worn pocket knife, a piece of trousers of fine texture, about three inches square, and the unburned fragment of the underclothing.

WHEN Sheriff Charles Nash of Cambridge was notified and arrived with Officer J. C. Schafer of the Illinois Highway Police, they found little more to aid the investigation during a search in the fading light of the late summer day.

The Sheriff stopped at the mortuary to view the body. For nearly an hour he stood there, seeking to fathom the mystery. Turning to a newspaper reporter at his side, he frankly admitted that the case was the most puzzling that had come to his attention during four years of a term outstanding because of his uncanny ability to bring law violators to justice.

Morning found Sheriff Nash again at the place where the youths had found the body. He was accompanied by Officer Schafer, the undertaker and Walter Powell.

Another exhaustive search for clues, more productive than on the evening previous, was commenced. Beating over every inch of ground, Nash found, two feet from the blackened coals, the imprint of a woman's military heel. The heel print was deep and clear. Removing the print and surrounding earth, he placed it under the burning rays of the July sun and soon nature transformed it into a cast. The search for clues was then renewed; but in vain.

Newspaper reporters trudged about in the wake of the county official in the hope that he would make a statement concerning the mystery that had become front page reading matter overnight. But the Sheriff was non-committal. Whereupon the reporters likewise turned amateur sleuths—also in vain.

# of ANNawan

*A flaming pyre betrayed the spot  
near a lonely road WHERE A  
HUMAN BODY WAS BURNING.  
A few meager clues—but nothing  
to really indicate WHO THE  
FIENDISH MURDERER WAS...*

*By O. F. CLAYBAUGH*

An autopsy, conducted by Doctor J. M. Young of Annawan, revealed several additional discoveries. The man had been stabbed through the stomach, one knife thrust splitting a side of his heart, and his skull had been fractured. Either injury would be sufficient to cause death, Doctor Young asserted, and gave the opinion that the man had been dead before the body was turned into a blazing torch.

The condition of the body indicated the victim to have been a man about 45 years old or more, Doctor Young reported at the inquest, but an extensive examination could not be made. The man had kept in splendid physical condition, according to the report of the surgeon, was not accustomed to manual labor and was well-barbered. The texture of the trouser legs indicated that he had attired himself in expensive clothing and the absence of a watch, ring or purse prompted a theory that robbery had been the motive for the murder.

A Chicago detective was summoned on the belief that the man might have been a gangster, taken for a ride and dumped along the roadside.

The metropolitan operative discussed the case, heard an explanation of the clues and departed with the remark, "Gangsters don't take the trouble to burn bodies or haul them so far away."

THE point where the discovery of the body had been made drew hundreds of curious people for several days and it was while on one of these sight-seeing trips that a farmer, crossing a field nearby, stumbled over a glass jug, originally containing vinegar and bearing the label of a Peoria, Illinois, wholesaler. Beside the jug was a wadded piece of a Peoria newspaper, bearing the date of June 28th, the day prior to the murder.

Then a family living two miles from the place of cremation shed a cloak of silence and communicated the word that a large automobile, sedan model, had been noticed speeding along the Township Line Road in the direction of Peoria on the day the body was found. Members of the family explained their failure to volunteer the information previously by stating that they did not think it was of any consequence.

Now Sheriff Nash was armed with tangible clues. He retired to his office, left word that he was not to be disturbed, and pored over the case, trying to reconstruct the crime in a hundred different ways. He had these facts:

The man had been stabbed, clubbed, bound and burned.

Naphtha, so determined by the odor in the vinegar jug, had been used to saturate the quilt and body before it was fired.

The murder was committed in the vicinity of Peoria, as evidenced by the jug label and the pieces of newspaper, which had been used in the absence of a cork.



WHAT PART DID SHE PLAY?

An automobile, presumably the one used to haul the body to the pyre, had left the scene headed in the direction of Peoria, the driver for some reason favoring a rough, treacherous road to a paved highway.

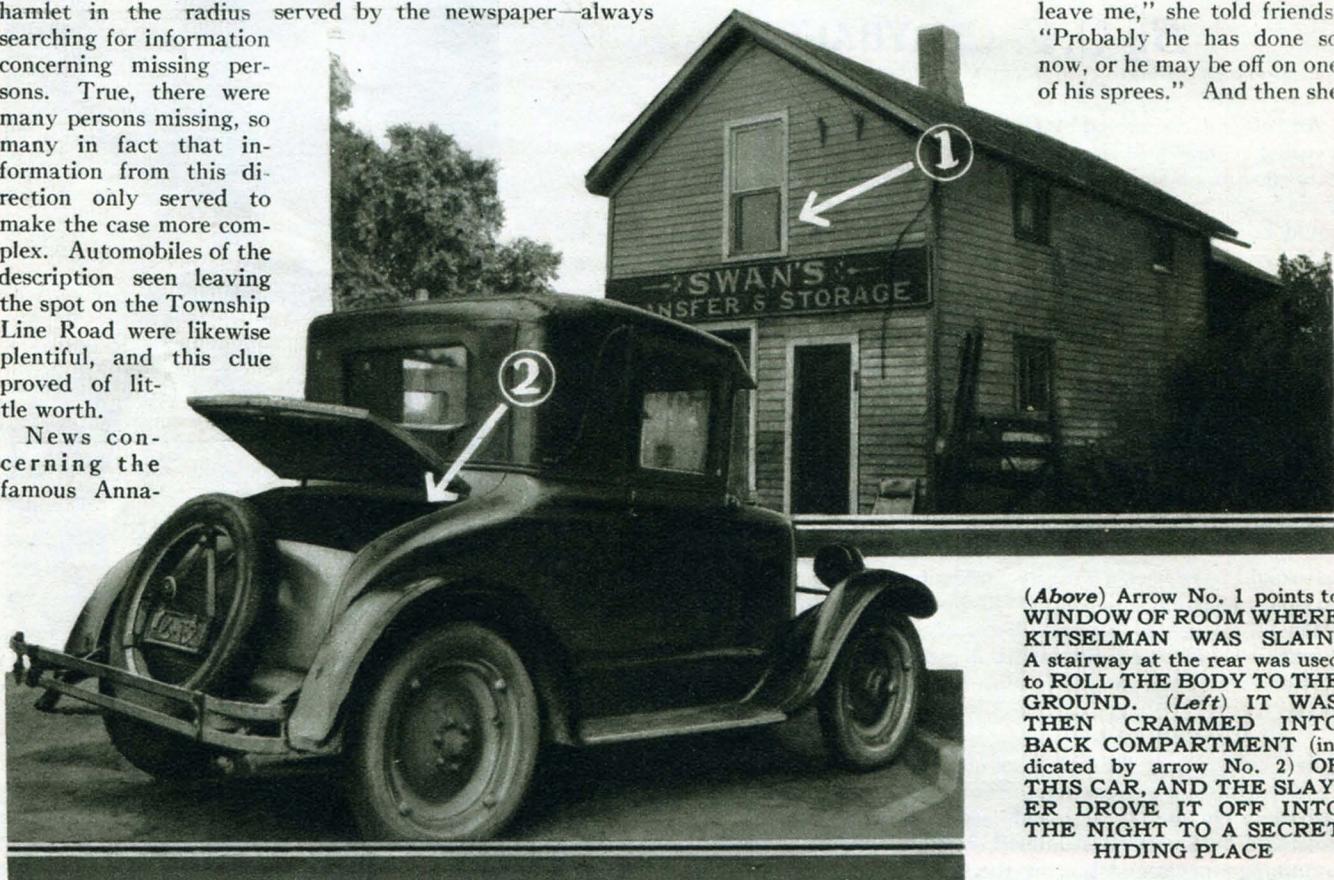
When it is explained that Peoria is the second largest city in Illinois, it is evident that Sheriff Nash did not possess an over abundance of clues, but he spent the remainder of that day in this office.

**A** WEEK passed and no person appeared to claim the body. Lack of identification made the investigation doubly difficult, but it was Sheriff Nash's reasoning that the mystery would be unraveled in Peoria.

He called at a newspaper office, exhibited the torn bits of print found near Annawan and an alert reporter informed him that the scraps were from an issue printed for rural circulation only and not for city subscribers. The issue, however, was sold on the streets of the city early in the day.

Working tirelessly with Peoria police officers, Sheriff Nash soon abandoned the hope of solving the puzzle in Peoria proper and turned his attention to every town, village and hamlet in the radius served by the newspaper—always searching for information concerning missing persons. True, there were many persons missing, so many in fact that information from this direction only served to make the case more complex. Automobiles of the description seen leaving the spot on the Township Line Road were likewise plentiful, and this clue proved of little worth.

News concerning the famous Anna-



(Above) Arrow No. 1 points to WINDOW OF ROOM WHERE KITSELMAN WAS SLAIN. A stairway at the rear was used to ROLL THE BODY TO THE GROUND. (Left) IT WAS THEN CRAMMED INTO BACK COMPARTMENT (indicated by arrow No. 2) OF THIS CAR, AND THE SLAYER DROVE IT OFF INTO THE NIGHT TO A SECRET HIDING PLACE

wan torch murder fell from the front pages and from day to day small space was devoted on inside columns. Reporters tired of their attempts to clear up the case and ceased to bother the busy Nash. Interest, once at a white heat, disappeared from the minds of all save the Sheriff, who would not be satisfied to let this mystery be marked against his term of office.

In the meantime, another clue was uncovered near the lonely point just outside of Annawan.

A farm lad carried the spoke of a wagon wheel to the sheriff, with heavy spikes driven in one end to form a deadly club. This was another link in the chain that gave the murder a decidedly rural atmosphere.

Then came a day when Sheriff Nash was nearing the end of the large area served by the newspaper. Spurred on only by his sole conviction that the slaying would be explained in a rural community, he had visited the last village on the itinerary, Wyoming, Illinois.

There, he learned, a disappearance of several days was unsolved. Wilmer T. Kitselman, 45 years old, a cook in a small restaurant, had been absent from his dingy, two-room apartment over the Swan Transfer House, used as a blind for gambling operations and commonly known as the "Blue Goose."

The officer's mental picture of the murder victim didn't exactly fit that of a cook, poorly paid and commonly known as a man who used liquor to excess, but he grasped at this last straw with a new hope.

Kitselman's wife, he was informed, was also missing, although she left the village a week after Kitselman disappeared. This was news. It would bear investigation.

At the Swan transfer establishment he learned that Kitselman had left no word concerning his abrupt departure. His wife, expressing some anxiety at his disappearance, had closed the unclean, ramshackle apartment and left with the word that she was going to Peoria. She said authorities had been asked to search for Kitselman; but they had met with no success, and that she had been unable to be of much help to them.

"He often threatened to leave me," she told friends. "Probably he has done so now, or he may be off on one of his sprees." And then she

rode away in her automobile, a coupe.

When Sheriff Nash arrived at the Kitselman abode it was deserted. He found inside only a few pieces of crude furniture, a lack of floor coverings and a soiled bed, *minus blankets*. In contrast with the other room, the kitchen, was spotless.

**T**HIS absence of bed clothing drew Sheriff Nash's attention.

A close search revealed dark stains on the unscrubbed floor of the bed room—stains such as blood will leave. On a dilapidated dresser, he discovered the scrap of an envelope, bearing the postmark of Naperville, Illinois.

These discoveries told the officer that he was following the right trail and he made a complete search of the premises.

From the landlord he learned many things, among them that Kitselman had been drinking on the afternoon he was last seen and that he had quarreled with his wife in their rooms above. He also learned that no person saw Kitselman leave the apartment; but that his wife had dropped in for a few words before she drove away in her (Continued on page 88)

# *Introducing the “MECHANICAL POLICEMAN”*

*High-powered cars! Quick get-aways! All too often these are what SAVE THE CROOK'S NECK! To successfully combat this, the police now have the “mechanical policeman”—on the lookout at a hundred different places at ONE AND THE SAME TIME!*

*By PERRY KITTREDGE*

—O—

9:15 PM DET BUR CAPT EDWARDS IN CHARGE 11 17 1927

HOLD-UP.  
D. E. MARTIN, OPERATOR OF SHELL GAS COMPANY NO. 238 AT CORNER OF EAST LAKE AND NORTH MAIN, HELD UP BY TWO BOYS DRIVING CHRYSLER ROADSTER LIC NO. 1 210 610 AND RELIEVED OF ABOUT \$40. THEY WENT TOWARDS MISSION ROAD.

9:50 PM CAPT EDWARDS IN CHARGE 11 17 1927  
BANDITS DRIVING CHRYSLER ROADSTER LIC NO. 1 210 610 CAPTURED AT SUNSET AND BROADWAY.



**THE CROOK-CATCHER AT WORK.** Arrow points to the Teletype over which message is being flashed to all San Francisco police stations instantaneously. William J. Flynn, Chief of Police of San Francisco, is dictating the message to Officer Monahan

THE above two messages, word for word, were taken from official records of the Los Angeles Police Department. They are typical of the effectiveness of the most modern crook-catching machinery, the Teletype or Telephone Typewriter system of police communication.

With this new system police meet the twentieth century criminal on his own ground, combating high-powered cars and fast getaways with instant concerted police action.

The automobile has made the field of the stick-up man comparatively safe and easy. He buys a gun, steals an auto, and has all the equipment necessary for committing countless crimes and insuring his getaway.

Take the case of Jackie O'Neil and Lewis Stewart, the two seventeen-year-old gas station bandits who were captured by means of the Teletype in Los Angeles.

These two youths began their criminal careers by stealing automobiles. At first their object was to have a good time. It was easy to find an unlocked car, step in brazenly and drive away. Just a joy-ride at first; a chance for a cheap good time.

Pretty soon rides were not enough. A little money was needed for food, movies—and girls. It proved a simple matter to get hold of a revolver, drive out in the evening and stick up a gas station. Their experience with Martin was typical.

Having spotted Martin's station as rather out-of-the-way, the two youngsters waited until the operator was alone, then drove up.

"Let's have a quart of medium western oil," ordered O'Neil,

when Martin came out of the filling station to attend them.

The boys kept their motor running. Martin stepped inside to secure the oil and O'Neil followed him. Martin stooped over to run the oil. He was startled by a pressure at his back and a threatening command:

"Stick 'em up!"

Turning, he looked square into the muzzle of a revolver trained on him by O'Neil, and immediately reached for the ceiling.

"TURN around with your back to me!" snapped O'Neil.

When obeyed, he pressed the lever opening the cash register, scooped the cash and currency into his coat pocket, stepped into the waiting machine, and was off.

In three minutes the boys had driven up, committed their robbery, and speeded to cover. Normally—barring accidents—their escape would have been insured by this very speed.

But Los Angeles has been preparing for just such emergencies. If crooks can operate in three minutes and reach cover in fifteen more, then police must be able to act more quickly and intercept them before they abandon their stolen car,

thereby obliterating the most valuable clue the police have.

We'll see how the police worked in Martin's case.

When the bandits drove away, Martin grabbed the telephone and called police headquarters.

"My gas station has just been held up. I got their number, I'm at—"

Martin gave all essential details, including the make and license number of the car used and the direction of flight taken by the bandits.

Day and night an operator of the Telephone Typewriter is on duty at headquarters. Two minutes after the hold-up report had been received, the operator typed a general alarm on his sending machine—the message quoted above. Simultaneously with the typing at headquarters, the message automatically appeared on receiving machines in every police station in Los Angeles.

With the receipt of the message, cars and motorcycles set out to head off the bandits' car, armed with its make and license number, and the direction of flight.

In five minutes all main arteries were covered, the city honeycombed with officers alertly awaiting the stick-ups' machine.

**A**ND in ten minutes their work was done, the bandits captured. In just forty minutes from the time the youthful robbers drove up to Martin's gas station they were lodged in jail, a report of the capture sent in, and the police chase called off.

This element of the speed becomes increasingly important when a series of messages is necessary to keep police in touch with the latest developments in an investigation after a crime. Each message then supplies a fragment of the picture puzzle, which, when put together enables police to recognize and apprehend fleeing criminals—to pick out the bandit and his car from a steady stream of passing automobiles.

The first message may contain the bare fact of the crime, the second a description of the bandit, and the third the license number of the car. Each item is vital, each contributes a part to the whole necessary for the police officer on the hunt.

The following first four messages sent out reporting the Mt. Scott Bank hold-up of January 19th, 1928, in Portland, Oregon, illustrate the progressive steps in supplying information.

9:20 AM HOLD-UP MT. SCOTT BANK. NO DESCRIPTION OF HOLD-UP MEN. PARTICULARS LATER.

9:40 AM TWO OF THE ROBBERS WHO HELD UP THE MT. SCOTT BANK WERE SHOT AND KILLED IN THE BANK BY BANK EMPLOYEES. THE THIRD ONE ESCAPED IN A BLACK ESSEX SEDAN GOING TOWARDS THE CITY. NO DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN. NO LICENSE NUMBER OF CAR.

10:10 AM THE HOLD-UP MAN WHO ESCAPED FROM THE MT. SCOTT BANK IS DESCRIBED AS TALL AND SLIM, RATHER YOUNG, WEARING BLACK COAT AND BROWN TROUSERS. MADE HIS ESCAPE IN ABOUT A 1923 MODEL ESSEX TOURING CAR EITHER GREEN OR BLUE COLOR AND THOUGHT TO HAVE A 1927 WASH LIC. IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN OREGON 1928 BUT THEY RATHER THOUGHT IT WAS A WASHINGTON PLATE.

10:30 AM TWO AUTOMOBILES ARE KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN USED IN THE MT. SCOTT BANK HOLD-UP, ONE MAN ESCAPING IN EACH CAR. THE SECOND CAR WAS OCCUPIED BY A YOUNG MAN ABOUT SIX FEET TALL AND THE CAR IS DESCRIBED AS A 1923 MODEL NEW STUDEBAKER SEDAN, NUMBER NOT KNOWN HOWEVER.

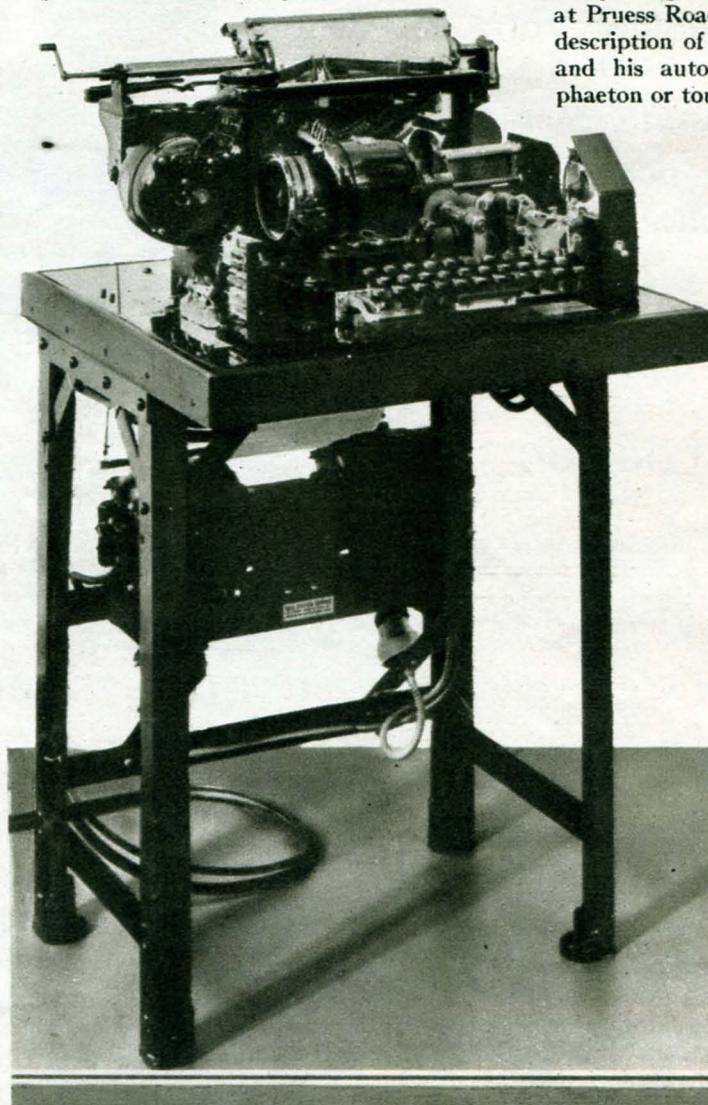
Another case illustrating the need for quick action in re-laying supplementary messages is that of the gas station bandits who operated on May 29th, 1928, in Los Angeles.

At 5:30 P. M. a 200 word message was sent by Teletype to all substations reporting the hold-up of a service station at Pruess Road and Wilshire Boulevard. A description of one of the bandits was given and his automobile described as: "Large phaeton or touring car."

Five minutes later the license number of the car was obtained. Another message was necessary: "This car identified as the one used in oil station hold-up Pruess Road and Wilshire Boulevard 5:15 P. M. to-night. (26) Straight Eight Packard Phaeton Lic No. 233 294 Eng No. 215 580."

Twenty-five minutes later the bandits were captured by Officers Trosper and Taylor, who had received the license number of the phaeton from the last Teletype message.

And now a word concerning the machine which makes this instant communication possible. It resembles an overweight typewriter with its keyboard protruding from a large black steel-covered box. This box with its keyboard (the sending machine) is connected directly by telegraph wires to receiving machines in the police stations throughout the city.



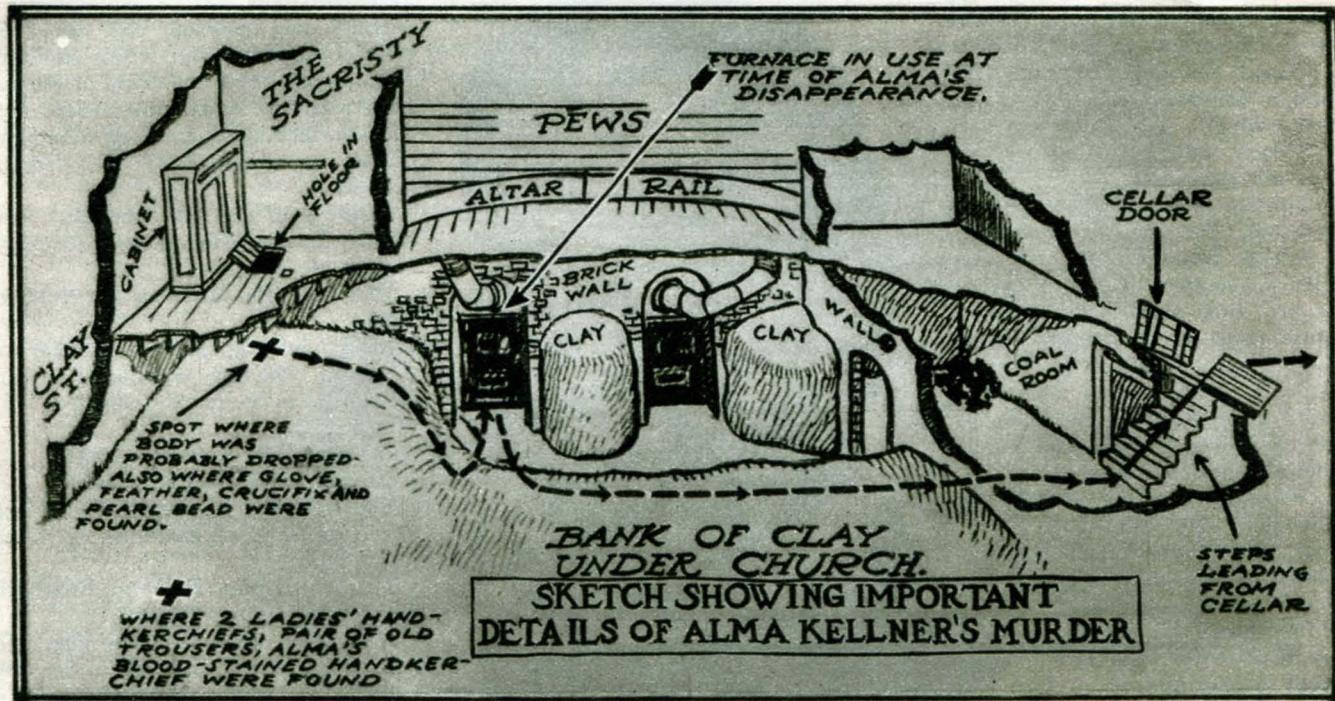
The "crook-catcher" without its cover, showing the marvelous mechanism by means of which the police are able to get ahead of the crook, even in his fastest getaway

**A**S the operator types his message, that message, word for word, is automatically and instantaneously recorded on all receiving sets.

In spite of the weird and almost uncanny performance of these machines, the electrical and mechanical construction as well as the operation are relatively simple. The machine typewrites by wire. Messages are tapped out on a keyboard similar to that of a typewriter. This simple operation sets a stream of electrical impulses directly over the telegraph circuit in motion. These impulses being routed into the proper magnets at the receiving end set up the proper selections so that the desired character is printed directly on the receiving page.

The operator sees the message before him in the exact form in which it is appearing at each substation; if it is correct on his machine, he knows that it is (Continued on page 6).

# The CRIME Kentucky Can't Forget



Here is the inside story of this famous case that deeply interested readers of *True Detective Mysteries* more than a year ago—when Wendling was fighting for freedom from life imprisonment. Was his sentence a just one?

## HEREIN IS THE ANSWER

By MARY CHENOWETH  
of the Louisville *COURIER-JOURNAL*

THE story so far:

Little Alma Kellner, eight-year-old daughter of an old established family in Louisville, Kentucky, attended St. John's Church on the morning of December 8th, 1909—After church services she disappeared—never to be seen alive again.

Louisville police left no stone unturned in their nation-wide search—but to no avail. Months later a plumber, called to repair a pipe in the unused cellar of the schoolhouse back of the church, accidentally discovered a carpet-covered package—the charred remains of little Alma Kellner!

The police learned that the janitor, Joseph Wendling, who was in charge of the schoolhouse at the time of the child's disappearance, had mysteriously left soon after the tragedy. Other circumstances pointed suspicion toward him.

Captain John P. Carney of the Louisville police, started out to get Wendling. He was finally located in a San Francisco rooming house where he was living under an assumed name, was brought back to Kentucky under heavy guard, and placed in jail at Louisville.

All evidence points to Wendling's guilt and the State is prepared to prosecute the ex-janitor for this most atrocious crime. The defense is likewise ready to prove that Wendling left Kentucky because of domestic troubles and knows nothing of the Kellner tragedy.

The story continues:

### PART TWO—CONCLUSION

ON the morning of November 28th, 1910, the case against Joseph Wendling—the French janitor—charged with the murder of Alma Kellner, was brought to trial in the Criminal Court of Jefferson County before the Honorable James P. Gregory, presiding judge.

It lacked only ten days of one year since the first news of the child's disappearance was given to the public, and time had not healed the wound.

Every available space in the court-room was filled. Many are said to have gained entrance through the back steps, and even by attempting to climb in windows. Attorneys of the court recall that early on the morning of the second day a very nifty-looking young man appeared at the door and asked to be permitted to come in.

"There is no room now, young man," the bailiff answered.

The young man was so determined that the bailiff insisted on knowing who he was.

"Eddie Foy's my name, and I'm playing in your town

this week, officer," he said in a voice filled with excitement.

"Oh, now that's a different matter," answered the dumbfounded bailiff, "there's always room for one more," as he admitted the famous comedian, giving him a seat near the press table.

It was a trial of features, speaking in newspaper terms, which began when a smiling defendant, almost indifferent to what his impending fate might be, edged his way through the crowds, followed closely by the wife he had deserted.

"Good morning, Captain," he said to Captain Carney, "how you feel today?"

"Never felt better, Joe," the Captain answered.

Turning to the reporters, Wendling said: "Joe pure. He innocent."

Joseph Wendling, so the story goes, was happier that morning than at any time since his arrest, because those in charge of him at the jail had allowed him to "fix up." He was freshly shaved, and there was a strong evidence of a complexion touched with cold cream and an odor of lavender toilet water.

Seated immediately next to the defendant was Michael Hermann, the French Consul, who pointed out that as the prisoner was a Frenchman he felt it his duty to do what he could to help him.

I WILL endeavor to give the reader an accurate, unbiased picture of what occurred, and all evidence quoted here is taken from the official records.

It was a hard fought battle on both sides, wending its way through numerous legal entanglements.

#### Reginald Clements

continued for the defense, and John Ray, a young criminal lawyer, was employed as co-counsel.

The State was represented by Joseph Huffaker, then Commonwealth's Attorney, and his assistant, Loraine Mix, whose reputation as prosecutors had already spread through the entire Middle West.

The first move on the part of Mr. Clements was for a jury composed of six aliens and six citizens. As an alien sojourning in this country Wendling was entitled to a trial by the Ancient Mode, he argued, but there was no provision under the Kentucky Statutes, as it provided that jurors must have established citizenship at least twenty-one years. The motion was then made to remove the case into the Federal Court, but the late Judge Walter Evans, presiding Federal Jurist, held that provision for jury service was the same in the Federal Court.

In his decision, Judge Gregory said: "It must be perfectly evident that when peace exists between two nations, a jury selected with all the safeguards provided under ordinary jury service is far better calculated to hear the case intelligently, and render a fair and just verdict, than one selected in special recognition of racial and national differences and assumed hostilities."

Getting a jury was again a difficult matter, due to the widespread publicity. Opinion formed gave an easy exit for

those who felt that there were more important things than jury service.

With the preliminaries over, the State launched into the case by placing Fred Kellner, father of the child, on the stand.

"Alma," he said, "was eight years old October fourth, nineteen-hundred-nine, and I saw her last at the breakfast table on the morning of her disappearance."

Only one question was asked on cross-examination, but it was sufficient to anticipate that the basis of the defense would be an attempt to repudiate the identification of the body found and offered as evidence of the "corpus delicti."

"Did you see the remains, Mr. Kellner, that were found at the church?" Mr. Clements asked.

"No, sir," the father of the child replied.

"But," interrupted Mr. Huffaker for the State, "the body was buried in your private lot in St. Louis Cemetery. Was it not?"

"It was," Mr. Kellner replied.

(It will be recalled that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Kellner viewed the body due to the decomposed condition in which it was found.)

The next witness was Miss Elizabeth Weitzel, little Alma's aunt.

"I dressed Alma that morning, and was the last to see her off as she left home. To the best of my knowledge it was about nine-fifty, as we thought she would be able to reach church in time for ten o'clock mass.

"Alma had on a plaid dress, trimmed with green velvet and pearl buttons, and a little white guimpe. She wore a shepherd plaid black and white check coat with an emblem on the arms

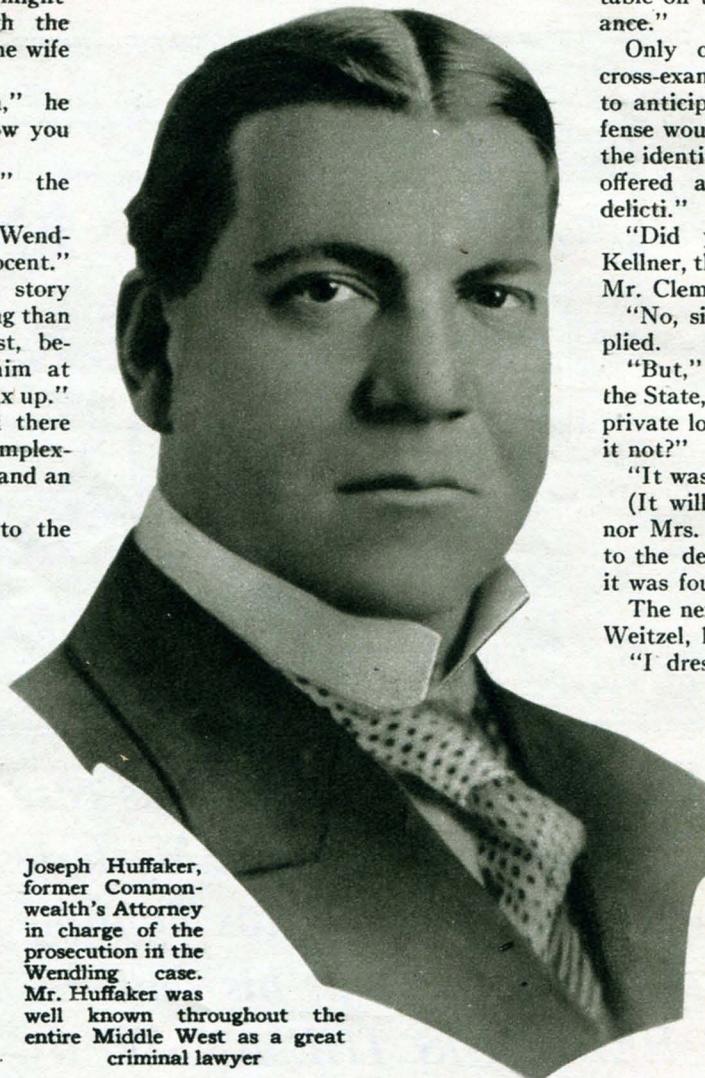
of the coat, and a mushroom shaped red hat. Her shoes were black with black ribbed hose. She also had on tan kid gauntlets with a red star. The glove exhibited here is identical with the one she wore, I have handled that little glove so many times that I know it is Alma's glove. I got it out of the drawer myself for her just before she left home."

MR. YONT, the druggist, told of seeing the child as she passed the corner, and W. K. Augustus, the postman, testified that he saw her several blocks further down headed for the church.

Mrs. Dolle, Mrs. Valla, and Mrs. Truble told of having seen Alma in the church, the details of which have been printed in the early part of the story.

A representative of the firm of Volz and Michael, shoe dealers, identified the shoes found on the skeleton as similar to those sold to Mrs. Kellner for Alma, and what was believed to have been the most vital point in the State's proof of identification was the testimony of Doctor J. E. Ruby, dentist, who identified the fillings in the teeth found in the skeleton as the same as work he had done for Alma Kellner, only a short time before her disappearance.

Doctor Duncan, the coroner, told of the body coming in contact with fire, and said that the skeleton found was that of a female about eight or nine years old. There was no other



child reported missing as far as the State could find out.

The State felt that it had wholly established the fact that the body found was that of the missing child, and the remainder of the trial was centered around evidence which they maintained connected Joseph Wendling with the crime.

The most picturesque witness for the State was Father Schuhmann. He is a man of splendid stature, towering upwards of six feet with a face strong, yet gentle and kind, and a voice which vibrates with sincerity.

He told of the duties of the janitor, explaining that he would have to ring the bells for mass, open and close the doors, and take care of the furnace.

"Did anyone else, during the time Wendling was janitor at the church, have anything to do with the furnaces?" Mr. Huffaker asked.

"If anyone did so, it was at Mr. Wendling's solicitation, as he was expected to take care of them, and so far as I know he always did so," was the answer to the question.

Father Schuhmann outlined his movements on the day the child disappeared, as previously set out in the story, explaining that he had left immediately after the service as he had a guest at the rectory. Mrs. Wendling served luncheon at 12 o'clock, he pointed out.

His testimony in part follows:

"Was any search made for the child there on the premises that night?" Mr. Mix began for the State.

"Yes, I had services at seven-thirty, and they were concluded about half-past eight. About nine or shortly after I answered the door bell, which I always did after nine o'clock to save Mrs. Wendling the trouble of going to the door. It was a Mr. Quill from Headquarters. He said to me: 'Father, they have not found that child. Is it possible that she may have fallen into some of the plumbing?' And I answered: 'Mr. Quill that is impossible, but the best thing for you to do is to come along and look for yourself.' He hesitated about going back, and I said: 'Come along and go and see for yourself.' We passed through the hall into the kitchen, and as we got into the kitchen Mr. Wendling was there with a lamp, lit or lighting it, I don't recall which."

"Had you called him?"

"I HAD not called him, but he went with us. Mr. Quill looked everywhere."

"Did you go down to the furnace rooms at that time?"

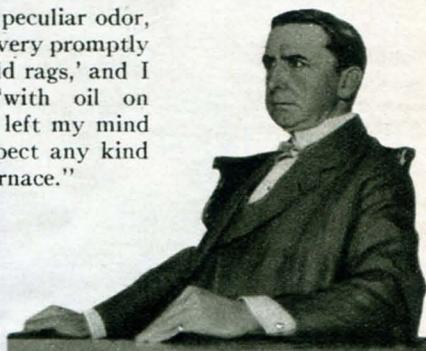
"I don't recall that we did."

"Did you have any conversation with Mr. Wendling after the disappearance of the child in which you asked him if he had seen the little girl in the church?" questioned Attorney Mix.

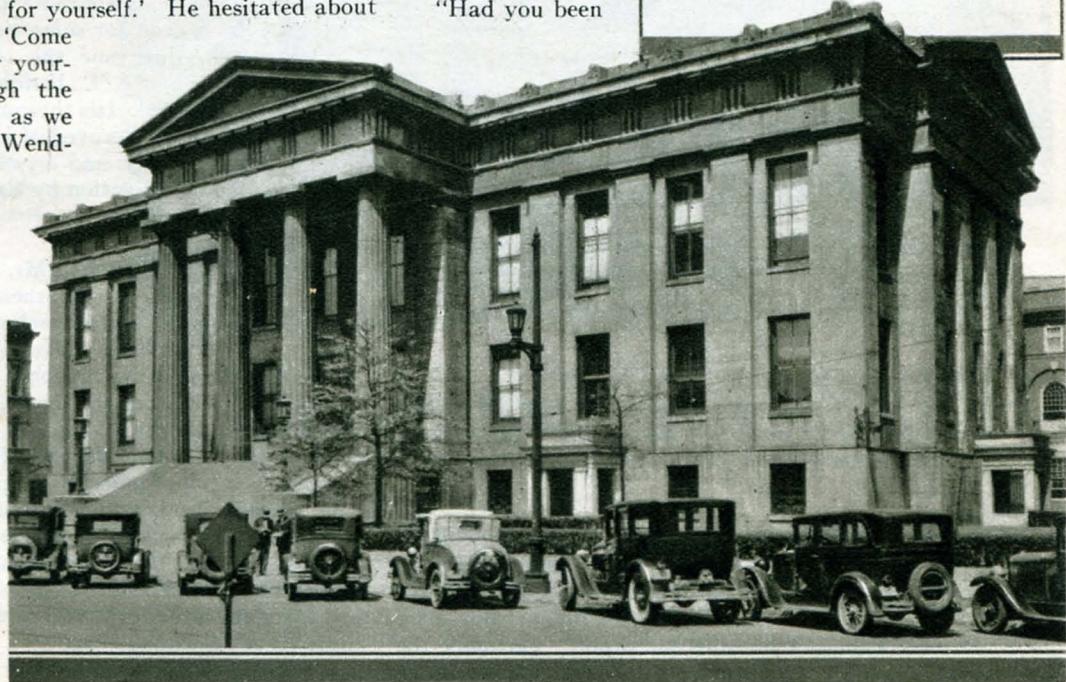
"Yes, I asked him twice. The first time naturally the people were all talking about it, and the papers were full of the reports about the little girl having come to the church, and I was anxious to know whether anybody had any information about her. I announced it to the congregation, and asked if anyone had seen the child, please to report it to Detective Headquarters immediately, giving the congregation the telephone number of the detectives' office. Of course, I talked to my janitor, Mr. Wendling. 'Joe,' I said, 'did you see any little girl about the church when you closed the doors?' As well as I can recall, Mr. Wendling said, 'I went to the sacristy door and saw people in the church. I

went back to the door again and two women came in. Then I left again. Then I went back again, and there was nobody in the church, and I closed the doors.' I said to him, 'Did you see any little girl?' As well as I remember, he said, 'No.'

"That evening I expected a large attendance on account of the reception of new members to the Young Ladies' Sodality. I was interested in finding out whether the church was warm enough. Late in the afternoon, I went over to the church and Mr. Wendling followed me. I went from the sacristy into the sanctuary and down the steps which lead from the nave of the church and stood there. I held out my hands and said, 'Joe, it isn't warm enough in here.' Then I went over towards the register to the left. Joe was standing in the sanctuary, and as I went over I said: 'What is that peculiar odor, Joe?' Joe answered very promptly —'I burned some old rags,' and I think he added—with oil on them.' The matter left my mind because you can expect any kind of an odor from a furnace."



(Above) Judge Gregory, who presided at the Wendling trial. (Below) Jefferson County Court House, scene of the hard-fought battle to save Wendling from conviction



friendly with him up to that time?" continued the State's attorney.

"Very much so. I had never had any reason to complain of his work as janitor, and he was well recommended to me."

"Did you have any visitor on the day he left?"

"Yes, Mr. Frank Fehr, a relative of the child. When he first came we were in the parlor, and we sat there for about half an hour. We then went over to the church. I do not remember seeing Wendling at the time, and I am inclined to believe he was not there, because I believe I would have seen him. It was between two and four o'clock in the afternoon."

The cellar where the body was found is reached by means of a trap door in the center of the (Continued on page 80)

# Who Poisoned the



This shows where Harry Lipsitz found a package of groceries and a bottle of whiskey in his car parked at spot under arrow—placed there by some person unknown. He gave the package into the care of his father-in-law—and the tragedy followed

"HERE'S to your health, Mama."

Hyman Friedman, seventy-five-year-old blacksmith, raised a small jelly glass half filled with liquor to his lips and drank this toast to his wife. Her health is still good.

*He is dead.*

But a moment before Friedman stood in the kitchen of his little flat on the second floor of a tenement building which he owned, and toyed with a full pint bottle of whiskey. It was a great temptation, for he did not own the liquor. But then, he asked, why shouldn't he take one drink? Certainly the owner who had neglected to call for it would not begrudge him a small cocktail!

Mrs. Friedman watched her husband disapprovingly. She did not believe it right to drink, but since the liquor did not cost her husband anything why should she protest?

A second after Friedman quaffed the drink he grasped his throat in pain and gasped—"Oh, poison."

These were his last words. He staggered a few steps and fell to the floor unconscious. In a few minutes he was dead.

This tragedy was enacted at 222 South Indiana Street in the Belvedere district of Los Angeles. It was 6:30 o'clock in the evening. The date was July 1st, 1928. The day was Sunday.

Upon seeing her husband collapse, Mrs. Friedman ran to the balcony of their second story flat and screamed for help.

*A man takes a drink, and drops dead. He has no known enemies—yet the poisoned potion appeared to have been "planted." Who plotted this diabolical murder—if murder it was—and WHY?*

Her two daughters, Mrs. Gussie Lipsitz, who lived in the third floor flat above, and Mrs. Sophie Brenner, who lived in an apartment next door, came rushing in. Their efforts to revive Mr. Friedman were futile. It was fully an hour before a physician arrived and he found that the man had been dead for some time.

In due time the report reached the Sheriff's office and A. L. Hutchison, night homicide officer, responded. His thorough preliminary investigation of the case proved of great assistance to Al Guasti, my partner, and myself when we were assigned to the investigation by Captain William J. Bright the following day.

**T**O begin with, Mr. Friedman's death appeared to be just another tragedy of poisoned liquor made by some careless and ignorant bootlegger. But Hutchison's investigation was none the less thorough and we are greatly indebted to his early work on this case.

The task of tracing the liquor, up to a certain point, was not difficult. Harry I. Lipsitz, Mr. Friedman's son-in-law living in the third floor flat, told Hutchison that he had found a paper sack full of groceries in his automobile that morning. The package also contained a bottle of whiskey. Lipsitz said he believed the package had been left there by mistake.

Believing that the owner would call for it soon, Lipsitz placed the groceries in a bushel basket beside the driveway and asked his father-in-law to care for it while he drove downtown to get a shave.

When Lipsitz returned an hour later he and Mr. Friedman examined the contents of the basket and the father-in-law suggested that they have a drink. Lipsitz refused, saying that he did not want to drink any liquor unless he knew where it came from.

That night, in the absence of Lipsitz, the aged blacksmith, feeling that the owner would not call for his package, yielded to the impulse to take a drink. It was his last drink.

The paper sack of groceries and the whiskey bottle were the only tangible clues in the hands of Captain Bright the following morning in a case that either might be accidental death, suicide, or murder.

An examination of the evidence revealed that the paper bag contained the following:

1 bottle of High Rock gingerale.

# "DEATH COCKTAIL?"

*By Deputy Sheriff  
WILLIAM J. PENPRASE  
of Los Angeles County*

*As told to MARSHALL WINGMAN*

1 loaf of bread wrapped in oiled paper; upon the paper was the brand marked "Weber's Mity-Nice Cracked Wheat Bread."

1 cucumber.

1 bell pepper.

2 medium sized white onions.

2 sealed packages of Camel cigarettes.

1 box of Domino Diamond Brand matches.

3 thin slices of brick cheese.

1 full pint of whiskey with a label on it stating, "Kentucky Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond," which was sealed with a red celluloid cap over the cork.

The bottle of whiskey was handed to County Chemist R. J. Abernathy at once for analysis. He removed the cork, took one brief smell of the contents and gave us another clue!

"It's full of cyanide," he said. His tests confirmed this opinion in a few minutes.

Then we knew that Hyman Friedman was not a victim of bootleg liquor and had not been poisoned accidentally. There were only two theories left—suicide or murder.

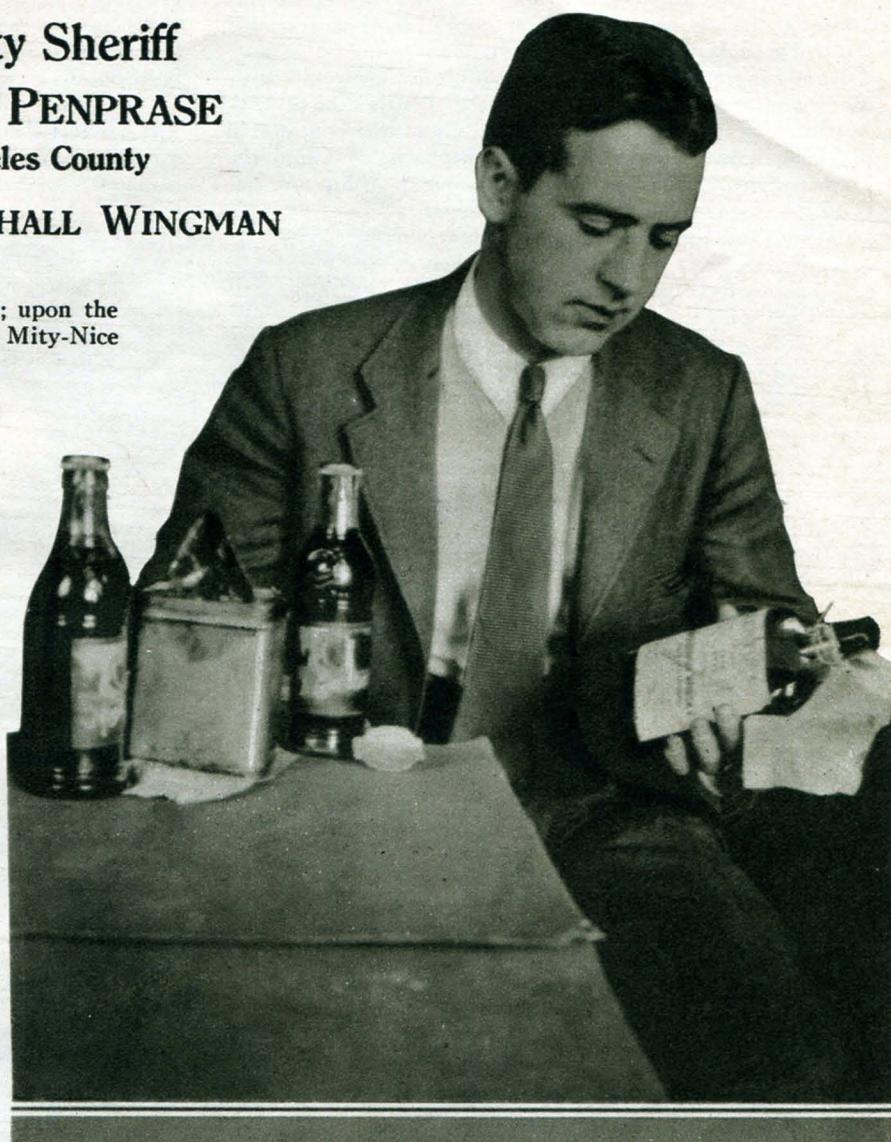
THUS began one of the most sensational murder investigations undertaken by the Sheriff's office in 1928. True, Mr. Friedman was not a person of civic prominence; nor was he a man of great wealth. But the baffling nature of the crime presented a problem which for some time threatened to leave the case in our files unsolved, and therefore attracted a great deal of attention.

One by one each of the dead blacksmith's relatives was brought to Captain Bright's office for questioning. Their statements immediately dispelled the suicide theory. Mr. Friedman was a happy man. Through years of hard labor he had amassed a comfortable fortune and lived surrounded by his wife, children, and grandchildren.

Though seventy-five years of age, he still worked at his trade in an ornamental iron works adding the small income to the rentals which he obtained from his apartments to provide the few necessities of life required by him and his wife.

At the plant where Mr. Friedman was employed we talked to his fellow employees. They, too, knew the blacksmith as a happy man surrounded by true friends and loving relatives. Surely he did not want to die!

In fact, I found, only half an hour before his death, Mr. Friedman had spent several minutes romping with two of his grandchildren when they returned from the theater with their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Brenner.



**WHERE DEATH LURKED UNSUSPECTED.** Deputy District Attorney Charles Kearney is shown here inspecting the liquid that caused Friedman's sudden death. Two cyanide "eggs" were dissolved in the pint bottle of whiskey he is holding. An idea of the amount of cyanide used can be had by noting the size of the cyanide "egg" on the table

Obviously Mr. Friedman had not ended his own life. But, despite these deductions, I was unable to find anyone who knew of a single enemy who might have wanted to kill the man. Everyone spoke well of him. Yet the fact remained that he had been killed. Whether this was an accident or not was yet to be discovered.

THEN the family history came in for the usual microscopic scrutiny necessary in such cases. The inquiry disclosed only a few harsh words spoken thoughtlessly on one or two occasions. The relatives told of these freely, for they had been forgiven long ago.

Nevertheless, the investigation was pressed in ever widening circles. Captain Bright's orders were terse but positive. Deputy Sheriff Guasti and I must find Mr. Friedman's slayer or we would be expected to give a very good reason—not an excuse—why we had failed.

A whispered word from one of the relatives at this time gave us a welcome lead, for we were eager to trace every possible clue, if only we could find one.

The tip was this: Harry Friedman, a son of the blacksmith, had been too friendly with a family of Mexicans who once were tenants in one of Mr. Friedman's apartments. He had fallen deeply in love with a Mexican girl, the report said, and at the same time into the clutches of her relatives, who wielded a wicked influence over him.

At last it seemed that I had found a clue that would reveal a motive for the murder. I found, with a little difficulty, the Mexican family in question and that there was considerable ill-feeling between them and the Friedmans. I found that Hyman Friedman had objected strenuously to his son associating with them, but the youth persisted frequently remaining away from home for several days. But I could get no farther.

With this lead exhausted, we took the bag of groceries and canvassed all markets in Belvedere and eastern Los Angeles in an attempt to find the man who had sold it. If we could but find him and learn the name

confronted him with Vasquez and asked the latter to repeat his story.

Vasquez repeated his story, quickly enough, but changed his version materially. In the end he flatly refused to identify Rodriguez as the man who had purchased the groceries and also stated that he was not at all certain that the articles had been purchased in his store.

**R**ODRIGUEZ was released from custody at once and subsequent investigation proved that he was in no way connected with the crime. Thus our first lead was lost.

Again we resumed our store to store search for the grocer who had sold the articles found in the bag. We found nothing.



**WHICH ONE WAS IT?** One of the four men seated, will be identified in this story as the killer—all four are murderers, three under sentence to be hanged at the time this photograph was taken, the fourth under sentence of life imprisonment. The man standing at the back is Rudolph Vejar, assistant jailer at the Los Angeles County prison where the photo was taken

of the purchaser our task would be made considerably easier.

The search met with almost instant success. Anthony Vasquez, proprietor of the Brooklyn Heights Public Market at Brooklyn Avenue and Burnall Street instantly identified the paper bag and its contents as one he had sold on the night of June 30th to a Mexican youth known to him as Jose Rodriguez.

Dovetailing with this came a statement from Mrs. Brenner that a Mexican youth by that name and known to be a close friend of the Mexicans with whom Mr. Friedman had quarreled, had been seen in the vicinity of the victim's home the night before he died. According to Mrs. Brenner, the suspect was very intoxicated and created a disturbance.

Within a few hours we found Rodriguez and brought him to the Sheriff's office. There, in Captain Bright's office, we

Then the search procedure was changed. If it was impossible to find the man who had sold everything contained in the paper sack, perhaps it would be possible to find who had sold the bottle of whiskey. And if we could ever find the bootlegger, we felt certain he would identify the purchaser at once to remove suspicion from himself.

Bootlegging in the Belvedere district just naturally ceased to exist at once. Men who from authentic sources we knew had been selling liquor for several years assumed the rôles of respectable citizens, merchants, hardworking tradesmen or retired plumbers! One by one we brought them to the Sheriff's office and questioned them. One by one they departed leaving with us no information of value.

For several days we prowled the alleys and "joints" of the eastern section of the city carrying with us the bottle of

Kentucky Bourbon whiskey spiked with enough cyanide to kill a hundred men.

Harry Lipsitz eagerly assisted in the search. He willingly led us to the hide-outs of every liquor dealer he knew. Harry Friedman, son of the murdered man, also joined in the hunt.

Meanwhile I conferred with Lipsitz daily and with his aid traced back his entire family history since the time he came to Los Angeles. I questioned him regarding all of his associates, friends and acquaintances.

Lipsitz was certain that no one he called a friend had planned and executed the murder. He was equally certain that no enemy could have done it—for he had no enemies.

"What about your acquaintances?" we asked.

"I don't know of any who would do that, unless—" His answer trailed off into silence.

Was this another clue? Was Lipsitz withholding some information from us? Whatever he had in mind, it fanned our curiosity to white heat; for unless we found something tangible to work on soon, the case would go stale and the chance of solving it would dwindle accordingly.

"What is it Mr. Lipsitz?" Guasti asked quickly. "Do you suspect any one? Tell us about it, so we can help you."

"I will," Lipsitz replied. "But I would hate to direct suspicion towards anyone who might be innocent. It would be a terrible thing for an innocent man to be suspected and perhaps tried for murder. I haven't much more than a hunch, that's all."

AND then Lipsitz confided his suspicions to us.

"I am a salesman," he said, "and have a habit of addressing my friends in familiar terms whenever I meet them. With me it is business and I have found that it makes me many friends."

"One day a couple of months ago I was in a delicatessen store near my home, when a woman named Adella Gerrick came in. Her sister was proprietor of the store and Miss Gerrick worked for her. I knew them both well."

"As she walked in the door I greeted her with 'Hello, darling', and paid no more attention to her. A man had walked in the doorway just behind Miss Gerrick, but I did not know him and consequently did not watch him."

"Later I found that he was a very close friend of Miss Gerrick's and that he suddenly became intensely interested in my affairs."

"What is this man's name?" Guasti and I asked in unison.

"Morris Cohen," Lipsitz said. "I don't know him well, but I have heard that that is his name."

It was ridiculous to suppose that any man would become so

jealous over such a trivial matter that he would commit murder. Therefore we reached the conclusion that Lipsitz either had failed to tell us the complete story or that it was just another false scent.

Perhaps Adella Gerrick could supply the answer to the riddle and thus steer the investigation along the right path.

Miss Gerrick proved to be an attractive young woman about twenty-eight years of age. She said she had been married, but divorced for four years. Since coming to Los Angeles, Miss Gerrick said, she had worked for her sister, Mrs. Anita Stillman who operates a delicatessen store



(Above) HE WAS THE INTENDED VICTIM—so it is believed—Harry Lipsitz, son-in-law of the man who drank the death potion. It was only by chance that he escaped. (Left) Adella Gerrick, unwittingly drawn into the tragic affair, wholly innocently. She it was whom Lipsitz called "darling," in a "kidding" manner—yet this chance remark aroused a man standing by, to commit murder

on Whittier Boulevard. That was all we learned then.

It later developed that Miss Gerrick knew Morris Cohen intimately and at one time had consented to marry him. But they quarreled when he accused her of keeping company with other men and the marriage agreement was cancelled at her insistence.

"But what about Lipsitz?" I asked. "Was Cohen really jealous of him? Did you ever talk with Cohen about Lipsitz?"

"Yes, Cohen met Lipsitz in the store one day and Lipsitz is always joking and getting funny. He, (Cohen), said that I had been going out with him and I said 'I did not; you're

a liar. I never went out with anybody other than yourself."

"Did he ever make any threats in regard to Lipsitz?"

"Yes. He said he would get him or his wife or someone in his family. He said he would get even with him. I said, 'You're crazy.'"

"Did he say how he would do it?"

"Yes. He said 'if I plan anything I can get away with it.'

"He said he was in good with the — — — (A certain fraternal order) and that they would help him and that nobody would ever find out about it."

Here at last was a definite clue. It was the first intimation we had found of any person who had threatened Lipsitz or members of his family. And although the threat was directed primarily at Lipsitz, we believed that to be sufficient to warrant further investigation, for the poisoned cocktail obviously had been left for him to find. The fact that Cohen had told Miss Gerrick that he would "get" Lipsitz or someone in his family broadened the field, too, and made the man a real suspect.

But finding the man was another matter. From a friend I heard that Cohen was living at a beach hotel. He wasn't. We checked his favorite haunts of amusement without result. Apparently he had disappeared—and he had done so since the death of Hyman Friedman. We almost believed that he was the man, though, of course, we had nothing thus far to work upon but a mere suspicion and what appeared to be an idle threat by a ridiculous motive.

**W**HILE the search for Cohen proceeded I continued to inspect the poison registers kept by pharmacists in the Belvedere section of the city. None of them showed any record of a cyanide sale. No druggist recalled selling any of the poison to any customers. We scarcely hoped to find the man who had sold it, though, for certainly the slayer would have protected himself by buying it in another city or in another suburb of Los Angeles.

On July 18th, 1928, just seventeen days after the murder, Guasti and I, while making a search of the registers of all Jewish hotels in the city hoping to find some trace

of Cohen, received information that he might be found at the California Metal and Rubber Company offices at 2311 East Eleventh Street.

Abe Cohen, the manager, was very friendly to us. We felt that he would aid us materially in finding Morris Cohen. He did, for during our conversation Morris walked into the office and became our "guest."

Cohen was at perfect ease as he faced Captain Bright across his glass-topped desk.

"You do not have to make any statements at this time unless you want to," Captain Bright remarked.

"Anything that you want, Captain," Cohen answered. "I am glad to give you a full statement."

"If you do it must be free and voluntary on your part, and without force or violence being used upon you. Understand that? We are not making any threats and are not forcing you to make a statement. And anything you say may be used against you later."

"I AM not guilty of anything," came the confident answer. "I will be glad to tell you all I know."

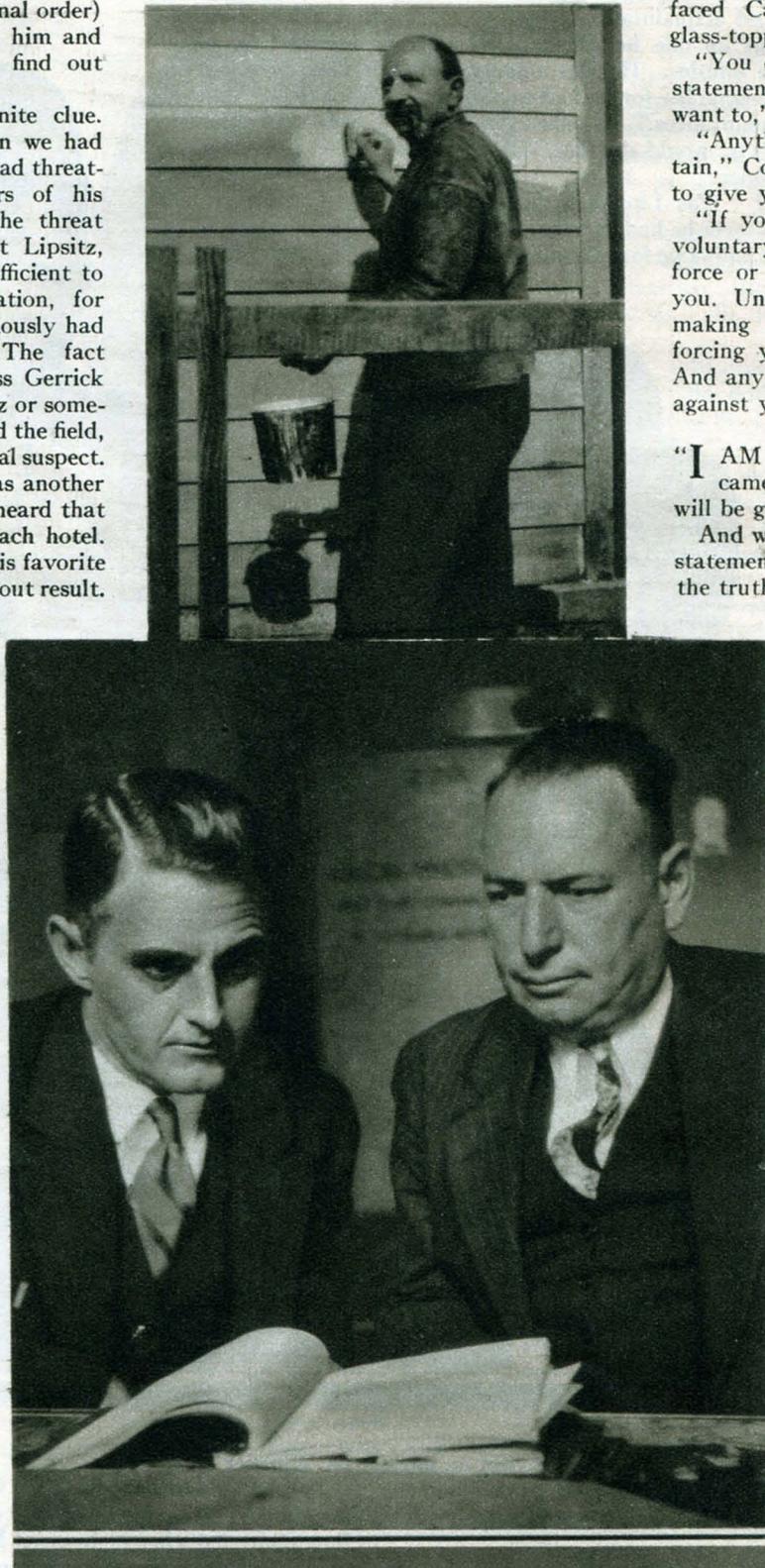
And when Cohen had finished his statement it appeared that he spoke the truth. We were unable to get any damaging admission from him. He said that he had met Lipsitz once and knew him by name only. That wasn't very strong evidence!

However, we couldn't escape the fact that he had once threatened to "get" Lipsitz or someone in his family. So, following our rule of caution in such cases, Guasti and I smuggled Cohen into Beverly Hills city jail and booked him 'for investigation.'

The next day, July 19th, 1928, was the most hectic of the investigation. We began by taking a new statement from Harry Lipsitz, questioning him definitely about his acquaintanceship with Morris Cohen and Miss Gerrick. It was evident that if we hoped to obtain any information from Cohen, himself, we would have to get more information elsewhere to force an admission from him.

Lipsitz told in detail of his meeting with Cohen.

And then he told of a second meeting with (Continued on page 10)



Deputy Sheriff William J. Penprase (left) and Captain William J. Bright, who solved the case, are shown reading the transcript of statements taken from Cohen on the date a complaint was filed against him. (Top) Hyman Friedman, victim of the "death cocktail," amusing himself in his spare moments improving the appearance of one of his properties in East Los Angeles

# Confessions of Frank Silsby —MASTER CRIMINAL

*As told by HIMSELF*

*With cold-blooded frankness Silsby here tells the amazing story of how he planned and executed his flagrant crimes. Is not the fact that he escaped conviction TIME AFTER TIME a blot on our present system of combating crime?*

## FOREWORD

BEATING the law has become a national game. No citizen, no bank, factory or armored truck is safe from the savage raids of bandits who swoop out from the underworld, strike, and disappear. How do they do it? How do the gangsters get away with robbery and murder?

"I have committed approximately one hundred and fifty major crimes and have been arrested more than two hundred times," says Silsby, "but in only one instance did I 'do time'—and then on a plea of guilty. What's wrong with the system of dealing with crime?"

It is a question that national and State commissions are studying in detail.

Something is radically wrong.

Silsby here tells the readers of this magazine, in full detail, the story of his crimes and the system he used to escape punishment.

### The story so far:

Frank Silsby, born into a good home, turns criminal at sixteen. Criminal "success" followed. Finally caught, he is convicted and sentenced to forty years in Minnesota State Penitentiary. Paroled on record of good behavior, he obtained honest work in Minneapolis—but a former pal's scheme of a fake "War Savings Certificate" deal lured him back to the crooked road.

Before he had a chance to cash in on the deal he was picked up in St. Louis and returned to prison as a parole violator. Two years more of prison life and he is again paroled. Bitter against society, this time he makes no effort to go straight.

Now he is with a new gang—ready to pull a hurried job—  
Silsby continues his story:

## PART THREE

A BATTERY of shotguns, revolvers and rifles opened up on us as we entered the bank. Jesse dropped with a bullet in his brain. A pistol was shot from Monte's hand and a bullet ripped the padding from the left shoulder of my coat.

Realizing that we were in a trap, we did not shoot back but, dashing from the building and leaving the body of Jesse in the doorway, we leaped for the waiting motor. Lefty was grinning. His left hand held the wheel, his right hand a smoking pistol, and his teeth a cigaret. He had been taking



Silsby poses here, in person, to show how he approached the bank president's house on his secret visit

pot shots at the heads that peered from doorways. As we scrambled into the machine, Lefty took his foot from the clutch and stepped on the gas. There was a running fight for a few minutes, but we soon raced away.

It was a good thing for me, however, that I made that trip with the boys. Had I refused, I would have been marked as a stool pigeon, who tipped off the job, and I would have been promptly assassinated by the other members of the outfit. Incidentally, Gladys failed to appear in our midst again, and we knew she was the "stool" who had betrayed us. Later we heard she had married a detective.

I LOST no time in calling a meeting which was attended by Big Bill, Stan, Lefty, Gabe, Monte and High Toned Mary.

"I've got a proposition to make," I began. "I've had my fill of crude crimes. Never again will I pull a job that I myself haven't figured out. Never again will I plan or execute anything unless I have all the dope from the inside source. I'm through with this Jesse James business."

"We have no real leader. We look to Big Bill for final decisions, but nothing more. I know the safe-cracking racket and I can hold my own on any kind of a pay-roll or bank stick-up. I've got a lot of original ideas on how to beat the law. I want to direct this mob and plan all jobs. If

you'll agree, I'll keep you all out of jail, and out of the morgue, too. Is it a bet?"

They all agreed in a hurry. I had put over my big idea!

Silsby, the master criminal, who would show the underworld how to beat the law, was almost ready to begin operations.

**M**Y AMBITION at last had been realized. I was now the leader of a pack of human wolves.

I pictured myself as "*Frank Silsby, master criminal, the man who beats the law.*"

I could see notorious crooks flocking to my colors, anxious to join our ranks.

That was the picture in those days. Yet, in the end, what did I gain? To-day, even though I have been "going straight" for almost a year, I am debarred from the society of decent people. Any policeman in the land could shoot me down without provocation and get a medal for doing it. I am a marked man among crooks of all classes.

My big problem, on assembling my gang in those days of which I am talking, was to get inside information, accurate and reliable. I knew of a bank whose president was a director on the boards of a number of small banks in two states. I knew, too, that the institution of which this man was president recently had some difficulty with bank examiners.

I detailed High Toned Mary to get

acquainted with the youthful cashier of this bank. It was not a difficult job, and a week later Mary introduced me to him. I cultivated him, took him to the theaters, bought his lunch, made little bets of hats and suits which I managed to let him win, and finally, staked him to the down payment on a motor-car.

I was supposed to be an oil man, with plenty of money. Bit by bit, I extracted information from him. His bank had been involved in one or two shady transactions—the examiners had found a lot of bad paper—there had been difficulty in keeping the doors open—the boss, the president, was a good fellow, but was none too well off financially—and was playing the stock market.

After I had this youth deeply indebted to me I made him a proposition. I said: "If you will tell the president you have a close-mouthed friend who has a plan, which is illegal, but which cannot get him into any trouble, and induce him to ask me for a conference, I will pay you a thousand dollars. If I make a deal with him, I'll take care of you in a big way."

The young man, at heart, was honest, and balked at my proposition. In the end, however, I won him over. Two days later he called me at my apartment.

"The boss will see you at eight to-night at his home," he told me.

I shall never forget that meeting. I had staked my future

on the outcome of this conference, for the crooks I had gathered together were getting restless and anxious. The bank president, a fine-looking man, big, well-groomed, polished, and in his middle forties, was married and the father of several children. He had a beautiful home.

He sat before a log fire in the living room and I wondered as I watched him, how he had become involved so deeply financially that he would deal with a bank robber as a way out of the public disgrace that faced him.

His case was the old story of the reputable banker who plays the stock market with the money of depositors. I knew he already had violated the state banking laws, and I figured to use that knowledge as a club over him to make him accede fully to what I was about to suggest. We sat there in his living room a moment, eyeing each other. He was, I could see, greatly embarrassed, and I lost but little time in getting to the point.

**Y**OU'RE in need of money — and so am I!" I began. "You are a director on the boards of a number of small banks throughout this section of the country and, I understand, your bank is correspondent for several other small banks.

"Your connections give you a lot of information. You know when pay-rolls are withdrawn. You know when money is transferred, how much money the banks have on hand and all such things. In a pinch I

suppose you could ascertain the type of vaults used and where the burglar alarms are located. Now, to make a long story short, I am in a position to relieve a lot of those banks of their money. I'll pay you twenty-five percent of the profits on every job you tip me off to. No one will ever be the wiser. None of my associates will know the source of my information, and nothing could force me to disclose it."

For three minutes he sat rigid. The muscles in his face twitched. He said not a word and I knew he was having the same soul-terrifying battle I had experienced years before when Red O'Brien invited me to become a thief and a desperado. In the end the banker lost, just as I did, and we shook hands on our new partnership—one of the strangest in criminal history. The banker and the bank robber!

"Do not come to the bank," he cautioned. "I will let your young friend, the cashier, give you my messages. When you have business of a financial nature to transact with me I'll arrange for you to come here to my home."

I called a meeting of the mob and told them of the connection I had made without disclosing the identity of the banker. I outlined the rules and regulations I had promulgated for our operations. In brief they were:

No job was to be attempted without positive "inside" information.

All work to be of the plan and execute type.

**"I'm right for the rap," I told him, "and I've been identified by a witness."**

**"Hum-m-m, that makes it worse. What is your defense. . . ?"**

**"If this young man could prove he was in a good, strong county jail. . . "**

**"What jail would you suggest?" I asked eagerly....**

No money to be taken that was not covered by insurance.

No person to be shot, save as a last resort in cases of self defense.

Let me explain that there are two distinct types of crime—"plan and execute" and "plan, execute and plan." The former includes safe blowing, bank and pay-roll robberies, and all similar offenses where the persons plan a job and, in executing it, obtain the loot and are through. The plan, execute and plan jobs are difficult to carry to a successful conclusion because they are all so involved. Kidnapping is a good example of this type of crime. Hickman, out in Los Angeles, for instance, planned to kidnap little Marian Parker and collect a ransom. It was necessary for him to plan the crime, and then having executed it, plan again to find a means of collecting the ransom.

My plans met with the approval of all my followers and I now awaited a call from the banker. Not hearing from him, and being anxious to get started, I telephoned him.

"I've had you in mind all day," he said. "Come out to my house tonight."

I kept the appointment.

**I**DON'T know whether you will be interested," he said, "but there is a factory concern located one hundred and forty miles from here, which draws twenty-five thousand dollars from the bank in that city every Saturday morning for pay-roll purposes. The money is covered by insurance."

I departed and called a meeting of my crowd for the next morning in my apartment.

A. B. Bussmann, president of the Bussmann Manufacturing Company, a St. Louis concern whose place was robbed by pay-roll bandits some time ago, asked the police and prose-

cutors some pertinent questions, among them: "Where are such robberies planned?"

I imagine most people believe robberies are planned in saloons, pool halls and rooming houses. Petty crimes are planned in such places, but most big crimes are worked out in nice apartment houses, big hotels, and similar places. That is why, when I called the men together to work out the details of our first big job, I told them to come to my apartment. It was a high-class, respectable place.

**A**S a result of the meeting, two information-getters were sent to the town where the robbery was to be attempted. Lefty, our crack driver, took them there. It was necessary for him to go over the ground to become familiar with it for the getaway. He wore a wig and a mustache. Our information-getters carefully observed the transfer of the pay-roll money on a Saturday. They noted the type of car used by the firm that sent to the bank for the money, got the car's license number, the route used between bank and factory, the nature of the protection given the man with the money, and all other necessary details. Lefty familiarized himself with the streets of the town and the routes out of it. On the following Saturday another study of the entire procedure was made to determine if the method of transfer ever varied.

We pulled the job on the third Saturday.

We had a regular caravan at the outset of our journey to the scene of the robbery. Taking our own automobiles out of the city with us, we left them in garages when we had traveled fifty miles. We then continued on our way with two stolen cars, parking one in the roadside ten miles from the scene of the robbery, and driving the second into the town. We timed ourselves to arrive about fifteen minutes before the factory cashier left the bank with the money. (*Continued on page 92*)



Frank Silsby looking over a rural place to be used as a "hideaway" following a robbery

# THE WOMAN,

## *and the*

*What was the SECRET so carefully guarded by these two neighbors—both highly respected in their community? What would the tip to the Coroner reveal?*



Elsie Sweetin—who played with fire

A TRIVIAL thing made it possible for this story to be written.

That thing was a wink.

It was a summer night in 1924. In the tiny Methodist church of Ina, Illinois, the meeting had just ended and the congregation had broken up into the customary groups before dispersing. The pastor, Reverend Lawrence M. Hight, closed his Bible and stepped down from the pulpit.

Then, under cover of mopping his brow with a handkerchief, he winked at a comely young matron. She dimpled prettily and her right hand stole upward and rested over her heart. Almost imperceptibly the minister nodded and passed on to take his stand at the door for the usual hand shakes and good-nights.

A woman, who had been standing apart, saw the wink and went home with her head in a whirl.

It didn't seem possible! Brother Hight—middle-aged, mild-mannered, mild-eyed, married and the father of two daughters and a son—flirting?

Equally astounding was the fact that the recipient of his wink, and a pleased one evidently, had been Mrs. Elsie Sweetin, herself, married and the mother of three boys. All of Mrs. Sweetin's life had been spent in the neighborhood and her reputation was spotless.

The involuntary witness to the wink was neither a busybody nor a gossip. She told no one what she had seen, but she kept her eyes open.

SO it happened that, passing the Sweetin home one night when Mrs. Sweetin's husband, Wilford, was at his work in a mine at Mason, near-by, she saw Reverend Hight and Mrs. Sweetin sitting together on the darkened porch.

On another occasion she saw the minister perched on top of a woodpile, waving a handkerchief in the direction of the Sweetin home and presently she saw Mrs. Sweetin emerge and join him in an adjoining orchard.

Again, forgetting her umbrella in the church, she had gone back after it and surprised the couple holding hands.

Bit by bit she became convinced that there was some kind of an understanding between Hight and Mrs. Sweetin, but that it might be a romantic one did not seem possible to her. Rather, taking her cue from Mrs. Sweetin's known desire to

have her husband join the church, she chose to put an entirely innocent construction upon what she had seen, indiscreet as it appeared. She continued to keep her knowledge to herself as a result.

Then one night Sweetin was brought home from his work injured. Apparently, his hurts were not serious. The following day he was seen with his wife in their car. The next day, however, he was reported confined to his bed.

For the next few days Elsie Sweetin presented a picture of wifely devotion that brought her to the verge of collapse. She remained constantly at the side of the injured man, minister-



# the SECRET— MINISTER

ing to his every want with her own hands and brushing aside those who insisted that she must rest and share the burden with others.

Hight came to the home and sat with Sweetin twice daily. He alone seemed able to persuade Mrs. Sweetin to lie down and let him keep vigil at the bedside of her husband. The word went around that the minister was making every effort to convert Sweetin before it was too late.

Sweetin's doctor said he would recover, but Hight shook his head.

"Something tells me the man is going to die," he said.

Hight was right. *Sweetin died on the twelfth night*, his hand in that of the minister who knelt and prayed aloud and in the final moments broke into a paean of victory because his efforts had been successful and Sweetin had been saved.

He mentioned the fact again when he officiated at Sweetin's funeral from the little church in which he never had set foot when alive.

**O**N his last night I sat up with Brother Sweetin, reading the Bible to him and praying and begging him to get right with God," Hight told the funeral audience. "He asked me for a glass of water, and when he had finished it, he dropped back on his pillow and told me I had won. He was saved. A few hours later God called him home."

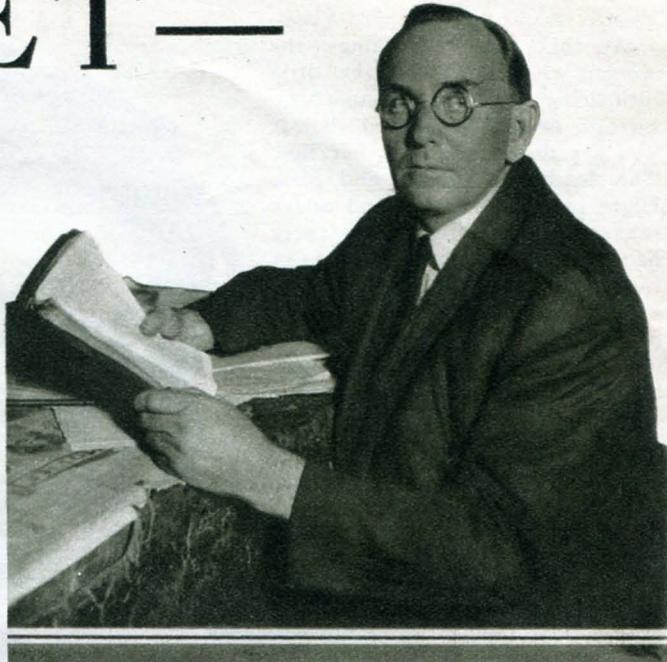
Mrs. Sweetin, prostrated, was taken to the home of her father-in-law and put to bed.

She had recovered sufficiently, however, to attend camp meeting several weeks later at Bonnie, a lake near Ina. Hight, as a circuit riding minister in charge of several village churches, was in charge of the camp.

Mrs. Sweetin with another young widow occupied a cottage



(Left) Interior of the church at Ina, Ill., where Elsie Sweetin and Reverend Hight first met



Reverend Lawrence M. Hight, before misfortune overtook him

adjoining that in which Hight had installed his family. The minister was a daily visitor; but Mrs. Hight held herself aloof from her immediate neighbors.

A young woman who boarded at the Hight home, and who stayed at the camp meeting cottage with the family later, revealed that the pastor's wife strongly disliked Mrs. Sweetin. She said that Mrs. Hight was particularly irritated by her husband's evident attraction for the widow, although the minister's wife never displayed actual jealousy.

Rather, Mrs. Hight believed that Mrs. Sweetin had made fun of her. The minister's wife was a large woman, weighing more than 200 pounds, and was said to feel keenly the discrepancy between her size and that of her husband, who was so below the average height and weight that in his youth and young manhood he had been a jockey. Because of the contrast, the minister and his wife were seldom seen together in public.

Upon returning to her Ina home, one of Mrs. Hight's first acts was to remove the picture of Mrs. Sweetin from its accustomed place on the piano.

It was one of her last acts, too, for shortly afterwards she suffered a slight paralytic stroke and was confined to her bed for ten days. During that period Hight was as devoted a husband as Mrs. Sweetin had been a wife during the last illness of Sweetin.

**A**ROUND the second week of September Mrs. Hight was able to get up and one day her husband took her and their two younger children on a drive to their former home of Eldorado, Illinois.

The following morning Hight summoned a doctor. His wife had been seized with sudden illness in the night, he explained, soon after their return from the drive. The physician diagnosed her ailment as ptomaine poisoning and treated her accordingly.

*That night Mrs. Hight died.*

As a matter of form Coroner Jesse Reece ordered an inquest. A jury was impanelled. Hight was the principal witness.

"When we returned from Eldorado it was quite late," he testified, "too late to cook dinner. So I went to the store and got a can of minced ham. All of us ate of it, but only Mrs. Hight was made ill."

Because the physician who had attended her was ill in bed that day, the jury went to his home and there heard his opinion that Mrs. Hight had died of ptomaine poisoning as a result of eating the minced ham.

At this stage of things the woman who had noted the little intimacies between Hight and Mrs. Sweetin became convinced that it was her duty to unlock her lips. The deaths of Sweetin and Mrs. Hight so close together and under such strikingly similar circumstances had assumed sinister significance in the light of what she had seen. She sought out the Coroner and confided in him.

Coroner Reece at once summoned Sheriff Grant Holcomb and Prosecutor Frank G. Thompson from Marion, the county seat, and adjourned the inquest until their arrival.

Thompson already had achieved a measure of fame as a prosecutor with a knack for uncovering hidden things. When it was learned that he had taken charge of the inquest he virtually shut up shop to attend, scenting something unusual in the air.

**T**HOMPSON at once recalled Hight to the stand and asked him to repeat his story. The minister, apparently only slightly perturbed, repeated the same story he had told some time before.

"At what store did you buy the canned ham?" he was asked. Hight did not hesitate.

"Wingold's grocery," he said.

In the rear of the room there was a slight commotion as T. B. Wingold, owner of the store, pushed his way forward.

"That," he said, "is not true, Brother Hight. You were not in my store and I never had any canned minced ham on my shelves."

"There must be some mistake," Hight murmured in obvious confusion. Then he took the position that since he seemed to be under suspicion of some kind he would testify no further until he had retained an attorney.

He was white-faced and nervous as he stepped down from the stand. Wingold was sworn and repeated his statement under oath. So did his two clerks.

Thompson at once requested a postponement of the inquest and obtained an order for the exhumation of Mrs. Hight's body in order that a post-mortem might determine what had actually caused her death. Her viscera was then removed and sent to Doctor William J. McNally, noted Chicago chemist and analyst.

Two days later the countryside was buzzing with the news that arsenic had been found in the viscera, that Thompson had uncovered arsenic purchases by Hight "to kill rats" and that the minister had been taken into custody.

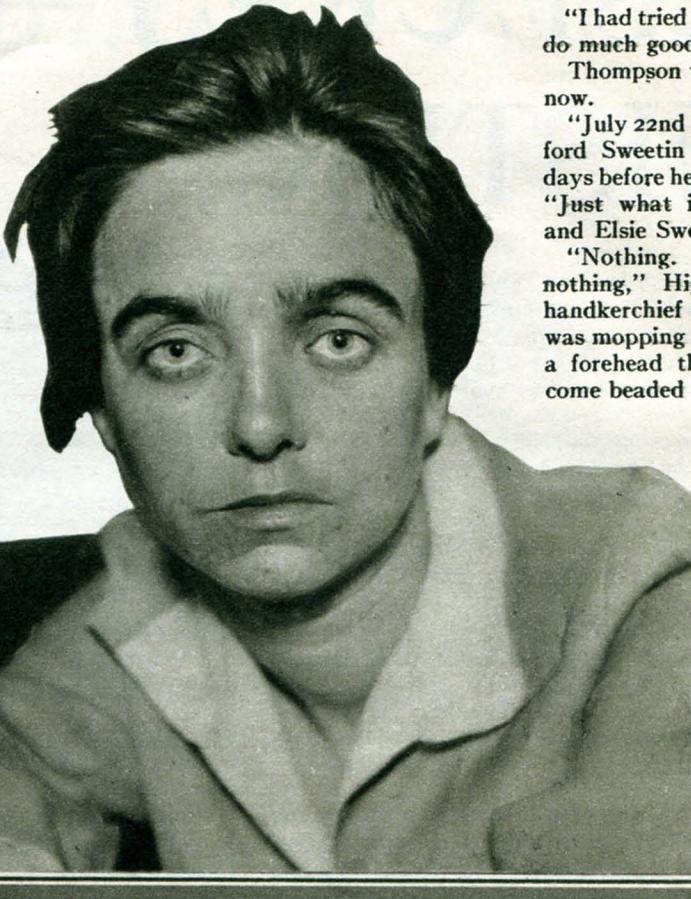
In Thompson's office at Mount Vernon the suspect was confronted by W. C. Messner, a drug clerk of Benton, Illinois.

"That is the man to whom I sold arsenic on July 22nd," Messner said at once. "Here are the records to prove it and his name in his own handwriting."

Hight admitted it.

"I wanted to kill some rats," he explained.

"So you told me," said Messner. "I offered you regular rat poison and you insisted on arsenic."



Mrs. Sweetin's face here shows suffering—and disillusionment. In this story is told the reason why. The photograph of her on page 60 shows *before*—this shows *after*. What she stated above was true

is your twelve-year-old daughter. The third is yourself—and you bought arsenic. I think you killed your wife and I think your killed Sweetin."

"What you think doesn't matter," Hight retorted. "I did not kill them."

"Well, I'm going to have Sweetin's body exhumed," the prosecutor said. "If it is found to contain arsenic, too, it will look pretty bad for you."

Hight agreed. "I've put my trust in God. Everything will be all right," he added, and smiled serenely.

"You're pretty cheerful for a man whose wife of twenty-five years has just died," commented Thompson.

"Well, I've cried until I can't cry any more," Hight replied. "Besides, a man may have a breaking heart and yet be cheerful in spirit."

Arraigned on a Friday, formally charged with the murder of his wife, Hight lost none of his composure.

He had not yet retained an attorney and now spurned one.

"Not guilty," he said in a ringing voice to the reading of the charge. He waived preliminary hearing and was committed to jail without bond pending action by a grand jury.

**L**ATE Sunday afternoon Prosecutor Thompson appeared and silently handed Hight a telegram he had just received. It was from Doctor McNally in Chicago and read:

ARSENIC FOUND IN BODY OF SWEETIN.  
COMPLETE REPORT NEXT WEEK.

Hight handed back the bit of paper.

"I have nothing to say, Brother Thompson."

Thompson, flanked by the Coroner, Sheriff and several deputy sheriffs, settled down for what he foresaw was going to be a battle of wills. He guessed that for all his mild demeanor, the little minister was not lacking in determination.

For hours Thompson and his aides took turns about pointing out to Hight the meshes of the net which was being drawn

"I had tried rat poison and it didn't do much good," retorted Hight.

Thompson was off on a new track now.

"July 22nd was six days after Wilford Sweetin was injured and six days before he died," he pointed out. "Just what is there between you and Elsie Sweetin, Mr. Hight?"

"Nothing. Nothing. Absolutely nothing," Hight insisted, but his handkerchief was out now, and he was mopping with shaking hands at a forehead that suddenly had become beaded with sweat.

"I don't believe you," the Prosecutor told him bluntly. "Since your wife died a dozen persons have told me of little things they had noticed between you and Mrs. Sweetin but to which they attached little importance at the time.

"Hight, I am telling you outright that someone poisoned your wife. It has narrowed down to three persons. One is your ten-year-old son. Another

about him and the utter futility of trying to beat the law.

Hight refused to be shaken in his denials that he had killed his wife or Sweetin, but it was plain that he was becoming wearied by the continual pounding of questions.

At midnight his eyes were heavy and he begged for a few hours' sleep.

"No," said Thompson and beckoned to two deputies, who took the accused man by the arms and walked him back into a state of wakefulness.

Then the questioning was resumed, the officials accusing, Hight denying.

In that long hour before dawn, Thompson, who had persistently rejected Hight's pleas that he be permitted to rest, thought he detected signs of a break in the man's haggard face.

He now produced a Bible in which he had marked certain passages.

"Brother Hight," he said, "for almost fourteen years you have been preaching confession and absolution to others. Let me read to you some of the things you have read to others along that line."

He opened the Bible and began to read. For an hour his voice sounded out the passages he had marked, all bearing upon the fact that confession is essential before there can be salvation.

At intervals Hight broke in to beg a chance to sleep.

"Not until you tell the truth," Thompson retorted and returned to his reading aloud.

Through the window the first faint streaks of dawn were to be seen and still the untiring Prosecutor worked on his man.

Hight remarked upon it. "I am tired; so tired," he said. "If you will let me sleep now, later I may have something to say."

**I**T was the closest he had come to admitting there was anything he could tell. It was a moment for which the alert Prosecutor had been waiting. Covertly he signalled to a deputy who had been instructed beforehand. The latter spoke to Sheriff Holcomb in a loud aside.

"How much longer are we going to keep this up?" he asked.

It was Thompson who answered.

"We will be here for hours unless Brother Hight tells the truth."

There was a gasp from the minister. He seemed to have had it driven home to him that there would be no surcease from the grilling until he had made a statement.

Now Prosecutor Thompson was at him again. "Might it not be possible, Brother Hight, that, made temporarily insane by the sight of your wife's suffering, you gave her the arsenic to ease her pain?"

"It might have happened," Hight replied wearily. "I can't remember it, though."

Thompson continued to prod him, to remind him that he alone in all Ina was known to have bought arsenic.

Hight broke down suddenly.

"Yes, yes," he cried. "I gave her arsenic. I gave it to her in a cup of coffee. Now, let me sleep."

"When you have signed a statement," he was told.

Hight groaned and his head dropped upon a table while a stenographer was called. Then he was shaken awake again and asked to repeat his confession while the stenographer took it down.

His statement was brief.

While temporarily beside myself with grief at my wife, Anna Hight's condition, who was suffering intensely and was sure to die, and wishing to save her pain, I put arsenic in some coffee and gave it to her in the early morning of Wednesday, September 10th, 1924; while Mrs. Lucy Laur and my daughters, Mary and Mildred Hight, were in the kitchen of my home and my son, Robert Hight, was in bed at home. My sole thought was to ease her pain in her dying moments.

The stenographer typed it rapidly, Hight read it over, signed his name and slumped back in his chair.

**N**Ow can I sleep?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Thompson replied. "Not until you tell us about Wilford Sweetin. You poisoned him too, didn't you?"

Hight shrank back. Then his head drooped. His hands made a helpless, fluttering gesture.

"Yes, I killed Sweetin, too," he admitted.

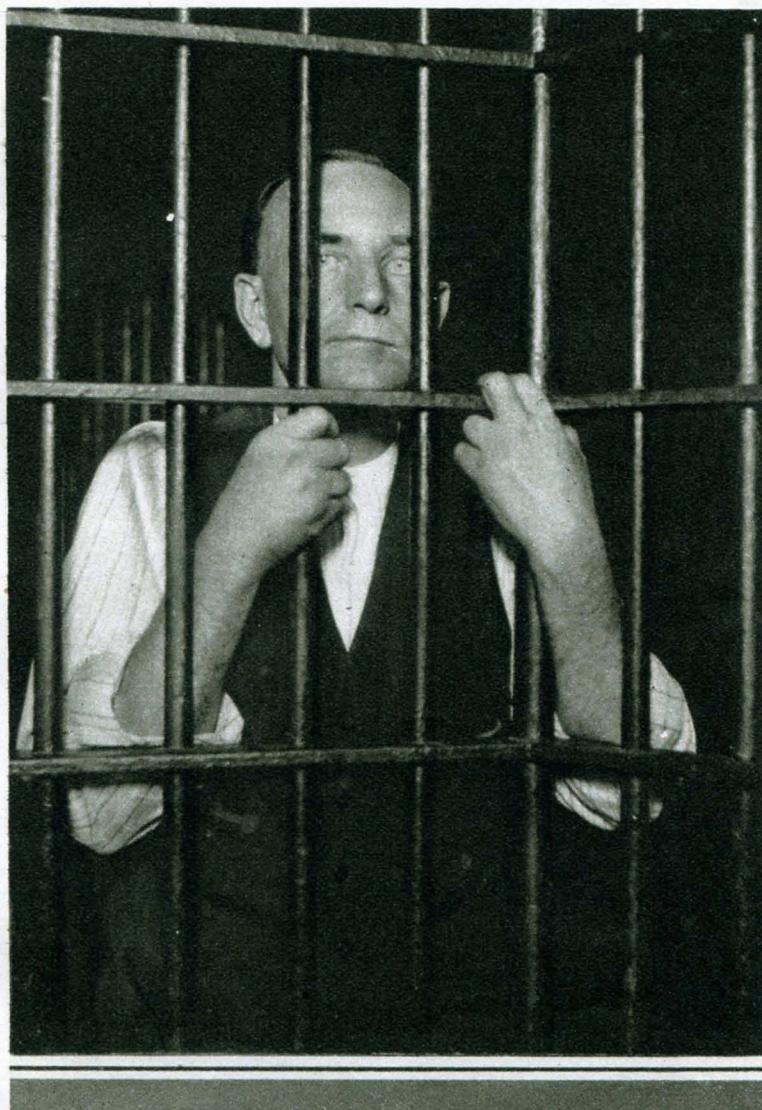
Again he raised his voice in a sing-song statement. Sweetin was in pain. They were alone. He had put some arsenic in a glass of water and given it to Sweetin. Then, at the last: "Elsie Sweetin knew nothing of this and there was never anything between her and myself in any way."

When Hight had signed that statement, too, Thompson said: "Now you can go and sleep for a week if you want to." Then he said to those who had heard and witnessed the confessions: "He hasn't told it all yet. The woman was in on it, too. I'll find a way to get the whole truth out of them yet."

Following which, as weary as Hight himself, he went off to bed.

That afternoon the Reverend C. C. Hall, District Superintendent of the Methodist church, was permitted to see Hight.

"Brother," the veteran minister said, "we feel that you have not yet told all." He reached between the



This picture of Reverend Hight tells the story



The Sweetin home at Ina, Ill., where Mr. Sweetin met his death

bars and took Hight's hands in his own. "Tell the truth, Brother Hight; tell the truth so we may find the mitigating circumstances, if there are any, for this terrible thing. We both believe in a heaven and a hell. We both have preached it. There is mercy for a repentant sinner. Even the thief on the cross was forgiven. How about you?"

Hight raised his eyes to the pleading ones of his superior in the church. There was a desperate light in his own. Reverend Hall had found the weak link in his armor, just as Thompson, the prosecutor, had found it—his fear of dying unshaven.

"All right, I'll tell," he agreed, in a spiritless manner.

Here is the story as it was taken down by a stenographer who had been "planted" within hearing:

"Mrs. Sweetin and I fell in love about six months ago. We loved each other so desperately we decided we must have each other. She agreed to get rid of her husband and I agreed to get rid of my wife. We were to be married after they were gone.

"Sweetin's turn came first. He fell ill in July. She asked me how to do best what we had planned. I told her that arsenic was a slow poison and would arouse no suspicion. She asked me to get some and I did. On that same day, July 22nd, I went to the drug store in Benton and bought it; a quarter of an ounce. I signed the poison book to get it.

"I took the poison to the house and gave it to her. She was to give it to Sweetin. Three days later she gave it to him and again and again until on July 28th he died.

"We had agreed to let some

time elapse between Sweetin's death and that of my wife. I decided I would give my wife arsenic sometime after the Methodist conference at Carbondale next week, when I expected to be given a new circuit. I thought if I was in another community I could do it safely and afterwards Mrs. Sweetin could come to me without any chance of suspicion.

"Then Mrs. Hight got sick in September and I was impatient so I thought I would do it then."

The prisoner was a shaking, pitiful creature as he told on the woman of his overwhelming, middle-aged passion.

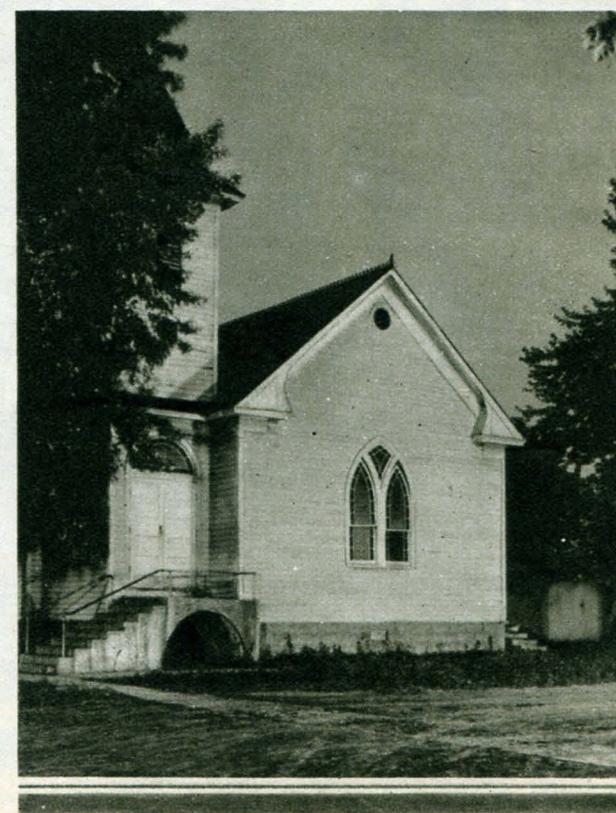
"She poisoned her husband alone," he cried out at the end of his statement to the Reverend Hall. "I never gave Wilford Sweetin any arsenic. I only said I did because I didn't want to give her away. Will they arrest her now? Will they bring her here?"

They did both almost immediately. Mrs. Sweetin, found at the home of a sister-in-law, was taken in custody by Sheriff Holcomb.

"I thought the preacher would drag me into this as soon as he heard they were telling stories linking us together," she said as, not at all agitated, she climbed into an automobile for the ride to Mount Vernon.

Meanwhile Hight, having recovered his composure somewhat, was outlining to the Prosecutor further details of his romance and the conspiracy to murder.

(Continued on page 114)



(Left) Exterior view of the church at Ina, where the romance was born that brought tragedy and death in its wake



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# Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that makes *brilliance natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

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The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color showing through the skin from beneath.

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#### Only The "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an overtone to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to your individual need.

#### Every Princess Pat Shade Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, any shade of Princess Pat you select will harmonize with your skin. The duo-tone secret

gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited*. There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights. So thrillingly beautiful is this fashionable use of *just the right shade for the occasion*, that you will undoubtedly want to possess at least a shade for day—and wonderful NITE for evening use. The cost? No more—because each shade lasts its accustomed time.

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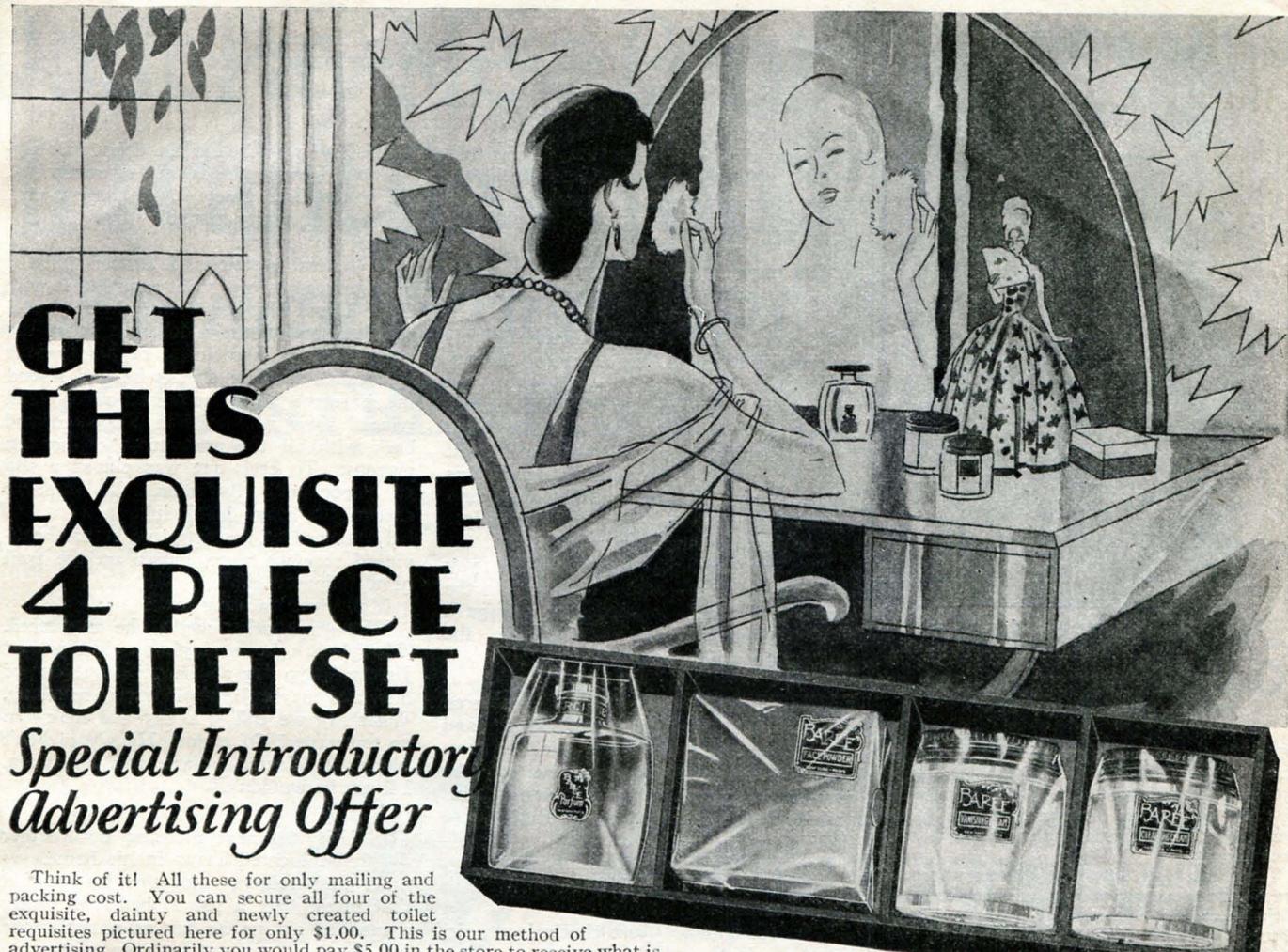
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Send no money now. Sign your name and address to the coupon and send it to us. We will send this regular \$5.00 box containing four of our exquisite toilet preparations by return mail. Pay postman only \$1.00 plus the few cents postage on arrival. NOTE: If you prefer to attach One dollar bill to the coupon, you may do so and we will pay the postage. If you are not entirely satisfied after trial and examination, you can return you bargain package and get your money back.

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Kindly ship your regular \$5.00 package containing four full size toilet preparations as advertised. I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage on arrival, with the understanding that I can return the goods and get my money back if not entirely satisfied. (If you enclose \$1.00 bill mark  here and we will ship postage paid insured.)

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*NOTE: No C. O. D. orders shipped outside of the United States.*

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(knows ALL the facts)

## Only then she has no need for this booklet

ONLY the young wife who has tried to get true information knows how much *misinformation* her intimates have about feminine hygiene. How many theories they hold to be facts. How wrong some of these theories are, even dangerous.

There is a vast difference between the real truth and the current speculations regarding this intimate matter. And unless the young wife is absolutely sure she knows *all* the facts, she should read the Zonite booklet. Then she can be sure.

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Caustic and poisonous antiseptics! They have worried women for years! Until recently no other germicides were powerful enough for feminine hygiene! Is it any wonder that doctors and trained nurses would not advise the use of bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid? But Zonite is different. Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body. And Zonite is safe. It can never cause scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions.

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All the facts about feminine hygiene are clearly given in this honest, frank booklet. Send coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, chapped hands or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube \$2.



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<input type="checkbox"/> The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene <input type="checkbox"/> Use of Antiseptics in the Home		
Name.....	(Please print name)	
Address.....		
City.....	State.....	(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

(Continued from page 66)

"All right—if I can. But don't wait for me. I've got to go now. So long." And the connection was broken.

Frantically, I shook the hook and got the operator.

"Trace that call, Operator," I ordered briskly. "This is Police Officer Williams, Badge three-thirty-eight, speaking from Hempstead six-one-two-six. This is urgent!"

"One moment, please," came the reply, and after several "moments, please," she came back on the line.

"The call came from Granite eight-naught-six-three, at the Richley Hotel," she said coolly.

"Thanks," I replied, and hung up. I turned to my partner. "I'll beat it down to the Richley. You call the hotel right away and tell the manager to detain this fellow Houghton if he can, till I get there. He may know him. You wait here, just in case he does happen to 'stop by.'"

With a hurriedly shouted, "See you later!" to young Warren, I ran out to the car and forthwith proceeded to disregard all speed regulations *en route* to the hostelry in question.

FIFTEEN minutes later I sauntered into the lobby of the Richley and glanced around with affected indifference, for the man I wanted. None of the nondescript guests lolling in deep chairs answered the description of Taft Thew Houghton.

I sought the desk clerk at once.

"Mr. Houghton in?" I asked with studied calm.

"Mr. Houghton? Just checked out, sir, not ten minutes ago."

I proffered my card and saw the polite smile leave the clerk's face.

"Say, what about this?" he demanded angrily. "A little while ago a man called up, said he was an officer and ordered me to detain Mr. Houghton. I told him Mr. Houghton had paid his bill and checked out just a few minutes before he called. I don't like this idea of having my guests annoyed. Mr. Houghton is a very fine gentleman—"

"Wait a minute!" I said sharply. "How did Houghton pay his bill—with cash?"

"With a check, of course. Here it is." He delved under the counter into the cash-drawer and brought out a by now familiar appearing check drawn on the Crocker First National Bank of San Francisco.

"Ha! So Mr. Houghton is a very fine gentleman, is he?" I said sarcastically, rather relishing the chance to take the wind out of his sails in retaliation for the rudeness with which he had rebuked me for "annoying" his guests. "Well, I hate to break the news to you, but Mr. Houghton has no account in that bank, and you're out just sixty-four dollars—"

"Good Lord! You don't mean—"

"If you think I'm wrong, go ahead and put the check through. Then when it comes back, give me a ring. I'll add it to the collection of bad paper he's already put out."

"Well, I'll be—. Why, he's a world traveler! He's been abroad and everywhere. Knows everybody of any importance—"

"Sez he," I remarked caustically. "Well,

he's a first-class 'bunk.' Didn't leave any forwarding address, did he?"

"Naw," snapped the disillusioned hotel man.

SINCE I was then in the downtown section, I made the rounds of several of the better class hotels in the hope that I might accidentally stumble over the object of my search.

At several hostleries, I learned that the managements were well acquainted with Taft Thew Houghton, but their painful recollections of their debonair guest did not include a knowledge of his present whereabouts. The checks he had issued in payment for accommodations had winged their way to San Francisco and back with all the promptness of homing pigeons. To each one was pinned a slip of paper with the item, *No account checked in heavy black ink.*

I returned to the detective bureau, convinced that we were, indeed on the trail of a "slippery eel."

Moug was awaiting me.

"I've got another angle," he announced. "Houghton's been playing a kid named Jimmy Tripp for all he could get out of him, and maybe Jimmy'll know something. What say we call it a day and look him up tomorrow? Of course, Houghton didn't 'show' at Warren's place, this afternoon. I knew he wouldn't."

EARLY the next morning my partner and I located Tripp in his home.

At first reluctant to give information that might "get a pal in bad," he finally agreed to aid us as far as possible, for he, too, had fallen an easy victim to Houghton's oily misrepresentations. For days, he had driven the pretender about the city on various expeditions—honored to render a friendly service to so distinguished a personage as Mr. Taft Thew Houghton, self-styled son of ex-Ambassador Houghton!

"He promised to buy me an airplane and make me a licensed pilot," the crest-fallen youth informed us. "Said he was Aeronautical Inspector for the Department of Commerce—and here's the worst of all!" Jimmy exploded. "The other day he phoned and told me he'd arranged with the lieutenant in charge of the big Goodyear blimp for me to take a ride in it! I went out to the Goodyear place and you oughta heard what the lieutenant said to me when I told him Mr. Houghton had sent me out! He said I was about the sixth boy that'd been out there looking for a free ride, and that nobody at the plant had ever heard of Taft Thew Houghton!"

"Can you tie that?" I asked Moug. "What puzzles me is this bird's motive in pulling such stunts on these kids. What do you make of it, Moug?"

"I think he's either a 'dub,' or a damned egotist with a perverted sense of humor!"

"But the checks—"

"Oh, he needs capital in a game like this," Moug answered. "He's collected more than a thousand dollars right here in Los Angeles within the last month and there's no telling where he'll stop."

"No idea where we can locate your friend, I suppose?" I asked Jimmy.

(Continued on page 70)

# Don't Pay Me a Cent If I Can't Give You a *Magnetic Personality* -5 Days FREE Proof!

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You have it—everyone has it—but not one person in a thousand knows how to use it! It is not a fad

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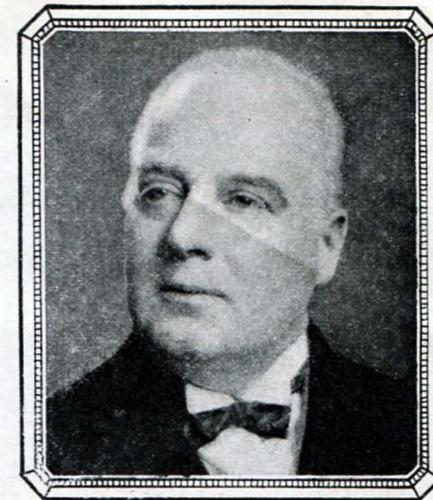
Personal Magnetism is not hypnotism. Hypnotism deadens. Magnetism awakens, inspires, uplifts. Personal Magnetism is not electricity. It is like electricity in one way—while you cannot see it, you can observe its startling effects. For the moment you release your Personal Magnetism you feel a new surge of power within you. You lose all fear. You gain complete self-confidence. You become almost overnight the confident, dominant, successful personality you were intended to be—so fascinating that people are drawn to you as irresistibly as steel is drawn to a magnet!



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Name.....

Address.....

(Continued from page 68)

"Not the faintest. But if I hear from him, I'll certainly let you know."

Once more on the sidewalk, Moug and I decided to separate. He was to investigate the purchase of the pigskin bag from Bullocks, I to pay a call to the offices of the Hotel Men's Association in order to enlist their aid in capturing the wily swindler.

At that agency I was not surprised to hear that numerous complaints had been received regarding one Taft Thew Houghton, and his penchant for settling his accounts with spurious checks.

I at once arranged with the secretary of the Association to circularize all local hotels with a description of the suspect. A footnote was added to the bulletin, requesting any hotel manager having knowledge of Houghton's whereabouts to immediately communicate such information to me at the detective bureau.

I then went back to the office to await Moug's return.

**H**E dashed in at four o'clock, fairly bursting with news.

His investigations had revealed that Houghton's activities had already been called to the attention of the Retail Stores Protective Association.

At the most exclusive men's haberdashery in Los Angeles—well known for its ultra conservatism and high prices—Houghton had experienced no difficulty in opening a charge account on the strength of the high-sounding credentials he presented. From this concern he obtained almost \$200.00 worth of men's accessories. The same methods were employed to obtain credit at Bullocks a few days before—and had made possible the purchase of the pigskin bag which Houghton had so generously presented to his young friend, Jack Warren. To this account were also charged several other expensive pieces of luggage.

At the sporting goods house of the B. H. Dyas Company, however, an error in his method of approach almost led to the impostor's undoing!

It was Houghton's custom at all times to deal only with those highest in authority. Adhering to this policy at the establishment in question, he went direct to the manager of the polo department and introduced himself as a player and owner of a string of ponies. He expressed a desire to purchase a few clubs, providing, of course, credit arrangements could be made.

The department manager, himself a polo player, cordially shook hands with his prospective customer—and to his astonishment, encountered—not the iron grip of a hand accustomed to the rigors of polo playing—but a soft, white, mushy paw that had apparently never done anything more arduous than wield a pen! This revelation resulted in a flat refusal of credit to the applicant and a prompt notification to the secretary of the Protective Association to be on the lookout for the pseudo-polo enthusiast!

At the conclusion of Moug's enlightening report, we were joined by Operative Blank, the Department of Justice agent, to whom we imparted our recent findings.

"I thought you boys were detectives," he said by way of greeting. "Why the devil can't you think up some way to nab this egg Houghton?"

"Why can't you do some thinking of your own!" I exploded irritably, and the next minute apologized for my outburst. "This thing's beginning to get on my nerves, and I don't mean maybe."

"Well," the Operative then said, almost soothingly, "I haven't been what you might exactly call idle these last few days. Tell you what I found out at the Club."

It appeared that Mr. Taft Thew (he dropped the "Houghton" on this occasion) had arrived at the aristocratic club in question on September 6th, 1929, after his advent had been heralded by no less than three impressive telephone calls!

"Early in the evening," we were told, "a man phoned and informed the club manager that he was private secretary to Mr. Taft Thew, Third Assistant Solicitor General, and requested that a suite of rooms be reserved for his employer. That was Call Number One.

"Shortly afterward, another man—or at least, another voice—insisted on being connected with the club manager. He said, 'This is Louis B. Mayer speaking. Mr. Taft Thew, a very good friend of mine, will arrive at the Club shortly. I'll consider it a personal favor if you'll take good care of him, and ask him to get in touch with me as soon as he arrives.' Check Call Number Two."

The manager, duly impressed, had assured "Mr. Mayer" that every courtesy would be shown Mr. Thew.

Twenty minutes later, the club custodian was again called to the phone. In response to his hello, an entirely different voice greeted him:

"Mayor Porter speaking." (Thus brazenly did the speaker assume the name of John C. Porter, Mayor of Los Angeles.) "Mr. Taft Thew will shortly register at your club. Please tell him that I've arranged a banquet for him at the Jonathan Club tonight, and request him to phone me as soon as he finds it convenient."

**A**HALF hour later the distinguished guest arrived in a taxicab. He went directly to the manager, nonchalantly received the two messages purporting to be from the movie magnate and the Mayor, and at once requested that a stenographer be sent to the elaborate suite of rooms to which he was assigned.

The manager obligingly escorted the young lady stenographer to Mr. Thew's rooms and at that gentleman's request, stood by while he dictated a brief note to the Mayor of San Diego, expressing his appreciation for courtesies shown him in the southern city, and particularly requesting that the Chief of Police there be assured of his gratitude for the "police escort" so thoughtfully provided him during his stay there.

This task accomplished, the blasé man of the world dismissed the stenographer with a wave of his hand, and engaged in conversation with his host.

"By the way," he said, with his slightly foreign accent, "I'll need a car while I'm here. Could you suggest—"

"Your guest-card here entitles you to the services of the motor livery next door," the club manager graciously informed him. "The bills will simply be added to your account at the club."

(Continued on page 72)



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Age \_\_\_\_\_

(Continued from page 70)

"Thank you," said "Mr. Thew." Then, after fishing in two or three pockets and producing a few bank-notes of small denomination, exclaimed surprisedly: "Jove! I've only about twenty dollars with me. The banks are closed, of course. I wonder if I'll need any money tonight—"

"It will be perfectly convenient for me to let you have whatever you need, Mr. Thew. About—how much, shall we say?"

"Oh, a hundred or so. I'll have to be getting ready for that damned banquet, I suppose."

"You'll pardon me a moment? I'll step down to the office vault and get the money."

A FEW minutes later the manager returned and handed his guest a neat roll of bills. "There's two hundred, Mr. Thew. Don't think of it again until you're ready to leave us." And bowing and smiling, he withdrew.

"And besides all that," the operative said, "while he was at the Club he ran up a bill of one hundred and twenty dollars with the motor livery next door."

"Ye gods!" Moug exclaimed, "wouldn't you think the Club would have suspected something was wrong?"

"Well," our informant admitted, smiling faintly, "the manager did get a little uneasy—so much so, in fact, that he dared suggest to his nibs that a small deposit on account would be in order. This was after Thew had been there several days. Thew got on his ear, and stalked out of the Club, saying he'd return shortly and settle his bill in full."

"About a half hour later the manager got another call. This time it was from a 'Major White of the Fifth Army Area,' whatever that is, who requested him to show every courtesy to Mr. Thew, and incidentally let it be known that his friend was a man of unlimited means. He wound up with a request to have Thew call him as soon as he came in. Of course, when the outraged guest came back, the manager told him to dismiss the matter from his mind."

"And pipe this," Operative Blank added, and exhibited a lunch check totaling \$2.15, issued by an ultra-fashionable men's club located in Long Beach, California, and signed "T. T. Houghton." From an elaborate menu, Houghton, alias Thew, had selected a combination salad, assorted cold cuts, a glass of milk, and pie à la mode. The penciled signature at the bottom of the check had been accepted in lieu of payment for the meal. "Can you imagine that punk crashing in there?"

I groaned aloud. "That bird's too smart for me. I'm about ready to give up."

"Not on your life," Moug declared. "We'll simply redouble our efforts now. This joke's gone far enough!"

The next day, acting on a tip from Jimmy Tripp, Moug and I made the rounds of the various flying fields in and about the city—Moug taking one direction, I the other.

My investigation revealed that one Taft Houghton had been a frequent visitor to several air fields. In each place he had made a pretense of inspecting the various types of planes, with the purported intention of buying one. In several instances, employees of the airports reported that they had given the visitor perfectly good currency in exchange for "rubber."

checks. However, Houghton's present whereabouts remained as much a mystery to them as to me.

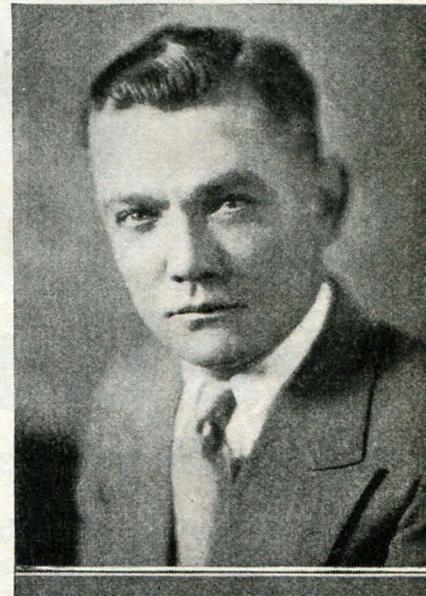
I returned to the station late in the evening, weary of mind and body, and almost convinced that our quarry had given us the slip for good.

**I**T was not until three days later—September 22nd—to be exact, that we reaped the fruits of our hard labors and brought this culprit to justice. And, as luck would have it, I was not in the office when the call came that heralded the end of our long chase.

Singularly enough, it was the telephone—the same little device used with such signal success by Houghton to promote his nefarious schemes—that served to land the impostor in the grim toils of the law.

Moug received the call in the offices of the Bunco Detail.

"This is Chandler speaking," came tense-



Carl F. Clark, Manager of the Western College of Aeronautics, Los Angeles, who took an active part in effecting the capture of the slippery "Baron Von Krupp," and who gave the fullest cooperation in the gathering of facts for this story.

ly over the wire. "Remember me?—the man who entertained Houghton in his home—"

"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Chandler," said Moug.

"Well, we've got our man! He's out here at the Western College of Aeronautics at Slauson and Main Streets! Hurry right on out—we'll explain later."

Moug drove to the aviation school as fast as traffic conditions would permit.

Inside the college building, and to the right of the main entrance, is a small glass enclosed office. Within its confines, closely guarded by Chandler and another man who was later found to be Mr. C. F. Clark, manager of the college, sat the individual who had led us such a merry chase these last few weeks!

Chandler rose when he observed Moug's presence, unlocked and opened the glass door and motioned the officer inside.

At sight of Moug, the blasé young confidence man also stood up. He bowed, smiled superciliously and said, with the

(Continued on page 74)



She is too clever to let drab, dull hair spoil her attractiveness. Her hair is always soft, lustrous, radiant with tiny dancing lights—the subject of much admiration—and not a little envy. She wouldn't think of using ordinary soaps. She uses Golden Glint Shampoo.

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sore, red spots; if your skin is dry and itchy . . . don't experiment with relief. Just anoint the infected areas with Rowles Mentho Sulphur at night. While you sleep it clears up skin.

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Get astride an Indian ... feel the thrill of the surging power between your knees ... feel your blood tingle as you slip through traffic like a cat—out to the open highway, with the breeze in your hair!

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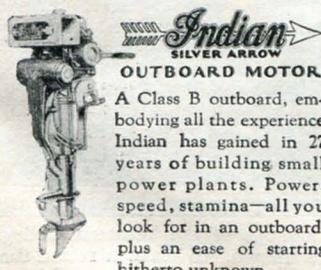
And remember—Indian has a reserve of power to pull you quickly out of danger, yet it is light enough to stop in half the space a car needs. Indian's a tough machine, too—a stock model holds the world's record of 497 hours continuous running, beating the famous "St. Louis Robin" plane endurance record. That's stamina—one of the things twenty-seven years successful motorcycle making puts into every Indian. That's why New York City's great motorcycle squad, and those of many other cities, are exclusively Indian equipped. Thousands of merchants, too, use Indians for quick, economical delivery service.

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faintest of foreign accents:

"Ah!—So the game is up. Well, gentlemen," laughing as he extended his hands for the "cuffs"—"I've certainly had one hell of a good time!"

LATER, we learned that the impostor's apprehension had been attended with a certain degree of excitement.

According to Mr. Clark, "Taft Thew" had approached him several days before with a rather unusual request.

"He told me," Mr. Clark said, "that he was the son of a former Ambassador to Great Britain, and had just purchased a Lockheed plane from the local distributors here. And—get this—he went on, earnestly. "He wanted two of our young men students to accompany him in the new plane on a round-the-world flight! He presented a lot of credentials and talked so darn persuasively about his social connections that I sent a couple of our boys over to interview him. That was several days ago.

"When these two boys—Joe Tracy and Bob Walker—came back, they said the man's story sounded fishy to them and that they didn't care to have anything more to do with him.

"So then I called up the Lockheed people and was told that Taft Thew did try to buy a plane from them, all right, but that he presented a worthless draft drawn on the Chase National Bank for twenty-three thousand dollars! Paltry sum," Clark laughed. "The result was that the plane wasn't delivered to Mr. Thew.

"And today, back he comes again, big as life—still trying to talk the boys into going away with him. We'd about decided he was a nut. Then, while he was still in the building, my friend Ed Chandler dropped in for a little visit, as he often does. During the course of our conversation, I mentioned this man Thew and when I described him, Eddie almost broke his neck getting to the phone to call the police! Said this fellow was wanted in a half dozen places

(Continued from page 72)

on check charges and false impersonation.

"We went upstairs to the work-room to get him and were told by some of the boys that Bob Walker and some strange man had just run down the back stairway and taken a nose-dive through a rear window—evidently in somewhat of a hurry to get away!

"Eddie and I hopped into a car out in front of the place and started after 'em, figuring they'd probably make for Bob's room, which is just around the corner on Broadway, less than two blocks away. We hit it right, for there, running down the street, went Mr. Thew and Bob. We caught up with them and Chandler and I escorted the young man back to the office and locked him in. D'you know what he told Bob when he spotted Chandler? Why, he said Chandler was a deputy sheriff who was trying to catch him so he could serve divorce papers on him! And Bob, liking the excitement, followed him out the back window. He got a big kick out of the whole affair," Mr. Clark finished.

Incidentally, the reader may be interested to know that a subsequent check-up of the impostor's statements failed to establish the fact that he possessed a wife, or, in fact, had ever been married.

ON the following day, our prisoner made a long statement covering his activities during the past few years, and I must say that I have never listened to as bizarre and unusual a tale. Furthermore, even after making due allowance for his uncanny ability to manufacture falsehoods on the spur of the moment, I believe that his statement is substantially true, incredible as it may seem.

In his own words, I quote a part of the lengthy deposition he gave regarding his fantastic career as an impersonator and swindler:

"My true name?—George Gabor." The speaker tilted his chair back against the wall, lit a cigaret and regarded me with amused brown eyes. "But, after all, what's



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Just mail the coupon and we will gladly tell you about the Woman's Institute and how it can help you to have prettier clothes and earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home in spare time.

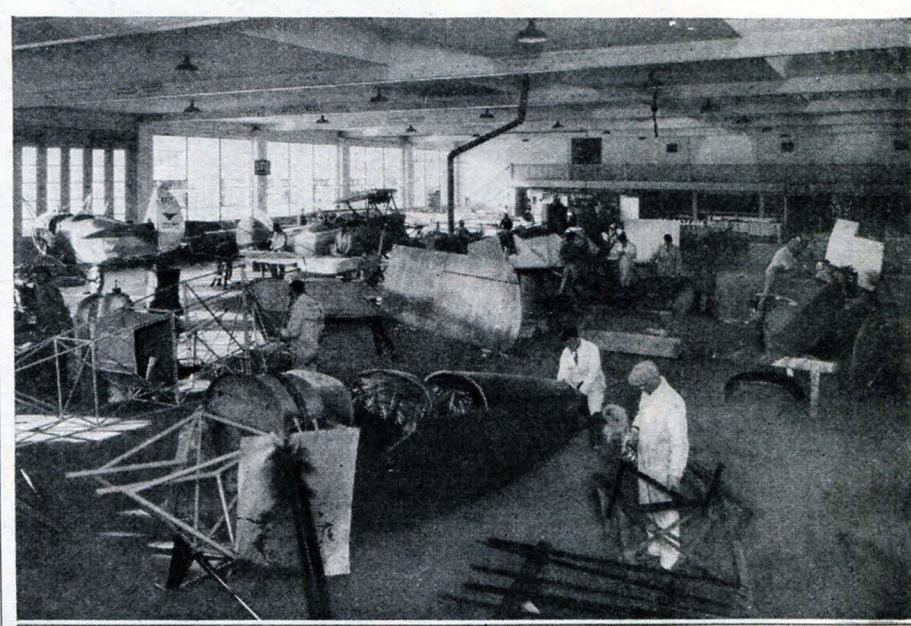
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The "Baron" strolled into this room, one of the work-shops of the Western College of Aeronautics, and invited two of the students here shown, to take a round-the-world tour with him, by airplane! It was not long after this that he was making a hurried trip through a back window of the college, to escape the detectives who were on his trail.

in a name?" he went on, in his precise English, with the faintly foreign inflection. "I've used several,"—he smiled broadly—"all of them with equal success. Have you ever heard of Baron von Krupp?"

The question struck me with all the force of a figurative bombshell. *Baron von Krupp!* The famous impostor of a few years back who had thrust himself upon an unsuspecting circle of notables in the East and whose newspaper-pictured face now came back to me distinctly! I cursed myself for the memory that had failed me. It was with difficulty that I resumed what I hoped was a "poker face" and asked my next question.

"Where were you born?"

"Hungary, May thirty-first, nineteen hundred six. Are you really interested in my career?" he asked patronizingly, as though willing to humor a whim. And when I made no answer, but permitted an expression of lively curiosity to speak for itself, he settled himself more comfortably in his chair and began his recital.

"Well, I migrated to America in March, nineteen twenty-one, at the age of fourteen, via the Steamship *Mount Clay* of the Hamburg-American Line, and disembarked at Boston, Massachusetts, where I was legally permitted to enter the United States. I say 'legally,'" Gabor laughingly remarked, "because I have entered the States under less favorable conditions—at later dates."

"IT was at a Princeton prom a few years later—I had matriculated in a law course at Harvard, you know—that I made a wager with a classmate that I could assume the fictitious name of 'Baron Alfred von Krupp' and get by with it. You no doubt recall the name, since it was mentioned rather prominently in most of the newspapers throughout the country for several weeks during the year nineteen twenty-seven." Gabor smiled reminiscently.

"On the strength of my representations as a member of the German nobility, I cut quite a swath in eastern society circles. Incidentally, I managed to meet Mr. Henry Ford, and was made the recipient of the gift of a Ford car through his generosity! In this car I traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast and back on a most delightful pleasure tour.

"This little jaunt didn't end so auspiciously, however, for almost as soon as I returned to the East, I was arrested as an impostor and sentenced to nine months in the Newcastle County Work House at Wilmington, Delaware. After serving three months of that sentence, I was released to immigration authorities and deported on the *S. S. Majestic* from New York City. That was in July, nineteen twenty-seven, and I will admit that was a most unhappy moment in my life. I prophesied then that I would return to this delightful country—a prophecy which came true a few months later, as you will learn," he said, with a smile of self-satisfaction.

"I landed in Cherbourg, France, and from there went to Paris, thence to Vienna and Budapest, and finally arrived in Berlin. Feeling no particular urge to remain in Europe, I devised a scheme whereby I might return to the United States. It was simple." Gabor chuckled at the recollection. "I ran into a former Harvard classmate named H. F. Schwarzenbach—an American citizen—and by cer-

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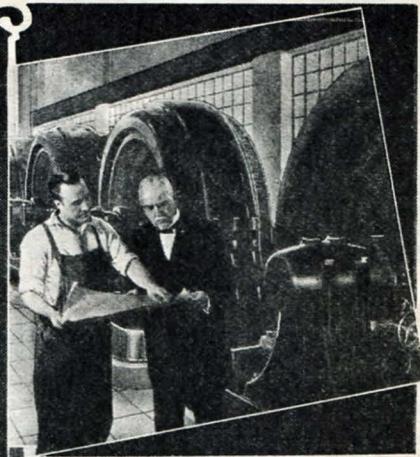
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tain tactful manoeuvring, managed to get possession of his birth certificate. Armed with this, I called upon the American Consul at Berlin and informed him that I'd lost my passport. The Consul verified the fact that a passport had been issued to Schwarzenbach and promptly ordered a duplicate issued for me!

"As soon as it was received, I returned to New York City on the *S. S. Arabic* in September, nineteen twenty-seven—less than three months after I'd been deported! Not bad, eh?" he guffawed loudly.

"I went to Philadelphia immediately afterward and worked there as a reporter until January, nineteen twenty-eight. Then, my natural-born optimism got me into difficulties again. I returned to New York, and as I walked into the Harvard Club, Federal officers swooped down on me with charges of Illegal Entry and Fraudulently Obtaining a Passport!

"There followed a few unpleasant days in Bellevue Hospital where I was under observation to determine my sanity. Fancy that! Well, anyway, I was adjudged sane, tried in the United States Federal Court of New York City and given a suspended sentence of five years—with the unhappy proviso that immigration authorities deport me at once.

"So, in accordance with the Court order, I set sail for Europe for the second time during the early part of nineteen twenty-eight, and the worst part of it was that I'd hardly stepped off the Steamship *Majestic* at Cherbourg, when I was ordered to leave France!

"Three days later, I departed, via Switzerland, for my native country, Hungary, only to be denied entry on the grounds that I was no longer a citizen of that country, having filed 'first papers' and declared my intention, upon entering the United States, to become an American citizen.

**H**ERE was a real snag. For awhile, it looked as though I was, indeed, a man without a country. However, the difficulty was overcome when I remembered that the New York authorities, in searching me, had overlooked the discredited Schwarzenbach passport! This was a natural slip-up on their part, for the useful little document was concealed in the lining of my overcoat!

"By presenting it, I was permitted to enter Hungary a few days later. It then became necessary, of course, for me to assume, temporarily, the name of Schwarzenbach. Under that alias, I traveled to London. And it was there that I made my debut—you might call it—into really exclusive society circles. I was royally entertained by United States Ambassador Houghton at the Embassy—"

"Just a minute, Gabor," I interrupted. "Aren't you going it a little strong? How could you manage to gain an entrée there?" His insolent bragging was beginning to irk me.

"How?" Gabor smiled indulgently. "My system was to phone some well-known man, either in this country or abroad, and impersonate another well-known man. A highly capable little instrument—the telephone. In London, I called the Ambassador, told him I was W. C. Widener of Philadelphia and said that if my nephew, Taft Thew of Richmond, Virginia, arrived in London that night, I would consider it a personal favor if the Ambassador kept

an eye on the lad. I explained that I—Mr. Widener, remember—was just leaving for Paris, and could not meet my nephew in person.

"Later that evening, I phoned the Ambassador again from the Grosvenor Hotel, where I'd already registered as 'Taft Thew,' and announced my presence in the English capital. And here's a real—what do you call it?—kick!" Gabor's brown eyes sparkled with merriment. "Twenty minutes later, the Ambassador called at the Grosvenor, paid my hotel bill, and ordered my luggage removed to the Embassy at Kensington Gardens!" Gabor roared with laughter at this point of his narrative.

"Various entertainments were arranged in my honor, including a polo game at Surrey and for ten days I hob-nobbed with the elite of British nobility. Well—he interrupted himself defensively, as though he read in my face condemnation as well as amazement at his impudence—"Continentals come over here, play the society game, and reap a golden harvest as 'bogus European noblemen'!" he chuckled. "And I just cashed in over there as a 'bogus American' by way of returning the compliment!"

**I** MADE no comment on this ingenious, but hardly justifiable reasoning, and Gabor went on:

"I soon tired of England's climate, however, so proceeded to France. How did I get in there?—By the simple expedient of walking ashore dressed in the white-coated uniform of one of the ship's stewards, whom I bribed to lend me the garment for the occasion. Clever, no?" He looked at me as though expecting me to congratulate him on his resourcefulness.

"Paris, as you may have heard," Gabor went on smoothly, "is an expensive place in which to stay. It wasn't surprising, then, that a week in that charming metropolis depleted my funds rather alarmingly. Once more, I was forced to resort to my friend, the telephone, for aid.

"This time, I called the offices of the United States Ambassador to France and informed the secretary of the late Myron T. Herrick that Taft Thew of Richmond, Virginia, was in Paris. I again represented myself as being Mr. Widener of Philadelphia, and dropped a subtle hint to the effect that young Thew, despondent because the executor of his estate had refused him permission to make a non-stop flight from Paris to New York, had threatened to enlist in the Foreign Legion!

"This worked beautifully. A day or so later, I called at the Foreign Legion Recruiting Bureau, where they treated me very decently, by the way, and I asked a lot of questions about the Legion. It was amusing to hear them try to stall me off. Evidently, they'd been warned to discourage the wealthy young American from taking such a drastic step as throwing in his lot with the Foreign Legion!

At any rate, while I was still in the Recruiting Bureau, Ambassador Herrick's personal secretary arrived and escorted me to the American Embassy. And if you think I didn't sell myself to the Ambassador, look at this!" The prisoner removed a large billfold from his inside coat-pocket and produced a letter typewritten on the Ambassador's official letter-

head and bearing the Embassy's seal, which read as follows:

EMBASSY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
Paris, France, June 8, 1928.

To Whom It May Concern:

The bearer of this letter, Mr. T. Thew, is an American citizen in whom I am personally interested.

He will be sailing for New York on the Steamship "Lapland" of the Red Star Line, leaving Cherbourg, France, on Saturday, June 9, 1928.

(Signed) MYRON T. HERRICK,  
American Ambassador to France.

Whether this amazing document was authentic, or a clever forgery, I am unable to say. There is no doubt, however, that it aided Gabor most materially in the successful furtherance of his plans for future impersonations—plans conceived with diabolical cleverness and carried out with unparalleled effrontery.

"Well, to make a long story short," Gabor resumed, "I sailed on the *Lapland* and disembarked at Halifax, Nova Scotia. I anticipated the kind of reception I'd be accorded if I continued on to New York, you see," he added slyly.

"From Halifax I motored to Montpelier, Vermont, and at once called on Governor Weeks at the Capitol Building. You can imagine the cordial welcome I received when I presented my Herrick credentials to that worthy gentleman!"

**F**ROM there I traveled to Chicago, and it was in the 'Windy City' that I passed my first bad check. (Note: I am inclined to doubt that statement.) I presented it to the American Express Company and received two hundred dollars worth of travelers checks in lieu thereof. I really needed a little change, y'know.

"By the time I reached San Francisco, the money was gone, and immediate and remunerative employment became a necessity. After having cast about for several days for a desirable job, I learned that the Emporium Department Store of San Francisco boasted an Aeronautical Department. And, while my knowledge of airplanes was somewhat meager, I managed an interview with the President of the concern and convinced him that I'd make an ideal manager for the Aeronautical Department! I was still using the name of Taft Thew at that time.

"Incidentally, while working for the Emporium, I staged an aeronautical exposition which netted me quite a large sum of money. But along about November, bad luck again threatened me. One of the firm members of the Emporium summoned me to the office and informed me that he'd been checking my references! At that moment—before he could go into details—I remembered an important appointment with a customer and begged the official to excuse me for a moment. Needless to say, I took 'French leave' of the Emporium immediately. That was a narrow escape, no?" Gabor grinned disarmingly.

"It's only a short distance from San Francisco to Palo Alto, and since President Hoover was conducting his presidential campaign at that time, I thought it well to get into the heart of things down that way. So, I presented the Herrick credentials to the Secret Service attendant at



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Mr. Hoover's home on San Juan Hill, and was later introduced to Mrs. Hoover, who graciously invited me to remain for luncheon! It was really a most enjoyable affair."

I had been listening to this recital with almost open-mouthed amazement. I'm afraid, and it was only when the speaker paused for breath that I came back to earth.

"You have a pretty good imagination, haven't you, Gabor?" I taunted. "You surely don't expect me to swallow—"

"Why should I lie to you?" he interrupted, emphasizing the second pronoun. "I only lie when I consider it worth my while. If you don't care to hear the rest—"

"Go on, go on," I urged. "It listens good, anyway." But I made a mental reservation to take everything he said with "a grain of salt."

"Thank you. Well, I went from Palo Alto to Portland, Oregon, and worked a while in another department store, voluntarily resigning the position for the same reason that I left the San Francisco Emporium. But before shaking the dust of Portland from my shoes, I obtained three hundred dollars in American Express Travelers Checks, by giving a more or less worthless check of my own, signed 'Taft Thew.'

"IN January, nineteen twenty-nine, the weather was pretty cold, so I bethought myself of Southern California, where the sun always shines—except during 'unusual' weather!" Gabor laughed at this little thrust at California's justly celebrated climate.

"It didn't take long for me to find out who was who in Los Angeles, of course.

"Through one of your most prominent attorneys, I met the vice-president of a leading Los Angeles bank, and the acquaintance resulted in my getting a check cashed for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars. This check was drawn on the National City Bank of New York—one in which, unfortunately, I had no funds. I timed the check's return, and left for the East before any unpleasant consequences could overtake me."

Gabor's escapades during the next six months, which are too numerous to relate in detail, included visits to Kansas City, St. Louis, Springfield, Illinois; Detroit and Pittsburgh. In each place, he declares he was royally entertained by high-ranking military officers, statesmen and leading social lights.

In Springfield, he affirmed that he had lunched with Governor Louis L. Emmer-son, who later took him to the Senate, which was having a joint session with the House of Representatives over some matter, and introduced him to the joint bodies. Gabor favored them with a forty-minute talk on his travels and a proposed tour of South America.

In Pittsburgh, Gabor held that he was the guest of Mr. R. B. Mellon, brother of Andrew Mellon, and that at "R. B.'s" invitation, he accompanied his host to Sewickly, Pennsylvania, and rode in the fashionable horse show. To back up this assertion, Gabor claimed that he had a letter signed by Mr. Mellon's secretary, introducing him to the Manager of Rolling Rock Club at Ligonier, Pennsylvania, and requesting that the Club's hospitality be

extended to Mr. Thew. Incidentally, Gabor assured us that he did not make use of this letter, since Mr. Mellon personally issued him a guest-card to the Keystone Athletic Club in Pittsburgh.

In Cleveland and Dayton, Ohio, the purported Mr. Thew, through association with certain prominent Army officers, left a trail of "hot" checks in his wake.

At Buffalo, he claims to have been the guest of Attorney General Mitchell at the Buffalo Athletic Club for two days.

From Buffalo, he went to Minneapolis, arriving there in June, nineteen twenty-nine. He assumed the name of Edwin A. Howard, Jr., "son of one of the vice-presidents of the Southern Pacific Company," and spent four or five days at the Wold-Chamberlain Airport there, where,



George Gabor, self-styled "Baron Von Krupp," on board the *Majestic*, just before sailing for Europe, in July, 1927. He was instructed by U. S. authorities to leave the country, his unheralded departure being in striking contrast to the princely style in which he toured the United States two years previous, the guest of state governors and the socially elect. His farewell words were: "I'm coming back to this tumble-down shack! These are my parting words to the Department of Labor." As a matter of fact he did come back—and is now in the Federal prison at McNeil Island

according to the Manager of the Northwest Division of the Universal Aviation Corporation, he gave the impression that he was about to purchase an airplane. At the Minneapolis Y. M. C. A., "Howard, Junior" realized cash on a \$50.00 check tendered that organization. (These last two statements have been verified.)

Gabor next asserts that he went to Nashville, Tennessee, where he was the guest of George Milton, publisher of the Chattanooga News, and a member of President Hoover's Crime Commission!

A brief stop in New Orleans enabled him to meet the President of Tulane University and attend a dinner given in his honor at the Jung Hotel. It was in that city that he obtained one hundred dollars from the Chess, Checkers and Whist Club by pre-

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senting his personal check for that amount, drawn on the American National Bank of Richmond, Virginia.

From there he hied himself to Alabama. At Montgomery, Alabama, he is still wanted, according to official records, as Taft Thew Houghton, for passing a fifty dollar check on the Jefferson Davis Hotel.

"My next stop-over of any importance," Gabor continued, "was in Texas. I played polo with the commanding officer of Fort

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Above are photographs of cigar-stand charge slip and bill for lunch at exclusive club, signed by the "Baron" under two different aliases—neither bill being paid, as was the Baron's custom.

Bliss, dined with the chief of the Army Air Service at San Antonio, and then went to Houston. Houston—ah!"—with a rueful expression on his face. "That was a mistake! I understand Houston authorities are anxious to have me returned there for prosecution on a little matter involving some three hundred dollars' worth of Cunard Line Travelers Checks that I received in exchange for one of my own checks! And also, there's been some talk of my

(Concluded on page 4)

# VITALITY!



**"SURE! I can finish that today"**

A strong, healthy body and mind always respond to the occasion. Employers appreciate and recognize unfailing freshness—always ready—cheerfully ready to carry on—minus that "tired feeling." Successful business houses do not want people who are subject to 4 p. m. fatigue.

**D**ON'T let a weakened body hold you back. Prolonged, it may result in so-called premature old age. Today's happiness and friends may be gone tomorrow. Has it ever been made clear to you that a strong, healthy body depends upon the right number of rich, red-blood-cells?

Thousands of people have a low blood count—to this may be attributed skin troubles, "run-down" systems and even more serious ailments.

Healthy blood should contain about 5,000,000 red corpuscles to every cubic millimeter—those tiny workers which give blood its color and are carriers of nourishment to every part of the body. Rich, red blood is the body's protector against infection and disease. It is dangerous to let the blood count remain below normal.

If you tire easily—lack pep—if your skin is not clear—if your appetite is "gone"—you owe it to yourself and friends to try S.S.S.

When you get your red-blood-cells back up to normal, that sluggish, let-down feeling, lack of appetite, skin troubles disappear. You should get hungry again and sleep soundly; firm flesh should take the place of that which was once flabby. You should feel strong. Your nerves become steady.

S.S.S. helps Nature build rich, red blood. It improves the processes by which the body is nourished.

For more than 100 years S.S.S. has been helping people regain and retain their strength and charm. Thousands of users have testified to its benefits in unsolicited letters of gratitude. Many have found it beneficial to take a few bottles at least once a year to keep their blood in good condition.

S.S.S. is made from strictly fresh vegetable drugs and is easily assimilated. All drug stores sell S.S.S. in two sizes. Ask for the larger size. It is more economical.

# S.S.S.

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Feel Like  
Yourself  
Again**

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**ONLY 25c**

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You can't make a mistake. The guaranty of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind this course. I give you all the secrets of strength illustrated and explained as you like it. 30 days will give you an unbreakable grip of steel and a Herculean arm. Mail your order now while you can still get this course at my introductory price of only 25c.

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# The Crime Kentucky Can't Forget

(Continued from page 51)

music room of the abandoned schoolhouse. There are no steps leading down and it is necessary to descend by means of a ladder.

The Commonwealth sought to bring out the fact that the Frenchman attempted to cover up his crime by hiding the trap door from view.

THE carpet, a portion of which was alleged to have been wrapped about the body, similar to that found by Benedict Thomas in the loft of the coal shed, played no small part in the chain now being woven around the defendant's head.

"Do you recall whether or not when Mr. Wendling was there as janitor there was a carpet above this trap door that led down into the basement where the child was found?" Mr. Mix asked.

"Mr. Wendling fixed up the music room, and moved the desk that used to stand in one corner against the wall near the trap door leading to the cellar, but whether it was before or after the eighth of December, I do not recall, but I do recall complimenting the work after I had seen it, and especially on having done something about the trap door. I recall saying to him: 'Well, Joe, the boys won't be falling down into that cellar again.'"

"Did the janitor have the custody of the key to the music room?" Mr. Mix asked.

"Yes," answered Father Schuhmann, "the key was in his charge but it frequently hung in the kitchen."

"Who had charge of the kitchen?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Wendling. That was their domain; the school, the music room, and the yard were all in charge of the janitor," he answered.

Father Schuhmann explained that the carpet in question had been used at the Commencement of the children in June, 1909, to cover the stage floor. This carpet, he pointed out, was in charge of the janitor during the time that it was not used, and it was with the janitor as to whether he kept it in the cellar, the coal shed, or the store room. He said he could not recall seeing it since the Commencement in June, at which time he believed it was in good condition. Asked if there were any blood spots on it at that time, Father Schuhmann said "No." He next saw that same carpet shortly before Joe was reported captured. It was in the back yard of the premises, and was brought out there by Benedict Thomas, who said he had found it in the coal shed.

"Was the carpet then in the bloody condition it is now?"

"There were spots on it, and it looked a little whitish but I don't know whether they were blood spots or not."

On cross-examination, Father Schuhmann's story remained unshaken, even in the most minute details.

The witness gave a detailed account, previously set out, regarding the order to the plumber to pump the water from the cellar and the incidents which occurred on the day the body was found.

"Within a few days or a month subsequent to the disappearance of this child on December eighth, nineteen-hundred-

nine, up until the day Wendling failed to appear for work on January fourteenth, nineteen-hundred-ten, did you ever accuse him of any knowledge as to the child's whereabouts?" Mr. Clements asked on cross-examination.

"I never did. I had no reason to suspect him."

"Was there anything unusual about his conduct?"

"Not at all. I never suspected him, and had no reason to suspect him of any knowledge of the disappearance of the child."

As the kindly priest left the stand, Joseph Wendling wept. These were the only tears he shed, so far as is known, during the entire proceedings.

FOLLOWING Father Schuhmann to the stand was James Payton, an employee of the Louisville Gas and Electric Company, one of the most damaging witnesses against the defendant. His testimony in brief ran something like this:

"I was a reader of the gas meters, and had been reading the meter at St. John's Church for some time, in fact I had been going there for ten years. Usually on my visits there I found the key to the music room hanging on a nail on the kitchen door. I went there every month, which would be twelve times a year, covering a period of ten years. On December twenty-seventh, nineteen-nine, (Alma disappeared on the eighth) I called at the church to read the gas meter. I did not find the key hanging on the nail as had been the custom on previous trips. I went over to the church, read the meter there, then to the rectory, read the meter, and asked the lady (Mrs. Wendling) for the key to the music room. She called Mr. Wendling, and I asked him for the key, and he answered: 'It's not necessary to read that meter.' I said, 'It certainly is.' Wendling answered, 'Why? We are not using gas.' I replied, 'That doesn't matter. I am sent to read those meters, and I have to read them, and make a report to the office.' Wendling continued to argue with me, refusing to let me in the music room and finally I said, 'Well, Father Schuhmann is in the church, and I will go to see him about it.' He then answered, 'Well, by God, if you have to, that's all there is to it.' He unlocked the door, and let me in. He went in the music room with me and came out with me, relocked the door and placed the key in his pocket. I only stayed in the room about two minutes."

Frank Fehr, as has already been stated, was in charge of the investigation for the family. He told the details of his conversation with Father Schuhmann on January 14th, which the Commonwealth gave as the reason for Wendling's hurried departure.

"I had a conversation with Father Schuhmann, and then we went over into the church. As we entered the church through the sacristy door on the east side of the building, I remember seeing a man who was apparently performing the duties of a janitor, but I did not see his face.

"I stood directly in front of the altar,

while I asked Father Schuhmann a number of questions. Two questions I remember very distinctly. I asked him about his help. He told me that he had a janitor. I asked him whether his janitor was white or colored. He answered that he was white. Seeing the registers in the floor, I also asked him about the heating apparatus. This practically completes my recollection relating to the important parts of that interview."

"Was that conversation within hearing of the man you say was performing the duties of a janitor?"

"I talked loud enough so that a man present could understand me fully fifty feet from where we were standing. He could not have been more than twenty or twenty-five feet away."

It will be recalled that Father Schuhmann testified that he did not see the janitor when he was talking to Mr. Fehr.

**F**Ollowing the testimony of Richard Sweet, the plumber who found the body, the defense attacked the witness by indicating that he was influenced by the large reward offered, and attempted to show that the skeleton was planted in the cellar by Mr. Sweet for the purpose of collecting the reward. This point on which the defense placed high hopes, was pushed further on cross-examination of Doctor Duncan, the Coroner. He was asked by Mr. Clements if it were not true that reports had come to his office to the effect that a number of bones from human skeletons were being carried from medical schools to the dump. Mr. Huffaker was sustained by the Court in his objection to the question. This proved a distinct blow to Mr. Clements.

Referring to the condition of the body, the Coroner said that it was badly charred by fire, and that some of the ribs were practically charred in two.

Peter Herbst, the grocer one block from St. John's Church, said that on December 10th, 1909, he delivered lime to the church and identified Wendling as the man who said: "The Madame will pay you." This was held an important bit of testimony, because the Coroner had stated that lime or quicklime had been used on the body to effect a rapid decomposition.

With a few remaining details embracing technicalities, the State concluded with the interesting story of Captain Thomas Burke, of the San Francisco Police Department, the man who arrested Joseph Wendling.

He said: "I located my man at the rooming house of a Mrs. Moriarity, and showed her two pictures, then asked to search the house. We found the defendant hiding in the wash-room. I asked him his name, and he said Henri Jacquemin. I asked him if he ever went by the name of Wendling and he said: 'yes.' I asked him if he was a deserter from the French Army and he said: 'yes.' We placed him under arrest and brought him to headquarters. We asked him if he had worked at a church in Louisville where a little girl was killed. He said that he had, but denied that he knew anything about the case. He said that he had left about the middle of January, and gone to Florida, from Florida to Texas, from Texas to Los Angeles, from Los Angeles to San Francisco. He left Louisville suddenly, he said, because of trouble with his wife. He

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Finally, one evening, my wife said, in despair, "Jim, you'll simply have to see a doctor. It's wrong to let yourself go the way you are."

Well, I felt so wretched and I had to agree with Ann—something I hadn't done in months.

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After a most thorough examination and much questioning, my doctor said:

"Mr. Hilliard, I'm confident that I know what your trouble is. Have you ever seen a water pipe that's been in the ground for a long time—rusty and caked with deposit on the inside—so that only a small opening remains for the water to pass through?"

I replied that I had.

"Well," continued the doctor, "then you have a pretty good picture of your own colon or large intestine—that 5-foot long tube that acts as the waste pipe of your body.

"The walls of your colon are lined with hardened, decaying waste matter. Germs are breeding there—poisons forming there. These insidious germ poisons are entering your blood stream through the tiny veins in the colon walls and are being carried all through your system. That's what is causing your headaches, indigestion, nervousness, lack of ambition, and that constant tired feeling."

"But, Doctor," I asked in surprise, "how can that be? My bowels move regularly—almost every day."

"My man," he replied, "that's where you and most other people go wrong. You think because you are more or less regular that your colon is necessarily clean. But you don't realize that due to the sedentary life you lead—to lack of vigorous exercise—and to the soft foods you eat—you are a victim of *intestinal stasis* (delay). Though you may have an evacuation daily it may be several days late. Waste matter passes off too slowly—particles cling to the colon walls—and the accumulation begins. Before long you have a badly clogged condition."

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"Now," he continued, "the only way for you to get well and keep well is to get that colon of yours clean—from end to end—and keep it

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Needless to say I secured a J. B. L. Cascade at once and began my Internal Baths. The results were astonishing. From the very first one I felt much better. In less than a month I began to feel like my old self. My constipation was ended. Headaches—nervousness—fatigue—irritability all left me. My appetite returned. Now I sleep like a top and wake up in the morning clear-eyed and full of pep and energy. I look better, feel better and work better than ever before. And I attribute it all to Internal Baths—self-administered with the aid of the J. B. L. Cascade.

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### No Capital or Experience Needed

You positively don't need capital, training or experience. All you have to do is call on your friends and my established customers in your territory and take care of their orders. You alone get the profit on all orders from these customers. I never sell through stores. Keep your present job and start with me in spare time if you want to. Oscar Stuart, of W. Virginia, reports earnings of \$18 in 2 1-2 hours' spare time. Mrs. K. R. Roof, of S. Carolina, made over \$50 the first week in spare time. This shows the tremendous possibilities.

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shaved off his mustache, he told me because he had a girl down South who didn't like it. Asked why he changed his name, he said that he didn't want his folks to know where he was. I asked him if he knew that the police were after him, and he said, yes, that they would get a lot of money for him, and that he had known it for about eight weeks.

"Joe," I said, "are you willing to go back to Kentucky without papers? You are charged with the murder of this little girl?"

He answered:

"Me pure and willing to go back. Me know what papers are. If me did kill that little girl, nobody saw me but God, and He can't come down and tell it, but me no kill little girl."

"We asked him," the Captain went on to say, "about the blood spots on his clothing found in his rooms, and he explained by saying that he had a gunshot wound in his hand."

"Did he say anything with reference to telling who committed the crime when he got back to Louisville?"

"He said that he would tell who did it."

"Will you tell the jury just what articles of clothing you found?"

"He had two ladies' handkerchiefs, two pairs of gloves, a pair of ladies' stockings, pair ladies' drawers, and a ladies' net undershirt in his valise, and different articles too numerous to mention."

On cross examination, the witness was asked if he had put in any claim for the reward and he answered that he had not.

**O**NE of the features of the trial came at the conclusion of the State's case, when the jury was taken to inspect the scene of the crime. Several hours were consumed in the inspection of the premises, and then Joseph Wendling was ready to tell his own story.

"I want you to talk loud and distinctly, Joe, so every member of the jury can hear you," Mr. Clements began, after the accused man had mounted the stand.

With the cheerful calmness which had characterized his attitude since the outset of the proceedings, he told his story in broken English, but intelligently displaying ample ability to make himself thoroughly understood.

In the opinion of the writer, Joseph Wendling's story told in his own words on the stand is far more interesting than it would be should I attempt to "dress it up." It gives the reader, I believe, a very clear insight into the type, and I might add, the character of the central figure of the story. He frequently used "me" for "I," and "his" for "her," but on the whole he makes himself very clearly understood.

The essential parts of his testimony taken direct from the official records of the trial follow:

"Where were you born?"

"I was born in Cote-d'or, France."

"What is your father's name?"

"My father's name is Edward Wendling."

"Your mother's name?"

"Henrietta Jacquemin Wendling."

"When did you come to this country?"

"About two years and a half ago."

"Prior to your coming to this country, were you in the French Army?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, when you came to this country, who came with you?"

"My wife, Madelene Wendling, she never was my wife then. She is my wife now. We married after we come to this country."

"You and your wife accepted that position at St. John's Church?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did your duties take you?"

"Six o'clock in the morning I have to ring the bell. At half-past seven he got a Mass in the morning. I have to prepare Father Schuhmann's clothes and fix the candles. After the Mass is over, after everybody is gone, I have to lock the door. Father Schuhmann did not want the door open all day long. I guess he was afraid some burglar come there. I don't know. Take care of furnace too."

**D**ID you sweep the sacristy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have charge of the school room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have charge of the room known as the music room where the body was found?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have been charged with murder of a little girl by the name of Alma Kellner; did you kill Alma Kellner?"

"No, sir."

"Did you lay any hands on Alma Kellner?"

"No, sir."

"When did you first learn of the disappearance of this child?"

"The first I hear somebody telephoned Father Schuhmann at half past six on the eighth of December. He told me somebody telephoned him to look and see if a child around there. Then a policeman came. I never go answer the door. Father Schuhmann go. He was in the kitchen, and take my lamp, and all three go together, and he goes upstairs in the schoolhouse, looked all around the schoolhouse, turned on electric light so you can see best, with lantern you can't see very much. Father Schuhmann said: 'Turn electric light on, so we can see.'"

"A great deal has been said about some carpets that were placed in the room known as the music room; do you know anything about that?"

"I place some carpet in the church, I place some carpet on the schoolhouse, I place some carpet on the music room."

"Why did you do that?"

"Father Schuhmann told me I can fix it up the best I can. I do."

"Did you try to make the place look nice?"

"Yes, sir."

"To make it look clean and tidy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did you get those carpets?"

"This old carpet, I don't know where it came from. Down in the store room I tell Father Schuhmann some good pieces down there I can put some place. He said fix where you want it."

"A man by the name of Payton, a gas man, testified the other day about a key."

"The gas man come I remember once. I was in the church at this time. I see him, he never asked nothing to me, he walked straight down church, and I tried to see what this man done. He never

talked to me, and I go down there and ask him what he want. I see he write something in a book. He said gas employee. He tell me he want to go in the school room. I had the key in my pocket. He ask me to go in the school room. I open the door. This man went and looked and wrote on his book he had. I tell him he say too much gas in the music room, I don't believe you have that much gas used. He said: 'No, we have to come anyhow.' I locked the door, and he gone."

"You didn't refuse to allow him to see that meter, did you?"

"No, sir."

"It has been testified that there was a smell in the church and that you were asked about that smell by Father Schuhmann?"

"Yes, sometimes I burn some rags, you know in the Catholic Church you have a lamp right on the front hall burn day time and night time. This lamp, it is called consecrated oil, you can't throw it away."

"Did any one ask you about the odor in the church?"

"Yes, sir; Father Schuhmann."

"Why did you leave your brother-in-law's home?"

"He wanted to shoot me. I don't know what was the matter with him. I guess he was crazy. I see him come with a revolver after me. I didn't want him to kill me. I am too young."

"You say you and your wife had trouble, and couldn't get along?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the jury what that trouble was."

"**M**Y wife all the time want to be boss, took the money out of my pocket. Sometimes I wanted to buy something she wouldn't give it to me. I don't know whether she gave it to my brother-in-law. I never say nothing."

"She wanted to be boss?"

"Yes, sir. She was more old than me. I guess that was the reason too."

"When was the first time you accumulated money?"

"The first time I accumulated money was when I was working at St. John's Church for Father Schuhmann. I had forty dollars, twenty dollars for my wife, twenty dollars for me, making forty. I stayed two months, making eighty dollars, and for Christmas, Father Schuhmann gave me ten dollars for me and ten dollars for my wife, making one hundred dollars, and I placed it in the bank."

"When did you first draw that money out of bank?"

"Fourteenth January, nineteen-hundred-ten, the day I left Louisville."

"What time of the day was it that you drew that money?"

"One o'clock before the bank closed, the bank closed at twelve o'clock. It was before."

"After you drew your money, where did you go?"

"After I got my money I came back to Father Schuhmann's."

"Did you see Father Schuhmann?"

"No, sir."

"Did you see Mr. Frank Fehr there that day?"

"No, sir."

"Did you see anyone else up there?"

"No, sir."

"What time did you leave?"

"I leave half-past five afternoon."

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"What did you tell your wife when you started away?"

"Nothing."

"When you left, where did you go?"

"I go to L. & N. Station. At this time I have one hundred and five dollars in my pocket. Go to the station, ask for one ticket for San Francisco. I said how much is it. He told me fifty-six dollars. I said it is a little much. I have to buy some clothes and underwear and suit case. I said to myself the best thing for me to do is to go in New Orleans and work, so I pay eighteen-fifty for my ticket. I stayed there four or five days. I ask for a job down at St. Charles Hotel where they have some French people, many French people down there. A man told me in Houston, Texas, is the best place for me to get more wages. From the day I left Louisville I go under the name of Henri Jacquemin. It is my mother's name. I do that so my wife can't come after me and bring me back."

"After we get to Houston, this man I meet say: 'Frenchee, I know nice girl.' I say all right, and we go to see Mrs. Leslie couple of times. Then she tell me she loved me best."

"Did you ever propose marriage to Mrs. Leslie?"

"No, sir."

"Did you have any articles of woman's wearing apparel in your grip when you were arrested?"

"Yes, sir."

"What were they?"

"I have a pair of gloves, I have a girl's drawer. I have a pair of stockings."

**H**OW did you come to have those articles in your grip?"

"One girl live next to me. One Spanish girl, gave them to me. She had many things she asked me to keep for her until I meet her in San Francisco."

"Do you know anything about the blood the officers found on your clothing?"

"I shoot myself in the hand and the blood on the bicycle trunks has been there ever since I was rider in France eight years ago, where I fall down many times. The blood on the knife is where my brother-in-law used it to fix a horse's hoof and drew the blood."

"When was the first time you knew you were wanted in Louisville?"

"I was in Olema three weeks before my arrest in San Francisco. I read in the papers the police were looking after Joseph Wendling. I say to myself—I guess my wife has said something to the police."

"You thought that your wife was trying to get you back?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you first learn that you had been accused of the crime for which you are now on trial?"

"Two or three days after I come back to San Francisco, where I see on a board my picture from a soldier in the French Army. Many people were out there reading it. I heard people say, 'What do you know about that, six thousand dollars for that Frenchman? If I can find him it will be good for me.'

"Did you ever at any time, after having declared your innocence, say: 'If I killed the little girl, nobody see me but God, and He cannot come down and tell?'"

"No, sir. I can swear this. I am a Catholic, a Catholic says that God was down here before. I guess He could again come down too, if He wants to."

"Did you, in answer to any question by any one, say in the presence of Captain Carney—'When I get back to Louisville I will tell who did it?'"

"No, sir."

"Did you know who committed this crime?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know anything about the crime?"

"No, sir, I swear that I do not."

"Did you close the doors on the morn-



Lorraine Mix, Assistant State's Attorney, who made a brilliant record in the Wendling case

ing of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception Service?"

"Yes, sir, I closed the doors. I guess it was half-past ten or quarter to eleven."

"You casually looked in there and saw two ladies?"

"Yes, sir, and ten or fifteen minutes after this me go and look again and see nobody there. Me go back and close the door."

"When you closed the door was there any little girl in the church?"

"No, sir."

"After you closed the door, what did you do?"

"Me closed the door and go through the sacristy to the yard where me have something to do all the time."

"An officer testified yesterday about some paint for the face that was found among your effects."

"Yes, it belonged to me."

"Is the massage cream yours also?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why did you shave off your mustache, Joe?"

"Me have a girl down South who did not like it. To please her, me cut it off."

"Did you buy or have delivered to you any lime on December tenth as has been said here by Peter Herbst, the grocer?"

"Me did not, sir."

**T**HE defense introduced Doctor James Morrison, the physician who attended Wendling at the time he wounded his hand a year before the tragedy, in an attempt to show that the blood stains on his cloth-

ing originated from that source.

"When I arrived," he said, "I found Wendling sitting in a chair leaning forward and holding his hand. He told me that he had accidentally shot himself, and I saw a pistol lying near. The wound bled profusely, but I could not state whether there was any on his clothing or not. I recall that he had on a dark flannel shirt when I dressed his wound."

"Did you see any bathing trunks around there, Doctor?" asked Joseph Huffaker for the State.

"No sir."

(The bathing trunks with the blood spots, it will be recalled, were found in his rooms).

Alois Arnold, Mrs. Wendling's brother, took the stand for his brother-in-law in an effort to support his story that he left Louisville on January 14th, because of family troubles, and to refute the State's strong hold of the blood stains on the knife found in his room.

"Did you have a fuss with Joe?" asked Mr. Clements.

"Yes, sir," he answered, "one word brought on another, and I struck him. I was so mad I wanted to kill him. After that he and his wife moved away from my house."

"Did you use the knife shown here as the one found in his room to cut a horse's hoof at which time you drew the blood?"

"I did, yes, sir."

"Arnold," said Mr. Huffaker, "after you used the knife and got the blade full of blood, did you clean it off before you returned it?"

"I did, certainly, sir," the witness answered.

"Now you state that you had trouble with Wendling, and that he left. Is that correct?" continued Mr. Huffaker.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever seen him since he left your home?"

"No, sir."

"Did you have any ill feeling towards him after he left your home or threaten him?"

"No, sir."

Miss Angela Perry, the organist at the church, called as a witness for the French janitor, said that after the services were over, she decided to practice for the Christmas music, but changed her mind, as she recalled that she had an engagement at 11 o'clock. She came downstairs from the organ loft, but as she did so she did not see the child in the church.

"Where is the organ located?" asked Mr. Mix for the State on cross-examination.

"At the back of the church in the gallery."

"As you face the altar how far back can you see?"

"There are seven or eight pillars in the church, and I could see as far as about three pillars back."

"If a little girl had been in the front part of the church behind one of those pillars could you have seen her at all?" Mr. Mix asked.

"If she were in a certain part of the pew I could have seen her, but of course she could have been behind one of those pillars, and I could not have seen her."

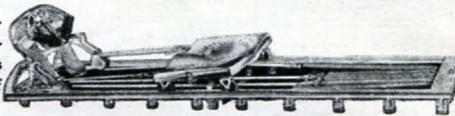
The merciless prosecutors seemed to be boring holes into every line of testimony

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prizes will be awarded each one tying. Solve the puzzle and send it to me right away together with your name and address to qualify for an opportunity to share in the \$4,500.00 total Grand Prizes. EVERY BODY PROFITS—you may be the lucky first prize winner. It pays to be prompt.

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offered by the defense in this great case.

A member of the Altar Guild told of a general cleaning they gave the church several months prior, during which they found articles similar to those found by the detectives, among them a child's gauntlet glove.

"I do not know whether it is the same glove or not, but I saw one just like the one introduced here in the Spring of nineteen hundred and nine, six months after Alma disappeared," the witness stated.

**T**HE letters placed into the records written by Mrs. Wendling to Joe's parents are both interesting and pathetic, and shed a clear light on the devotion of this woman to the man who blamed her for all of his trouble.

Mrs. Wendling's letter, dated April 1st, 1910, follows:

### Dear Parents:

Nearly three months gone, and not one word. One must have a very cold heart to do this.

Dear Mother, where is my Joseph? Tell where he is. He should come to me. I have no rest day and night. Did he never write to you since he is gone? Tell me where he is.

How are you all? I always said to Joseph to think of his parents, and let us make money together. But he always replied that he is alone and nobody could take anything from him.

He was after me for my money. My money does not run away. We ought to work in order to make money together.

Dear mother, I will forget everything if he comes back. Dear parents answer soon. I send this letter and kiss you with my whole heart.

Mad. Wendling.

The answer:

### Dear Madelene:

It took me quite a while to write you because I was sick with bronchitis and was down three weeks. I hope you are better now. You must not undermine your health for you need it. But it is always very sorrowful.

Perhaps Joe was lured away some place and locked up. May God bring us back poor Joseph.

My dear Madelene we received the money you sent us, and thank you so much for it. Now we can have the roof fixed. If Joe could help us it would do us much pleasure.

Joseph is perhaps at Nagham.

My dear Madelene I have always the idea that he will come back. The father is very much annoyed to learn about our child, and to know such things. What bad luck we have. His friends send him their best regards, but I never say anything to them, just thank them.

Madelene, we embrace you, your mother and father who love you. Hope you have news soon.

Henrietta and Edward Wendling.

**T**HREE were several other points on the defense testimony, such as that offered by a member of the Altar So-

cietry to the effect that the ladies had given the church a general cleaning in the Spring of 1909 before Alma disappeared, but the testimony had little bearing on the main points involved.

The jury deliberated five hours before it brought in a verdict of—"Guilty."

Wendling was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Then began the fight for a new trial. In overruling the motion, Judge Gregory said:

"In this case a most remarkable chain of circumstantial evidence tended to connect the defendant with the commission of this crime. It may be extremely dangerous to convict of crime in a case of circumstantial evidence where only one or two circumstances strongly point to guilt, but not where each added circumstance multiplies in geometrical ratio the probability of guilt, and excludes the possibility of innocence."

"The presence of the child alone in the church at a time when the defendant was the only person likely to be there or having business there; his familiarity with the premises and equipments; the disposition of the body about the premises under his sole and immediate control; the presence of human blood and tissue upon garments worn by him and on the knife admitted to have been his property and found on the premises; his flight unannounced on the day of Mr. Fehr's conversation with Father Schuhmann and inquiry about the janitor; his change of name and frequent change of location under circumstances unusual; his final attempt at concealment the day of his arrest; form a long chain of strong and most convincing circumstances, which seem to the Court to be utterly incompatible with the possibility of his innocence."

"The defendant's attempted explanation of these remarkable circumstances strengthen rather than weaken the presumption of guilt."

**H**IS effort to get away from the alleged tyranny of his brother-in-law, when for the first time in months, according to his own statement, he was free from it, his complaint of bad treatment on the part of his wife and her greed in taking all of his earnings when for the first time, he said, he had received not only his wages but hers, also as well as the Christmas gift of ten dollars each from Father Schuhmann, seem illogical and unnatural.

"His explanation that he assumed the name of Henri Jacquemin to prevent his wife from being able to trace him, when he said that his real name is Henry and his mother's name Jacquemin, indicated that the change of name was to deceive others and not his wife."

"The sudden and unusual departure from various places to which he fled and his utter inability to explain the presence of so much blood on his clothing, coupled with the absurd claim that the blood and animal tissue on the knife was caused by his brother-in-law pricking a horse's hoof, but added to the weight of the testimony against him, and demonstrated the futility of attempting to destroy the powerful force and truth of the physical facts."

"On the whole case, the Court is of the opinion that the defendant received every consideration to which he was en-

titled under the law, and that every serious doubt was resolved in his favor. The motion for a new trial is overruled."

The case went to the Court of Appeals, the highest court in the State of Kentucky, but the decision of Judge Gregory was sustained. On the Court of Appeals bench at the time were judges whose names are linked with Kentucky's legal history.

The battle was over, and Joseph Wendling was committed to the State Reformatory at Frankfort, Kentucky. He remained there until 1919 when he was removed to the State Prison at Eddyville.

NINETEEN years have passed and Joseph Wendling, still protesting his innocence, now seeks parole. Through all the years Madeline Wendling has been faithful. Never a week goes by that she does not send something to the reformatory for "Joe," and her letters are affectionate and loving. She spends much of her time seeking some way to gain his release.

Although years of careful training under John B. Chilton, a warden who understands and sympathizes with the unfortunates placed in his charge, has made the Frenchman a model prisoner, his record during the early days of confinement at Frankfort was not a good one. Much credit is due this splendid warden for what he has done for Joseph Wendling. But there are many things to be considered in the parole of a prisoner charged with such a serious crime.

The Kentucky State Board of Charities and Corrections, whose duty it will be to pass on the parole, is composed of men and women of the highest type and character, who have given years to the study of the work they are doing for the State.

Several months ago, the writer interviewed Joseph Wendling, at the request of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, and I could but recall the words of Doctor Hill, the famous psychologist, who studied him on the train so many years ago. It seems impossible to pin him down to any coherent version of what occurred. He would make a statement only to contradict himself in the next breath. One is struck with that same peculiar smile which attracted attention at his trial.

"He is abnormal," said Doctor Hill nineteen years ago, and the writer can but think that is true today. Would he be a safe person to give back to society?

Kentuckians are fair, just and kind, and they answer the plea as they think best for the people of the Commonwealth.

As the years have passed some of those who have taken active parts in the story have crossed the Great Divide. Judge Joseph Pryor, Mr. Clements, Captain Carney, Jerry Quill and Richard Sweet have been ferried over the River of Death.

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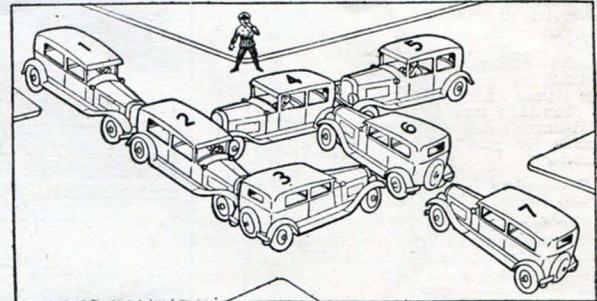
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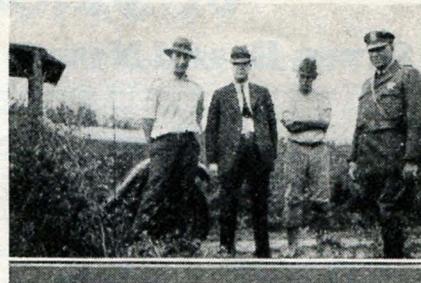
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## The Flaming Riddle of Annawan

(Continued from page 46)



(Left to right) P. L. Wilson, Annawan undertaker; Sheriff Charles Nash, of Cambridge; Walter Powell, of Mineral, Ill., who found the body; J. W. Shafer, State motor officer. Photo was taken near point where body was burned

car that evening. A shed to the rear of the building was used to shelter the automobile.

It was at the entrance to this shed that Sheriff Nash found the imprint of another military heel.

*It corresponded with that found beside the shuddering body.*

**N**UMEROUS questions brought out the fact that Kitselman's brother lived in Peoria and the Sheriff hurried to that city.

Kitselman's brother was found and he told Nash that he was worried over the disappearance of his kin and said that he was considering whether to advise the authorities. His brother's wife, he said, had informed him of the disappearance.

"Where is your brother's wife now?" the officer asked.

"In Naperville, I think," supplied the brother. "She has relatives there."

Supplied with the information that the woman's name was Miss Laura Weaver, 21 years old, the daughter of a wealthy retired farmer in Naperville, Sheriff Nash learned by long distance telephone conversation from the chief of police at Naperville that the woman was known there.

Nash, pleased with his work and glad that the long and difficult task was almost completed, presented himself to the authorities of Stark County, in which Wyoming is located, and acquainted them with the facts he had gleaned.

The murder was committed in Wyoming by that woman. The heel print, the blood stains and the missing bed clothing are evidence for arrest. The case is out of my county and my hands. She is at her father's home in Naperville."

Thus the man who had traced the slayer faded out of the picture.

Laura Weaver was awakened from her slumber in her father's house by Stark County authorities and Naperville police.

She peered up from the coverlet of her bed, saw the gleaming stars and uniforms of the local officers, who had entered her room, and leaped to the floor screaming, "I didn't kill him! I didn't kill him!" (See photograph of Miss Weaver on page 45.)

But back in the office of the state's attorney at Toulon, yet that night, the girl

signed a confession and simplified, to a great extent, the tangled mass of circumstances that had so baffled the authorities.

Kitselman, she said, was her common-law husband. They had been living together as man and wife for months. She killed him, she said, to seal her past and prevent her father from learning of the scarlet life she had been leading.

The confession by which the outcast daughter of the prominent Naperville family cut away the curtain of mystery was obtained without difficulty and it was signed by a steady hand. Miss Weaver is a girl possessed of a steel nerve, hardened against society after an existence in houses of ill-repute in Peoria's miniature underworld.

"I hated him," she declared. "He was brutal. He was continually drinking and trying to beat me. I stood it all. I lived with him as his wife and I tolerated his treatment until he threatened to expose me to my father. Then I decided to kill him."

Without a trace of emotion or display of remorse, she unfolded the account of how she strangled Wilmer Kitselman and sat by his body, the life ebbing away, holding his wrist to feel the weakening pulse, until she was certain that the death which could seal his lips forever had come.

She had lived with the man in the ramshackle two-story building in Wyoming, where a few hundred citizens believed them to be man and wife. Kitselman was employed in the restaurant and she labored with a score or more of girls in a small garment factory—the only industry that the community boasted. In the humble apartment of the tottering frame building, they had made a place that the girl was pleased to call a home.

**O**N Sunday, June 30th, she said, Kitselman came home from his work in an intoxicated condition. He demanded that she allow him to use the coupe which they owned jointly and she refused, telling him that he was not in a condition to drive. Kitselman, the girl set out in her confession, hurled a chair at her in his anger and smashed a mirror against her shoulder.

"That means seven years of bad luck, Wilmer," she warned. His rage continued. He shouted that maddening threat to write a letter to her father, Herbert Weaver, and lay bare his daughter's past. Then he sank to the floor in a drunken stupor. She lifted him, roughly, to the sagging bed



Close-up of the spot where Kitselman's body was found

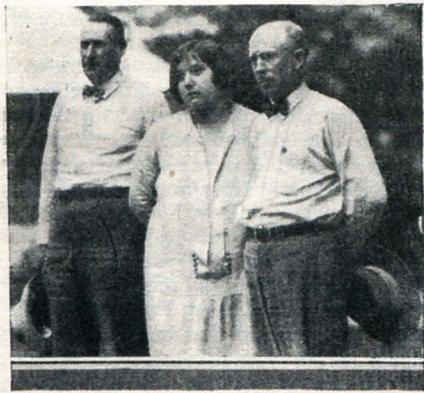
and sat at his side, plotting the murder, she confessed.

Outside the storm was breaking and belated church attendants were scurrying to their homes after sitting through long sermons in the only two houses of worship in the village.

THE girl, satisfying herself that her lover was in a deep sleep, removed the belt from his trousers, snatched a pair of scissors from the dresser and punched additional holes in the leather. She formed the belt into a noose, looped it around Kitselman's throat, and with her unusual strength she tugged and tugged, until his tongue protruded between tightly clenched teeth. With another jerk she left the belt fastened in its clutching grip and sat upon one corner of the bed, her hand upon his wrist. When the pulse fluttered and grew weaker she knew her purpose was being accomplished.

A few seconds later and Kitselman was dead. The pulse was quiet. In an even, icy tone the girl related the story of the murder while her words were taken by a stenographer.

Placing a soiled, patchwork bed-quilt upon the floor beside the bed, the girl



(Left to right) State's Attorney L. M. Burkey, Laura Weaver, and Sheriff W. O. Edwards

rolled the lifeless body of Kitselman upon it. Then she bound the arms and legs together with a strong fishing line, tied the form into the quilt and rolled it like a huge ball to the kitchen floor. Down an unstable flight of stairs to the outside the body plunged, striking step by step, and lay on the rain-soaked ground.

Gancing hurriedly through the two rooms, Miss Weaver espied a jug of naphtha, used for cleaning fluid, on the kitchen floor. She tore a piece from a newspaper, wadded it into the neck of the jug for a stopper and left the place. Driving the car to a point near the bottom of the stairs she lifted the bundle in her arms, shoved it out of sight in the rear compartment and started out in the raging storm to cremate it. She was thoughtful enough, however, to remove a small roll of paper money from Kitselman's pocket.

THEN the small coupe, with the dark-haired, black-eyed girl clutching the steering wheel, nosed through an endless line of Sabbath traffic on the Illinois highway without attracting undue attention. The girl driver, steering carefully through

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the congestion, might have prompted some notice because of her large stature, but the fact that the lifeless body of her lover was crammed into the rear compartment of the automobile was unknown to any person save herself.

So certain was the girl in the coupe that she alone held the secret of a brutal murder that she drove calmly to a gasoline filling station in Toulon, half a block distant from the county jail, and sat in the machine without comment while the rain-drenched attendant filled the tank. Then, with the gruesome cargo, she slid the motor gears and moved along to State Road Number Seven.

The storm continued in all its fury. Lightning flashed incessantly, illuminating a highway darkened by ugly, heavy clouds. Headlights dotted the pavement and strong gusts of wind made the task of keeping the machine on the concrete slab exceedingly difficult.

Shadows of evening, pierced by the wicked flare of lightning, were gathering when the girl glanced at the illuminated dial of the speedometer on the dash. The row of numerals informed her that she had driven more than fifty miles. She became nervous and anxious to find a suitable place to dispose of the body of the man she had slain.

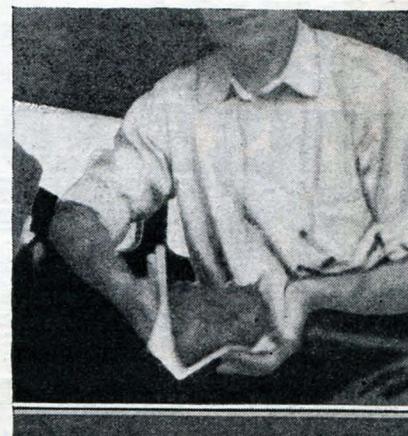
Speeding through Annawan, she drove until the glare of the headlights picked up the entrance to a lonely country lane, with tire tracks barely discernable through the heavy fringe of weeds.

She stopped the coupe down the road, switched off the lights and with a strength greater than that possessed by most women she lifted the unprotesting burden into her arms. The body, rolled almost into a ball, struck the road with a thud. A push and a shove and it plunged down the ravine and fell from sight.

The girl followed, and it was the work of but a few seconds to make her human torch. With a mighty heave, she hurled the jug and its tell-tale paper stopper across the fence.

**W**HAT transpired during the week after the girl had silenced the man she feared? That, too, is a story showing Miss Weaver to be lacking entirely in emotion.

After touching a match to the oil-soaked



Woman's heel-print, in clay, found near the spot where the burned body of Kitselman was discovered, and which helped solve the case



Street scene in Wyoming, Ill., where the murder was committed

bundle, she hurried away in the coupe, arriving home about midnight. She clambered up the stairs, switched on the lights, prepared lunch and a pot of coffee, ate and retired—sleeping in the same bed on which she had strangled Kitselman a few hours before.

After a long and peaceful sleep she awoke. Sunlight was streaming through the only window but the place seemed oddly lonesome. For two years she had been the common-law wife of Kitselman, she said, and despite his cruelty she had grown accustomed to his companionship. She glanced about the room. Upon the scarred dresser, devoid of paint but matching the other furnishings, she noticed the upper plate of Kitselman's gold teeth. His spectacles were by its side.

After dressing leisurely she took the reminders of her lover and drove out of Wyoming, stopping at a creek to toss the objects into swollen waters. Then she returned home. Later in the day she drove to Toulon, parked her automobile in front of the county jail, and entered a store. She then returned home again.

During the week following the murder she remained in the rooms and when neighbors inquired about her supposed husband she answered that he had either deserted her or was drinking. Then, when she believed that her deed would go unpunished, she went to visit the father she wished to keep in ignorance concerning her past.

**L**AURA WEAVER became motherless when she was thirteen years old. She was a student in grade school at Naperville and upon graduation her father forced her to leave her studies and take up work on the farm, according to her story. Being unable to do the work of a man, she obtained a few dollars and left Naperville for Peoria. Before her departure, however, she became involved in a bad check charge and was the prosecuting witness in a criminal assault charge before she was sixteen years old, so her career had an early inception.

At Peoria she became an inmate of dives of shady reputation. Then Kitselman came into her life.

"He was good to me," she reflected. "He promised to take me away from that awful place, to marry me and make us a home. But he didn't keep his word. I left him three times, because he was mean to me, took my money and squandered his wages, but he always found me and made me come back, telling me that if I didn't he would tell my father about the wrong things I have done."

It was at this point in the questioning that Miss Weaver showed her first signs of feminine weakness.

She sobbed, "Please, oh, please, don't tell Dad about this. I don't want him to know. That's why I killed Wilmer."

"Would you do it again?" the prosecutor asked.

"I don't know," she answered thoughtfully. "I'd do 'most anything to keep Dad from finding out about all this."

But her father did learn. Perhaps the stern parent felt a pang of sympathy for the over-developed, motherless daughter, or perhaps he recalled the long ago when Laura, then a chunky little girl with dimples and flashing black eyes, sat upon his knee before the fireside at home while Mrs. Weaver was present to wield a mother's influence. At any rate, he rushed to her aid and employed Charles W. Hadley of Wheaton, formerly a candidate for attorney-general and one of the most noted attorneys in Illinois, to defend her.

**A**PPARENTLY the Annawan torch murder case is criminal history. The girl has never indicated a desire to refute her confession and talks willingly to the authorities concerning it.

Magazines containing stories of romance find their way into the cell and she pores through these, perhaps to satisfy her longing for a true love, such as she has never experienced. But if the torch slaying is closed so far as legal technicalities are concerned—and Stark County authorities so claim—it is not closed with Sheriff Charles Nash, the man who unraveled the knotted ball of mystery. How was Kitselman stabbed? How did he receive a fractured skull? From what source came the bloodstains on the floor of Laura Weaver's bedroom? How can the presence of the great club on that miserable road near Annawan be accounted for? These are the questions Sheriff Nash wants answered.

Miss Weaver can't answer them. The fractured skull might have been caused from rolling the body down the rickety stairs, she asserts, but she gives us a solemn vow that she did not stab or strike the man.

Although solved, it would seem that the Annawan torch murder still possesses its element of mystery, even for Laura Weaver, who wonders by what act of Providence the sins she tried so vainly to suppress from her father have been flaunted before the eyes of the nation.

Miss Weaver was arraigned before Judge Joseph Daily, in Circuit Court of Stark County, Illinois, on November 23rd, 1929, and pleaded guilty to the murder of Kitselman. She received a sentence of 25 years in the Illinois State Penitentiary at Joliet.

### Lost Between Two Worlds

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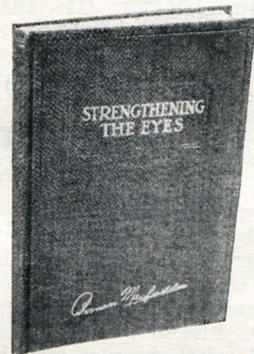
you are wearing glasses because of faulty refraction—far or near sightedness—astigmatism—cross eyes—squint eyes—weak, watering eyes—eye headaches or strain, you at least owe it to yourself to give these methods a fair test. You can test these principles of eye education out in your own home without a cent of cost. Just mail your order and the entire course comes to you at once.

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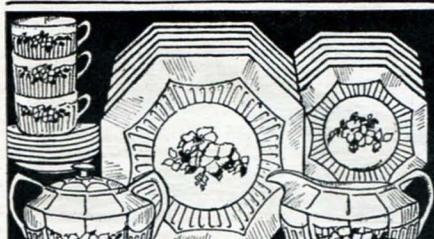
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## Defeating Crime

(Continued from page 17)

I admit I am interested in helping the man or woman who is not an habitual offender, I, too, have had to struggle and I, too, have known how cold and harsh the world can be upon occasion, but for criminals in general, I have no sympathy and no respect.

The most formidable weapon on that the forces of law

and order can use against the criminal world is the weapon of terrorization and it should be used without mercy. Strange as it may seem, to Americans, there are few crimes of violence in England.

*That is because Scotland Yard has well learned how to terrorize the underworld.*

## Confessions of Frank Silsby—Master Criminal

(Continued from page 59)

Lefty, at the wheel, picked up the trail he had previously figured out, pulled up alongside the automobile used by the cashier and his two guards at the exact spot we had selected, and crowded the machine to the curb. Five of us leaped from our machine and poked shotguns into the faces of the three men. A guard with the muzzle of a sawed-off shotgun in his face, is human. Not a shot was fired.

WE took the money and their weapons and sped away. It was all over in about thirty seconds. We escaped in the direction of another town and then, as planned, doubled back and drove toward the city of our headquarters.

We soon reached our previously parked stolen car on the roadside. Ditching the car we were in to make it appear we had suffered an accident, we climbed into the other car and continued our run. Fifty miles from home we ditched the second stolen machine and, separating, got our own automobiles from the garage, where they were parked, and drove at moderate speed into the city.

We had obtained a little more than \$25,000.

We took out \$6,500 for my banker confederate and split the rest between us.

Then I got the surprise of my life. The next morning I was arrested by the police as a suspect in the robbery. I was locked up and held for the authorities of the town where the robbery had taken place. I had missed on my first big job.

I fought extradition but lost and, manacled to a big deputy sheriff, was taken by train to the town where the robbery occurred. Locked in a strong little jail, I tried to figure out what had happened.

"Stand up," a deputy called to me. I did so. Four men gazed at me a long time.

Then one of them said: "That's the young fellow—I'm positive of it!"

How could he be positive? I had been perfectly masked.

But there wasn't any use speculating. They had me in jail in a small town and I had been identified.

How could I beat the law now?

There will be no let-up in the crime wave until an aroused public opinion stamps out the practice of sworn officers of the law and supposedly honest citizens

aiding and abetting crooks in their criminal activities.

My arrest and subsequent identification as one of the participants in the pay-roll robbery should have put an end to my career of crime. I should have been given a sentence in a state prison that would have kept me away from society for the rest of my days. I would have gotten it, too, at the hands of a rural jury, had it not been for the assistance of a professional bondsman, a crooked lawyer, a sheriff who was willing to accept a bribe, and some of the aforementioned honest citizens.

Referring again to the matter of a recent St. Louis robbery, A. B. Bussmann, whose company was victimized by pay-roll bandits, asked the police and prosecutors some pertinent questions, among them:

"Where does the professional bondsman fit in this picture?"

"What about the alibis that are worked up for the crooks? Are they manufactured?"

I will answer both questions in this instalment and will have a lot more to say on the subject in later chapters.

Soon after I had been locked up in the small town jail and identified as one of the robbers, I called a deputy sheriff and inquired for a bondsman.

"Who do you want me to get?" he asked.

"I don't care, any professional bondsman will do."

"We don't have professional bondsmen in this county," he asserted. "When folks get locked up they get their friends who own property to bail 'em out."

I sent a telegram to a bondsman in the city where we made our headquarters and he arrived the next day. I was taken before the judge of the criminal court, but the judge would have nothing to do with the city bondsman and I went back to my cell. The bondsman was not discouraged, but went right to work. He interviewed a number of property owning citizens who were willing to go on my bail—for a consideration of \$200 each.

We made bail and I was free to continue my operations as a bandit. I had to pay him \$3,000 and his expenses and he knew where I got the money to pay him.

That is where the professional bondsman fits into this picture.

I returned to the city for a conference with a lawyer to whom I admitted my guilt, of course.

"You'll have to have an alibi," he said, "and I would suggest that we employ a lawyer in that town where the case is to be tried. Let's take a run down there tomorrow."

The small town lawyer upon whom we called was a sharp-visaged man with hawk-like eyes and a long nose, who sat at a desk covered with dusty papers. He was acquainted with my city lawyer. They talked for a few minutes and then old "Hawk Eye" looked me over and asked: "Young man, did you commit this crime?"

"I'm right for the rap," I told him, "and I've been identified by a witness." ("Right for the rap" is thieves' jargon for guilty.)

"Hum-m-m, that makes it worse. What is your defense?"

"I've got, or will have, an alibi."

"What kind of an alibi?"

"I was a hundred and forty miles from here when the job was pulled, and I'll have fifteen men down here to prove it."

"Fifteen men from the city?"

"Yes sir."

**N**OT so good, not so good down here. The jury most likely will be made up of farmers, and when the prosecuting attorney talks about your city slicker witnesses coming down here and invading this country with a bunch of lies just to get a fellow crook out of a tight place—well, the alibi won't do you much good. It's got to be something better than that, something closer to home."

"What do you suggest?" my city lawyer asked.

"Well, I'll tell you. If this young man could prove he was in a good strong county jail in some town in this section of the country on the day the crime was committed, he'd have a good chance to beat the case. Fact is, if he has that kind of an alibi I don't think the prosecuting attorney would even try the case—he's most likely to dismiss it."

"What jail would you suggest?" I asked, eagerly.

"Hum-m-m, that would be for you to figure out, but there's a good jail over in a nearby county and the sheriff of that county is well-known and well-liked over here. Caught a big crook for us once. He's an honest man with a fine reputation and I doubt that you could handle him, but if you could—"

"I'll try," I interrupted, and the conference was at an end.

That is how the unethical lawyer fits into the picture of criminal activity.

My part of the proceeds from the pay-roll robbery was about exhausted and I knew I would need money, and plenty of it, to arrange a "jail alibi."

I went back to the city and got in touch with my banker confederate. That night at his home, he gave me a tip on another pay-roll robbery, together with all the information necessary to carry it out.

I called a meeting of my gang in my apartment, explained I was the only one in the mob arrested, or even suspected in the pay-roll robbery, and pointed out that I needed a defense fund of about \$15,000. I told them about the job I had in mind and we worked out all the details. Two weeks later we staged the robbery and obtained \$36,000. I have no intention of



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"I mean I don't want you to say a word about my alibi to anyone. I'm going to trial in this case."

A MAN who will aid a crook to thwart justice will help justice to thwart a crook—if he can make any money out of it.

It was this thought that prompted me to demand a trial on the charge of robbery in the first degree, even after my lawyer had pointed out that the prosecuting attorney, apprised of the nature of my alibi, would dismiss the charge. But I did not care to put myself in a position where my lawyer in this case could blackmail me every time he needed some extra money.

I knew enough about law, which I studied in prison, to know that another true bill could be returned against me any time within ten years. I knew the lawyer would hold that over my head. Not that I believed he would actually demand a price for his silence. No indeed! He would inform me, in carefully couched phrases, that the true details of my alibi had become known, and that he would have to have \$2,000 with which to hush up the matter and prevent another indictment. I've had that pulled on me!

Then again, I did not want to be in a position where the sheriff or his son, could give me a "shaking down" at some future time, under threat of telling the truth about that alibi. I did not want to take a chance on what either of them might tell while drinking or confiding in close friends.

There was the possibility, too, that the lawyer, the sheriff, or his son, might be converted by some evangelist and, stung by a guilty conscience, tell the truth about my bribe and alibi.

I knew no jury would vote me guilty, after hearing my two star witnesses, and I knew that a trial and an acquittal would give me a clean bill of health in that county. No matter what happened after that—even if the truth were learned about my alibi—my freedom could not be placed in jeopardy a second time on that charge.

Trial day came. The court-room was crowded. None of my friends or associates was present. My star witnesses, the sheriff and his son, were in the court-house, but it was believed they were just visitors. After the usual preliminaries my case was called. State and defense announced readiness to proceed. I entered a plea of not guilty. The prosecuting attorney conferred with my lawyer, and, because of the crowded docket, offered to let me off with a sentence of twenty years if I would plead guilty. My lawyer solemnly declined. He was getting a big kick out of his plan to make a monkey out of the unsuspecting prosecutor.

Selection of the jury was a mere formality. The case was outlined and the first witness called.

He told of leaving the factory, going to the bank, withdrawing the money for the pay-roll, starting the trip back to the factory and of the robbery. The two guards corroborated the details. Three eye-witnesses to the crime corroborated the details of the actual robbery, telling how the bandits dashed away in a big automobile. Then the State's star witness was called to the stand.

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"Did you see the face of one of the bandits?" the prosecuting attorney inquired.

"I did," he answered.

"Where did you see him first?"

"I saw him first in the front seat of the automobile before he put the mask on."

"Did you see his face plainly?"

"Yes, sir."

"A second time, too?"

"Yes, sir. After the robbery, his mask slipped off, just as he was getting into the automobile."

"Have you seen this man since?"

"Yes, twice."

"Where?"

"In the jail, just after the robbery—it was two or three days I guess—and then again today, in this court-room."

"Point him out to this jury."

"There he is, the young fellow with the big eyes and the slick hair, sitting right there by his lawyer."

The witness pointed the accusing finger at me, and I was made to stand up while all present got a good look at me. The jury eyed me with curiosity, and I could see a sentence of "forty years" in every pair of eyes. The prosecuting attorney grinned confidently, and I rather thought the old judge looked as though he would like to hang me.

"That's all," thundered the prosecutor; "the state rests."

**M**Y lawyer told me to take the stand. I answered the usual questions as to my name, age, occupation and nativity.

"Did you rob these men?" he asked.

"I certainly did not."

"Where were you on June first, nineteen twenty-six?"

I replied that I was locked in a cell in the jail in a certain county. There was great excitement in the court-room. The prosecutor jumped to his feet. The jury leaned forward and the judge coughed, and looked at me with surprise and interest.

"Were you in that cell all day June first?"

"All that day, all of a good many days before June first and all of several days after June first."

"That's all," my lawyer snapped, "you may cross-examine."

"You mean to tell this jury you were in the jail all day June first?" the prosecutor demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"How do you remember?"

"The records show it."

"Where are those records?"

"I don't know."

"You haven't them with you?"

"No, sir."

"I didn't think so. That's a fine story. That's all."

I left the stand. My lawyer, with the proper dramatic effect, rose to his feet, and asked that the sheriff of the county in question be called.

"I think you'll find him in the corridor," said my lawyer.

Every head was turned toward the door as the sheriff, with an armful of books and records, entered the court-room and walked to the witness-stand. He identified himself, responding to the usual questions.

"Do you know the defendant in this case?"

"I do."

"Did you become acquainted with him in pursuance of your duties as sheriff?"

"I did."

"Can you tell this jury where this defendant spent the twenty-four hours of June first, nineteen twenty-six?"

"I can. He was locked up in a cell in the jail at the county seat of my county."

"When did you arrest him?"

"May sixteenth, nineteen twenty-six."

"When did you release him?"

"June third, nineteen twenty-six."

"Was he in your custody at all times between the dates you mentioned?"

"He was in my custody and was locked in a cell during that entire period."

"Could he have possibly been in this city on June first?"

"Not without taking the jail with him."

**W**HEN the sheriff had concluded his testimony by reading his records, as applied to me, his son was called to corroborate his testimony.

"No cross-examination," snapped the prosecutor.

My lawyer, in all his dignity, took the floor, adjusted his glasses and began:

"If your honor please, a grave injustice has been done to my client. He has been indicted, jailed, pointed out as a common felon, and tried for robbery in the first degree. I ask that the court instruct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty. It is my opinion—"

The judge interrupted him with a wave of his hand.

"This," he began, "is clearly one of those unfortunate cases of mistaken identity. I will not only direct the jury to return a verdict of not guilty, but on behalf of this county, apologize to this unfortunate young man for the injustice that has been done to him. I'm indeed sorry, and if there were any other way of making amends, I would certainly recommend it."

I put on my best expression of injured innocence and waited. After a few moments the directed verdict was returned, and I walked from the court-room free to continue preying upon society.

See how it worked? I committed the crime. The bondsmen aided by the honest citizens who were paid \$200 a head, got me out of jail. The lawyer suggested the defense. I used my freedom to commit another crime to obtain funds to be used in manufacturing an alibi and paying my lawyer. Yet the public is directly responsible for this condition which grows steadily worse.

Returning to the city where I made my headquarters, I called my banker confederate on the telephone and gave him the good news.

"That's splendid," he said. "Come out to the house to-night. I have several good prospects for you."

Money hunger! These two words characterize the dominant trait of the banker who had become my confederate. They describe, too, the dominant trait guiding the activities of hundreds of policemen, prosecutors, bondsmen, alibi artists, politicians, lawyers, fences, tipsters, and all the other dishonest individuals who conpire with crooks, and help them to "beat the law." This money-hungry horde in

official or semi-official life or in business activity is without morals, scruples, or conscience; there is no limit to which these persons will not go, no low act to the commission of which they will not stoop.

It is money, money and more money with which to satisfy the appetite and ease the itching palm. My banker confederate was no better than the lowest of these, and I had far more respect for my gunmen than I had for this polished, home-loving gentleman.

I have been a crook most of my life, a fact of which I am heartily ashamed, but I never hid behind a reputation for honesty and integrity. I never passed a plate in a church on Sunday, nor did I go about among decent men and women wearing a pious expression. I was a thief and known as such.

**S**UPPOSEDLY honest people who consort with criminals for gain and who connive with crooks in thwarting justice, whether by the manufacture of alibis, the destruction of evidence, or the suppression of indictments, are greater criminals than the bandits who commit the crimes.

As I sat in the living room of the banker's home a few hours after my sensational acquittal of the pay-roll robbery charge, he put his hand on my knee and said: "I have a favor to ask of you—a job that I want you to do—at once!"

"Have you a bank to be robbed?" I asked.

"Your speculation is correct," he answered. "There is no need of my going into details." He then named the bank.

"The examiners are due there Saturday," he said. "Only a robbery can save it from having its doors closed. I've been in on some deals with the president and the cashier and an investigation would ruin all of us. But a robbery will cover up everything."

"How much is there in it for us?"

"Eighteen or twenty thousand dollars, but you and your friends can keep it all. I don't want anything. I'm asking a favor, not giving you a tip. However, I have a number of pieces of information for you and we can all make some money. I'll give them to you when you return. You won't have to do any great amount of planning. Just drive down there, wait until a couple of customers are in the bank, so they can verify that a robbery actually was committed, and then go in, clean it out and get away. There will be no resistance, and no possibility of identification, even if you are caught. When will you go?"

"We'll make it Friday, if that is soon enough."

"That will be O. K."

"Tell them to have everything ready—the money in one pile, so we won't have to stay in there too long," I said to the banker.

"That will be taken care of," he replied.

The robbery was staged as planned. We drove to the front of the bank, saw there were two persons transacting business, and dashed in. The president was in his office, the cashier in the teller's cage, and the woman bookkeeper at her desk. We herded them all together, used a lot of abusive language to give a realistic touch to our work, jammed a pistol against the stomach of the president until it actually

hurt, took \$17,000, got into our stolen machine, and drove away. As usual, we abandoned the car and drove back to our headquarters in our own machine.

**T**HE evening newspapers in the city of our headquarters, reporting the daring robbery, quoted the president of the bank as saying the loss was \$150,000 in cash and Liberty Bonds. Pity the poor insurance company!

My banker confederate actually congratulated me on the thoroughness of our work!

Big Bill, the safe blower, while getting a share of the money taken on the bank and pay-roll robberies, was tired of idling and was anxious to pull a trick himself. I promised to get some information on a good night job and this I obtained from my banker associate without difficulty. He gave me all the information as to the type of safe, the location of the burglar alarms and the amount of money we probably could obtain. He drew a little diagram for me, marking the danger spots. I then sent High Toned Mary to the town to study the streets leading in and out, and get other data we needed. She returned two days later with a well-made map, and all necessary information. We worked out the details, and leaving my apartment in the evening, drove to the town.

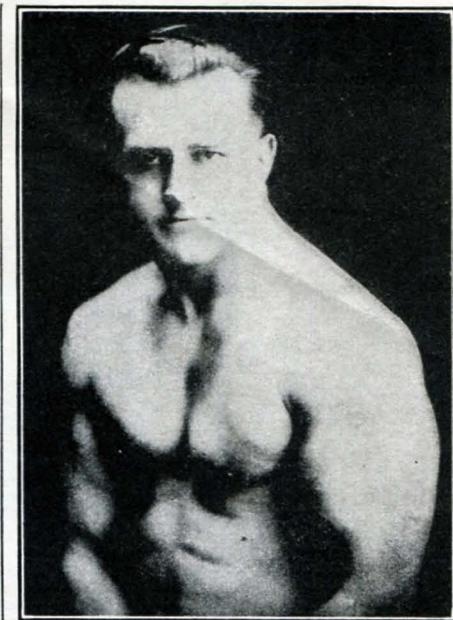
Big Bill, with his tools, myself as inside guard and assistant, with some other gunmen, made up the party. One man carried three shotguns which had been sawed down as to barrel and stock. This man had a penchant for shooting any person who got near while a job was in progress and he was therefore dangerous.

We first cut the outside wires and then jimmied a window and entered. We were careful not to step on any of the concealed alarm buttons which had been marked for us. Big Bill opened the outer door of the safe by drilling around the combination and then used a small charge of nitro-glycerin to blow the doors from the "keisters" or small inner vaults. We got \$45,000 and made an unhurried getaway. Bill was so pleased that he made me promise to get information on several similar jobs, and this I obtained from the banker.

**W**E pulled five night jobs in rapid succession with a total haul of \$155,000. Of this sum the banker received \$35,000.

Then came an unexpected event. For the second time I was picked up by the police, charged with being suspected of participation in a pay-roll robbery. The long arm of the law had reached out again and picked up the right man. The robbery had been in a small town, not far from the city of our headquarters. A deputy sheriff brought several witnesses to police headquarters to look at me. I was placed in the "shadow box" in which a prisoner walks about before witnesses he cannot see, but who see him plainly. The purpose of such boxes is to protect the witness from being identified by the crook and later intimidated. There were a number of persons outside the box. I could hear their voices, but could not see even their shadows. The witnesses were told to look at me.

"Do you recognize this man?" someone asked.



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"Is he one of the robbers?"  
"He sure is."  
"Are you positive?"  
"I sure am."  
"Any question about it?"  
"There sure ain't."

"That's fine. All you will have to do is stand up in court and identify him when he comes to trial and he'll get the term in prison that he deserves."

"Stand up in court?" the witness asked.  
"Of course."

"Not me! I ain't going to no court! I ain't never been to no court and I ain't going to start now. I sure ain't!"

"You'll have to go to court!"

"I sure don't, and I won't. That ain't the man a-tall. I'm sure it ain't the man, and nothing you do will make me say it's the man."

"What's the matter, are you afraid if you identify him in court that his friends will hurt you?"

"No sir. I ain't afraid of nothing. But I ain't going to no court and that's final."

Nothing they could say or do could make the man change his mind, but I certainly thank him. Two days later, when all other witnesses had failed to identify me, I was released.

"Lucky guy!" said the desk sergeant.

"Not lucky," I said. "I got a break because I wasn't right for that rap."

"Listen, Bozo," he retorted, "if you wasn't right for that job then I'm the King of England."

ARMED with more information obtained from the banker, Big Bill, myself and our gang continued safe-blowing activities.

Then came a tragedy. Jeffrey, one of our mob, was on the outside of a bank

with his sawed-off shotgun. Stan was at the wheel of our auto. Bill had just opened the outer door of the vault, and was preparing to blow the inner door when the stillness of the night was broken by the roar of a gun.

This was the signal for our getaway. It was the first interference with a night job since that time, years ago, when The Professor and Red O'Brien were surprised by the watchman in a factory. That surprise resulted in the death of Red at the hands of the police. I thought of this as we crawled toward the window through which we had entered. Had Jeffrey been surprised by the police? Was he already in custody? Would officers pounce upon us as we crawled out? Big Bill was thinking of those things, too, and he clutched the bottle of nitro-glycerin in his right hand as he prepared to step cut through the window.

"I won't be taken," he hissed to me. "I've done all the time I ever intend doing."

I jammed a pistol against his ribs.

"Don't be a fool," I whispered. "Give me that bottle."

Reluctantly he handed it to me. Pistol in hand, I stepped out into the darkness and quickly flattened myself, upright, against the wall of the building. Bill joined me. Peering up the alley I saw Jeffrey.

What was the shot in the night? Had Jeffery fired it? What awaits Big Bill and Silsby as they creep out into the darkness to try to make their getaway? Will this "job" spell the end of Silsby's freedom? He will tell you the outcome of this dramatic situation, and many other revelations in next month's issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on all news stands April 15th. It's a thriller!

## CASH FOR OPINIONS

WHEN you have read this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which do you like the least? Why? Have you any helpful suggestions in mind?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of judges in charge of these awards, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; \$5 to the letter considered second best; \$3 to the third.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award, c/o TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes April 28th, 1930.

The three awards will be made promptly.  
No letters will be returned.

## Prizes for Opinions on the

December TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES  
were awarded as follows:

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**Third Prize \$3**

Thora M. Stuve

621 So. 8th St., La Crosse, Wis.

# How I Solved Kalamazoo's Witchcraft Crime

(Continued from page 31)

from this, its head toward the wall. Just at the left of the partition, between the wall and the head of the couch, something which interested me came within the arc of brilliance cast by my flashlight. It was a part of a wide skirt. I knew that inside that skirt was Mrs. Burgess, pressed against the wall, at the head of the couch.

In a little while, I heard footsteps nearing the kitchen door. The door was thrown open by Eugene Burgess.

I HAVE arrested literally thousands of persons. But never have I seen anything that resembled the face that stared out from the kitchen at me. The eyes were dilated as large as half dollars, and seemed to roll in their sockets. The muscles in the man's face were twitching horribly. All the blood had drained from his lips.

Eugene Burgess stood there and stared at me. If ever I saw a maniac it was Burgess. I stared back at the man, spellbound. I felt as though I had come face to face with insanity in its most horrible form.

I managed to tear my eyes from the apparition, and called over my shoulder to Prosecutor Tedrow. I hurried to open the front door and admit Chief Carney and Commissioner Fleming. The four of us made a hurried examination in the house. We were looking for the body. It wasn't necessary to ask whether a murder had been committed in that house. The place fairly shrieked of murder.

Blood was everywhere. The first crimson stains I saw were on a heavy chair which sat in the parlor. Directly in front of the chair was an open staircase, leading to the second floor. I readily detected similar splotches on the stairs. Then I noticed that the wall-paper had been torn off in strips beneath the staircase. I correctly guessed why this had been done. The wall had been spattered with blood, and the paper had been stripped off to remove all traces of the tell-tale crimson.

I rushed from room to room looking for the body of the 76-year-old paupered widow. I knew she had been brutally murdered by the elderly couple whom she had considered her friends. I stumbled into a little bedroom. The floor was covered with newspapers. On the bed was a little old hat, such as an old woman like Mrs. Fairchild might have worn.

My feet became entangled in the newspapers spread over the bedroom floor, and I kicked a section of the paper aside. The action revealed a veritable lake of blood, which had not as yet entirely dried. I kicked the other papers aside, and the lake widened. Rivers of red branched off in every direction.

While I was making this hurried search on the first floor, Commissioner Fleming and Prosecutor Tedrow were going through the rooms on the second floor. Chief Carney had remained to guard Eugene Burgess and his wife and daughter, Eugenia.

Search of the house failed to disclose

the body. I went back into the kitchen, where the Burgesses were being guarded by the chief of police, and without preamble asked Burgess what he had done with the corpse. Unhesitatingly, he replied:

"In the cistern. We threw it in the cistern."

I sought the telephone and called the jail. The turnkey answered and I instructed him to send a rope and drag hook to the Burgess house. In a very short while Albert Billig, one of my deputies, and John Smith, special officer for the Michigan Central Railway Company, who happened to be in the office when I called, arrived with the hook.

Leaving one man to guard the Burgesses, the rest of us went to the back of the house, found the cistern, and removed the heavy lid. The hook was lowered. It caught something the very first time.

I had the line, and began hauling upward. Something moved, but only for a foot or two. Then it seemed to be caught in a vise. I could not budge my catch an inch. I had to ask one of the other men to help me pull. The load was too heavy for me.

We pulled upward, straining every muscle. The thing on the other end of the rope began to move again. Slowly we hauled it to the surface. The most horrible sight I ever beheld lay before me.

It was the dead body of a snowy-haired old lady. The head was battered to a pulp. The entire skull seemed to have collapsed, to have been caved in from many blows with a heavy instrument.

Tied to the right leg of the awful thing that had been the body of Etta Fairchild was a wire cable, half an inch in diameter. The cable was wrapped many times around the waist and the leg.

On the other end of the cable was fastened a heavy block of hollow building tile. This had been fastened to the body to weight it down, which accounted for my inability to haul the body up without assistance.

We removed the mangled thing, and I lowered the hook into the cistern again. It caught. I hauled upward, at the same time shouting to Prosecutor Tedrow that there was another body in the well! Lifting my catch up out of the cistern, I discovered that it was not a body, but only a roll of portières and curtains and a green rug. They were saturated with blood. The fiends had thrown them into the hole to get rid of damaging evidence.

AFTER taking several photographs of the house and the cistern and other things that I thought might be illustrated to advantage at the trial, I placed Burgess and his wife under arrest and drove them to the county jail. The girl, Eugenia, I also ordered to come along. I detained her at the jail that night, and released her the next day.

It was a little past midnight when, seated in my office and in the presence



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of several officers and my secretary, Eugene Burgess and his wife made their confessions. These same confessions were to startle the country, involving, as they did, not only the most heinous slaying ever committed in the State of Michigan, but bringing out one of the most unusual motives ever heard of.

The motive, as given by both Mr. and Mrs. Burgess in their separate confessions, was a superstitious fear of the evils of witchcraft. Mrs. Burgess was the first to be called in to make a statement. She began by saying that she had done the killing alone; that her husband had nothing whatever to do with the affair; that he was absent from home at the time, returning just as she finished the job.

This statement of Pearl Burgess, which she later repudiated, disclaiming any participation in the crime, and in fact, swearing that she knew nothing whatever of the affair—even denying that she knew anyone had been murdered—is given quite fully here. It is probably one of the most extraordinary criminal documents on file anywhere, because of the woman's vivid descriptions of the peculiar workings of a mind harassed by superstition and fear of the powers of witchcraft.

I WILL dispense with most of the questions that brought the following replies, and quote the woman as though she were talking uninterruptedly.

The first question, by Doctor Morter, one of the medical men called into the case, was:

"Some of us were not present when you talked a little while ago, and for the sake of those who did not hear, will you tell what happened tonight?"

"Mrs. Fairchild was killed," replied Pearl Burgess. Then the prisoner answered the remaining questions as follows:

"Mrs. Fairchild came to our home about two-thirty o'clock in the afternoon. She had been married, but she killed her husband, who was a minister, fifteen years ago. At the time of his death, we lived near one another on Sherwood Avenue, in Kalamazoo.

"She was a hypnotist. She had developed her mental power and was able to govern people by mental power—made them do just exactly as she wanted them to do. If she wanted anyone to exhibit any bad disease it would show upon their bodies. She has killed over a hundred people here in Kalamazoo in the last twenty-five years.

"She could make people have any kind of disease she chose. She always kept a list of the people she intended to kill. I had the list today, but I burned it. I wish now I hadn't."

"She killed Mrs. Loveland. Mrs. Loveland wasn't sick. Mrs. Fairchild killed her mentally. I cannot explain just how she did it."

"Mrs. Fairchild came to visit with me quite often. When I knew she was coming, I always sent my daughter away from home. My daughter didn't know about her. I didn't want her to know. I was afraid of Mrs. Fairchild. I was afraid she would kill my daughter. She was a hypnotist. If she wanted my Eugenia to drop dead, she would drop dead."

"I always knew when Mrs. Fairchild was coming. I had a way of knowing.

She would let me know. Anyone who understands mental work would know what I mean."

"A hypnotist governs people's thinking and tells them what to think. Sometimes Mrs. Fairchild would call me on the telephone, and sometimes she would make me feel she was coming. She would speak some words. I could hear them. Any one who knows anything about it can hear the words."

"I felt she was coming today. The last time she came here she was getting ready to kill us. She had already killed Mrs. Loveland."

"I didn't report it to the officers because they would not understand it mentally. Mrs. Fairchild had been planning to kill all of us, (my family), for years. I was told not to report it to the officers."

"When she came today, she sat on the back porch. Just sat around. Talked a little. I was afraid of her. My daughter was away. When I felt that Mrs. Fairchild was coming, I sent her away, and told her not to come home till around six o'clock."

"Mrs. Fairchild stayed for supper. Eugenia called up and wanted to know if she could come home to supper. I told her not to come for a while."

"Mrs. Fairchild did not eat much supper. She didn't have a chance to eat. She died. About five-thirty. She had killed over a hundred people."

Mrs. Burgess suddenly ceased speaking when we pressed her for details of the actual crime. After some hesitation, she shot this question at us:

"Is there going to be a trial?"

I told her that I had no way of knowing yet whether or not there would be a trial. That probably depended on the manner in which she answered our questions.

The next question put to the woman was, "What did you kill her with? What did you strike her with first?"

I NSTEAD of giving an answer to the question, Mrs. Burgess said:

"Three of the old ladies at the Merrill Home died, and she killed them."

I then asked Mrs. Burgess where Mrs. Fairchild was standing, if she was standing, when the first blow was struck. The prisoner said:

"Mrs. Fairchild had been preying on people for years and years and years."

We finally led the questioning back to the subject of Mrs. Fairchild's alleged witchery. Mrs. Burgess talked quite freely on this subject. Among other things she said:

"Mrs. Fairchild sometimes commanded me to go to see her. I always went. She said if we would be friends and I would not tell anyone she would not kill me."

"We had to protect ourselves. We could take her over and let her govern us. All the time she was at the house today she threatened us. I could feel it. She worked on my heart. My husband told me to forget it. But I paid no attention to him. He is a man. I never heard him complain about his feelings."

The next question was, "And you killed her. How did you kill her?"

She retorted: "What difference does it make as long as she was killed?"

Though we shot questions at her for

hours, we were unable to get a statement bearing directly on the brutal killing of the aged minister's widow.

In despair, we led Pearl Burgess back to her cell in the county jail, and brought Eugene Burgess, her husband, into my office.

Without a moment's hesitation, the man admitted that he had been the one to wield the lead pipe and the carpenter's hammer. Like his wife, Eugene Burgess accepted the guilt of the crime alone. He swore his wife had no hand in the mêlée, that she was in the kitchen getting supper when he killed the old woman.

But farther along in his confession, which he repeated three times, without varying the least in the important details, Burgess said that his wife was at the supper table, eating, when he slipped up behind the unsuspecting victim and struck her down with the lead pipe.

**N**OR did Eugene Burgess hesitate to describe in minute detail the gory attack he made upon the white head of Mrs. Fairchild. His confession follows:

"Mrs. Fairchild lived near us several years ago on Sherwood Avenue. I would describe her as a hypnotist. She could hypnotize anybody she wanted to.

"I once had a funny feeling she put into me. I thought that in years to come it would wear away. She claimed herself that she had hypnotized over a hundred people—that she had killed a hundred people. She told my wife so.

"She put a feeling into my wife. At times my wife would be so weak. She had influence over me. Lots of times I would stagger. I would gather myself up. Other times I would go blind. Then I would have aches and pains. I don't

over to the house, but I never saw her.

"She would come to get inside. She wanted to bring her cats. My wife was afraid of her. If you had been through what I have for the last fifteen years you would do what I did.

"Mrs. Fairchild had mental telepathy. Mrs. Loveland said she had mental telepathy.

"When I came home today Mrs. Fairchild was on the front porch. I stopped and talked to them. I went on in the house. They came in too. My wife went to get supper. Mrs. Fairchild went back to the porch. I washed up, and walked around, out there where that 'thing' was."

Here I interrupted the speaker, asking, "Why do you call her a 'thing'?"

"That is what she was," replied Burgess.

Continuing, he said: "I went back in the house, alone, and my wife had supper on the table. Mrs. Fairchild came in to supper. She sat on the east side. Then I got up and went for a drink. I was thinking about putting her out of the way. I had been thinking about it for the last ten days. I did not go back and sit down. I got the piece of lead pipe from the kitchen. (It developed that Burgess had placed the pipe there ten days before, for the very purpose that he used it for that evening).

"I came back and beat her to death. She dropped to the floor. I hit her four times with the pipe. After she dropped to the floor I beat her up and put her in the sitting-room. I beat her some more in there. She bled. I hit her in the same place all the time—behind the ear. Lots of blood was thrown about the room.

"I dragged her into the bedroom. Then dragged her in where you found her. (The cistern). I knew she was dead when she stopped breathing. I listened. I put the drape from the front door around her. I got a cement block and put a wire on it and fastened it around the body. I thought of putting her in the cistern right from the first. (This particular statement later proved false. Burgess tried to persuade his son to take the body in his car and leave it beside the highway, to make it appear an automobile had struck the old woman).

"I wrapped burlap around her head, and put her in the cistern.

"I hit her with the hammer because I thought she had more life in her."

Doctor Morter interrupted to ask Burgess if he realized what he had done.

"I do," asserted the fiend.

"All I was doing was protecting my home," said Burgess, defiantly.

Throughout the long hours of questioning of Burgess, which followed the grilling of Mrs. Burgess, the 54-year-old hammer slayer maintained that his wife was innocent of the crime. He even said once that Mrs. Burgess didn't know a murder had ever been committed in her home until we arrived at the house. Of course he was lying. We knew it at the time. And in his second confession he admitted that Mrs. Burgess helped him to carry the body of the murdered woman out back to the cistern. Burgess at first tried to implicate his son, Burnett.

The boy knew shortly after the killing took place what his parents had done, and when I talked to him in my office, I tried

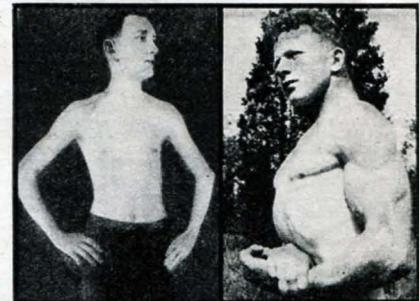


Sheriff Jerome S. Borden. He handled the Burgess case with remarkable tact and skill

know how she did that. I had lots of funny feelings in my heart. I would have short breath. I was at the factory, and thought I would never get home.

"Mrs. Fairchild was the cause of that. I had to kill her. She would have killed the whole family—taken them out one at a time. My wife has been complaining about her bothering her for fifteen years. I hadn't seen Mrs. Fairchild for the last twelve years. She used to come

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to frighten him by hinting that he was as guilty as his father, since he had failed to make a report of the crime to us.

But in my heart I could not blame Burnett Burgess for withholding his knowledge of the crime. For what son would place his father and mother in the shadow of the electric chair by telling what he knew about a criminal act they had committed?

I FINALLY came to the conclusion, and I believe the other officials were of the same mind, that Burnett Burgess had had no part whatsoever in the murder of Etta Fairchild. The boy was released on bail to guarantee his appearance in court.

Both Eugene Burgess and his wife, Pearl, were indicted for murder in the first degree, and lodged in the county jail to await trial.

On the evening of September 24th I went out with my family, and returned about 1 o'clock in the night. (Our residence is in the county jail building, as are the dwellings of most county sheriffs.) I walked through the anteroom, where the turnkey is on duty, and inquired if everything was all right about the jail. The turnkey assured me that it was and I passed on to my living quarters, and retired for the night.

It was just a few minutes past 4 A. M. when I was rudely awakened. The turnkey was at my door. I slipped into a dressing robe, and poked my head out into the hall, where the turnkey was standing. I knew that something must have gone wrong, else the turnkey would not have bothered me at that hour.

Something had gone wrong, very wrong. "Burgess has committed suicide," announced the turnkey.

I GOT into my clothes, and went with him into the jail. He led the way to what we call the "cage," which is a square room with tiers of cells in three corners. In the other corner is located the toilet and washroom, to which all the prisoners in the "cage" have access at all times.

The cell which Burgess had occupied with four other men is built into one of the corners at the opposite end of the "cage" from the washroom. We hurried past this cell, toward the other end of the room.

The lifeless body of Eugene Burgess dangled from the ceiling, at one end of a nightshirt, directly in front of the toilet.

He had fastened the garment to the ceiling, tied the other end about his neck, and hanged himself.

The suicide was discovered by Weistny Niedezieka, another prisoner. Niedezieka had gotten up just at 4 o'clock to go to the washroom, and had stumbled squarely into the nude corpse hanging from the ceiling.

The remains of the elderly slayer of an aged and helpless paupered woman was buried with only the immediate relatives of the Burgess family attending the services.

MANY and varied were the impressions left upon the minds of the public—a public keyed to accept unflinchingly whatever new sensations might arise as an aftermath of the Etta Fairchild horror—

when Eugene Burgess escaped the wrath of justice by the suicide route.

But the one effect that predominated was this: Eugene Burgess had demonstrated to the world that he was the most miserable of cowards. He had taken a quick, sure way out of a serious predicament. His troubles were forever wiped away in the gloom of that jail cell, at the silent hour of 4 o'clock in the morning.

But what about Pearl Burgess? She was left alone to battle the penalty the State would be certain to demand for the life of the poor unfortunate old lady who had been robbed of the few years that should have been hers.

Would the heart of society soften to-



A graphic word picture by Sheriff Borden is given in this story, of how his feet became entangled in newspapers spread on the floor when he entered bedroom in the Burgess home, shown above. Note the blood revealed when the newspapers were removed

ward the widow of a suicide-murderer, and the accused co-slaver of the aged Mrs. Fairchild?

*What judgment would society pass on Pearl Burgess?*

**MRS. BURGESS** went on trial in Circuit Court in Kalamazoo, Monday, October 14th, 1929. Judge George V. Weimer presided. The People of the State of Michigan were represented by Prosecuting Attorney Paul M. Tedrow. Stephen H. Wattles was the defense attorney.

A jury was chosen in less than six hours. The prosecution began moving its heavy artillery up to the front, and trained its guns on Pearl Burgess, who came into court clad in black from head to feet, in mourning for the husband who chose death in preference to facing a court of law for his fiendish crime. The defendant's face was hidden from view beneath a heavy black veil.

She was calm, and apparently the most disinterested of the scores of persons who jammed the little circuit court room, as the prosecution opened its case by placing on the witness stand Mrs. Clara M. Cuthbert, matron at the Merrill Home, where Mrs. Fairchild had been an inmate for the last three years.

No mention of the ramifications of witchcraft, which the Burgesses charged

Mrs. Fairchild had practiced extensively for more than fifteen years, was made in the examination of Mrs. Cuthbert. The omission of the subject, which had been given as the direct motive for the murder, came as a surprise to many in the court room.

The state's next witness was Doctor Ralph Cook, Kalamazoo County Coroner. Doctor Cook at first proceeded cautiously, choosing each word with great care, striving, it appeared, to testify in a purely official, non-interested-spectator manner. But his description of the scene of the slaying, and of the back-yard where the cistern is situated and where the battered body of the victim was placed by the perpetrators of the crime, was lurid in its details.

As he described the condition of the head and left side of Mrs. Fairchild as he first saw the body, Mrs. Burgess sat rigidly erect, swinging one foot above the other, apparently struggling to remain calm and unemotional. But a slight compressing of her white lips was noticeable, and her eyes—strong eyes for a woman of fifty-two years—danced, and a mist formed in them.

Eugenia Burgess, the seventeen-year-old daughter who was sent away from her home by anxious parents when it was known that Etta Fairchild was to pay the Burgess residence a call on the evening of July 18th, bit her lip. The color drained from her already white face which was conspicuous for the absence of rouge, and she vigorously shook her pretty head with its bobbed raven hair, fighting back the tears which filled her eyes.

**A**TTORNEY WATTLES repeatedly objected to questions put to the witness by Prosecutor Tedrow. He objected to the question regarding what was said by Mrs. Burgess immediately upon Doctor Cook's arrival at the home on Ransom Street. He objected to questions which were meant to bring out the condition of the interior of the house, with its profusion of crimson stains. He objected to what the prosecution termed "Exhibit A; Exhibit B," etc., when Tedrow attempted to introduce the exhibits into the trial. These exhibits included a heavy portière with which the body of the slain woman was wrapped before it was thrown into the cistern; a heavy building block, which was used to weight the body to the bottom of the cistern; and the insulated wire cable which secured the block to the body; pictures taken shortly after the crime was discovered and the body removed from its sunken sepulchre—pictures illustrating the revolting affair as all the words in the world could not illustrate it.

Equally vigorous were the objections made to the manner of the questioning of Doctor Cook by Attorney Wattles. Some of the questions asked the witness by the defense, if answered in the affirmative, would have acted as boomerangs to the People's case.

**A**MONG these questions ingeniously put by Wattles in words that would be hard to interpret by merely hearing them uttered, was this one: (This question, followed a statement by Doctor Cook that Mrs. Burgess said on the night of the murder, "We had to do it; because she was a witch, and we were in danger of our

lives and her death was necessary."

"Doctor Cook, being a man of intelligence and science, wouldn't you say upon hearing such an utterance, that the speaker was of a mentality not exactly right—unbalanced?"

Tedrow was on his feet in an instant, with his objection on his lips before the opposing attorney had entirely finished speaking.

Judge Weimer searched long into the faces of both attorneys. It appeared that the judge was trying to decide in his own mind whether or not the question had been asked in good faith, before sustaining or overruling the prosecution's objection. The court was plainly at sea, for a great deal hinged on that question.

Should Doctor Cook have been permitted to reply, and should his answer have been "yes," he would have automatically given testimony in behalf of the defense. And should the answer have been "no," the whole of Wattles' case of insanity would have been exploded, temporarily, at least.

The court was tense. Every person in the room, including Pearl Burgess, leaned forward eagerly waiting for the judge's decision. Judge Weimer finally spoke:

"Objection sustained, for the present."

Prosecutor Tedrow examined a dozen witnesses Monday. For the most part they were officers who had been present in my office when I obtained the confessions from Eugene and Pearl Burgess.

Mrs. Marian Ring, the woman to whom Pearl Burgess had gone asking for help in disposing of the body of her victim, was called to the stand by Tedrow. Mrs. Ring repeated the conversation between Mrs. Burgess and herself.

**L**ATE Tuesday afternoon Tedrow announced the People would rest.

Mr. Wattles opened his fight in behalf of his client, the witch slayer.

One of the first witnesses to be called by the defense was Doctor Roy A. Morter, an official of the Kalamazoo State Hospital for the Insane. Doctor Morter had examined Mrs. Burgess on the night of July 18th, when she was being questioned in my office.

"Have you a medical term for the witch theory that Mrs. Burgess said she believed in?"

Doctor Morter gave the term. It was "delusion of persecution."

"And was Mrs. Burgess, in your opinion, afflicted with such a disease?"

"Yes."

"Would you say that, assuming Mrs. Burgess was so afflicted with what you term 'delusion of persecution' she was of sound mind?"

Doctor Morter replied that in his opinion Pearl Burgess was not of sound mind.

"Would you say, doctor, that the respondent, being of unsound mind and afflicted with delusion of persecution, was capable of knowing right from wrong?" asked Wattles.

"It is my opinion that Mrs. Burgess was suffering from a mental disease for a number of years, including the night of the murder. For that reason I do not believe she could determine right from wrong," said the witness.

"People having 'delusion of persecution,'" he went on, "may conduct themselves correctly in their social contacts

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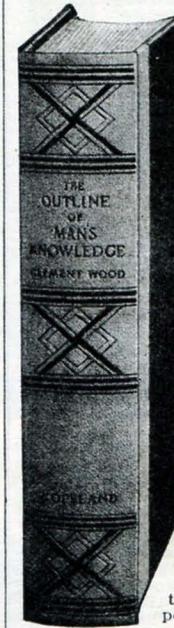
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and conversations, but when their minds come to dwell upon the thing with which they are afflicted, their delusions, they may not be responsible."

Many other witnesses were called by Mr. Wattles, who had announced at the outset of the trial that his was a "double-barrel defense," based on the contention that Mrs. Burgess had not aided her husband in beating Mrs. Fairchild to death, and on the plea of insanity.

WHEN he closed his case, he felt certain that he had made a favorable impression, especially with the insanity plea.

Prosecutor Tedrow made his argument to the jury briefly. The defense required longer to sum up the testimony of its witnesses.

Judge Weimer delivered his charge to the eleven men and one woman in the jury box at 10:12 o'clock the morning of October 17th.

The jury was locked up to deliberate on the fate of the pale little woman whose face might have belonged to any one of a million American mothers—but in whose soul lurked something blacker than midnight.

At 10 o'clock that night, twelve hours after receiving Judge Weimer's charge, the buzzer from the jury chamber sounded in the court room. The more than a hundred women who had stuck to their seats waiting for the verdict stirred in anticipation of what signal might mean.

But no verdict had been reached. The jury wanted instructions from the judge.

The jury wanted to know, should it return a verdict of not guilty for reason of insanity, what would become of the respondent. It was the sentiment of the jurors that Mrs. Burgess should be "incarcerated in some institution," but the type of institution to which she should be sent provided a bone of contention.

The jury wanted Mrs. Burgess "sent somewhere"; but were not able to agree upon what this "somewhere" might be.

Mr. Hass, the foreman, delivered a note to Judge Weimer bearing the question which had caused the previous deadlock. The question was, in substance, this:

"Should we, the jury, return a verdict of not guilty, because of reasons of in-

sanity, what will the court do with the respondent?"

Judge Weimer told the jury the question was improper, and that he could not answer it. The jury was locked up again, and there followed several hours more of deliberation. At one time, the vote stood eight for acquittal against four for conviction.

While the jury was balloting to decide the innocence or guilt, the sanity or insanity of Mrs. Burgess, the slayer calmly watched every move made by the jurors from her cell in the women's ward of the county jail.

The cell occupied by Mrs. Burgess since her incarceration overlooks the court between the jail and the court house. The jury chamber, brilliantly illuminated, was in plain view from the killer's point of observation.

At 1:27 o'clock on the morning of Friday, Oct. 18th, an agreement was reached in the mysterious confines of the Circuit Court Jury Chamber.

*Pearl Burgess was found guilty of murder in the first degree.*

The verdict carried a mandatory sentence of life imprisonment.

MRS. BURGESS was taken from her cell in the county jail, where she had sat calmly on the edge of a prison cot more than half the night observing the eleven men and one woman who decided her fate, through the cell window. She heard the dreaded words of H. N. Haas, foreman of the jury, without wincing.

Hers was a calm that at once characterized the convicted slayer of the 76-year-old Etta L. Fairchild, the "Burgess Witch," as stoically indifferent to the payment exacted by society for the commission of murder.

Aside from appearing a little haggard from the sleepless half night that she had spent waiting for a jury to write the climax to the drama that had gripped the country, Mrs. Burgess displayed no emotion or indication that she had heard and comprehended the three simple words of the verdict.

More than a hundred persons, mostly women, had remained in the court sixteen hours to hear the final words pronounced in Michigan's most sensational murder trial.

## "Checking" Into Sing Sing

(Continued from page 43)

at the same time in the Atlanta Penitentiary in 1920 and 1921. From these circumstances, we knew they must be the team we had hunted. However, Howland wouldn't talk much.

Through photographs and other means, Howland was soon identified as the Mr. Wells who was with Adams or Browne when Browne attempted the Philadelphia swindles and also as one of the men who had subsequently swindled the Louisville and Atlanta bankers. Obviously, the duty uppermost then was to cage the bird that had fallen into our hands and to do that we decided to turn him over to the Louisville police, who had a good case against him.

A conviction seemed easy but we had not fully appreciated the desperate character and resourcefulness of

the man Johannes and Dwyer had caught.

Before he could be removed from the Minneapolis jail, Howland fashioned a key from a tin cup and was in the act of opening his cell door when he was discovered. He was taken to Louisville and as we expected, sentenced to eight years in the Kentucky penitentiary. For some unknown reason, possibly with the aid of some other parties, his transfer from the Louisville jail to the penitentiary was delayed and this is how he took advantage of this interval.

On October 28th, a man entered the cell corridor with a bail bond for one of Howland's fellow prisoners.

*Howland answered the call as if the bail was for him, walked out of the cell section and disappeared in the crowds*

hurrying by on the street!

That was all that came of our efforts to imprison Howland and Browne at that time.

With his customary audacity, Howland turned up in Dallas the following January, cashed three fraudulent checks for \$100 each and fled after attempting to cash a fourth. After that, the clues again froze.

It was one of the most annoying situations I have faced. Here were two men who had swindled banks of upwards of \$150,000, but who had made their identities a mystery and could always keep one step ahead of our operatives.

Howland, particularly, seemed to escape where escape seemed impossible. Besides breaking out of the Louisville jail, he had fled in 1914 from a prison in Butte, Montana, after an arrest on a charge of passing a worthless check.

Yes, it looked bad. It was particularly discouraging because these two men's records and photographs had been sent to thousands of banks and police departments while every private detective agency had been engaged by one bank or another to run them down. It looked like defeat, however, and all the many interested police forces and private agencies could hope for was that these criminals would either reform or resume their operations in some part of the country where they could be overtaken and apprehended.

**T**HE situation rested for many months while we worked on other and more active cases. Among those that came into our office for investigation was a new kind of racket reported as being perpetrated in Nassau County, Long Island, which has a most efficient police force and which is in a state where the Baumes Laws, with their provisions for life sentences for fourth offenders, have made justice more than a name to criminals.

On May 16th, 1928, sixteen Nassau County banks reported to Captain Harold R. King of the county force, that a well-dressed and courteous salesman, James P. Morton by name, had defrauded them of exactly \$253.16 each!

It appeared that this salesman had opened accounts in each of the banks, making frequent withdrawals therefrom, until they were of only nominal amount on May 16th. On that day he went as fast as his automobile would take him from one bank to another cashing fraudulent cashier's checks drawn on a New Jersey bank. His hurried departure in one case made the teller suspicious and he telephoned the Jersey bank.

The message he received caused him to broadcast a general alarm to the other Nassau County banks, but too late, Mr. Morton had collected \$4,050.56 and called it a day!

**R**ESPONDING to the alarm, Captain King and some of his detectives, together with Burns operatives, turned to the ever-useful rogues gallery and unearthed therefrom the likeness of John Howland. The bankers unhesitatingly identified these pictures as those of their Mr. James P. Morton.

Evidently, the daring Howland had considered himself a match for one of the best organized police departments in New

York State, backed, as they were, by the justly renowned Baumes Laws. We knew by now that where Howland was we might find Browne.

Meanwhile, a man operating another racket had been doing fairly well across the line in Queens County, which, unlike Nassau County, is within the limits of Greater New York. This man, giving his name as Mr. Charles E. Shaw, would represent himself as an agent of a New York newspaper seeking signatures on a petition for a reduction in the national income taxes. Tax reduction is never unpopular and Mr. Shaw had taking ways.

He soon obtained a number of specimen signatures, and with these as models forged their endorsements on checks of \$250 each. To please the clients whose endorsements were forged, the banks cashed the checks until they began to come bouncing back from a New Jersey bank marked "no account." "No account" was right!

Bringing out our portrait gallery, we quickly had Mr. Shaw identified as Ross Browne. Our two friends had evidently joined forces again!

**B**UT this time the bankers did not look impressed. They had seen the pictures of Browne and Howland before and thought them very pleasing to look at, but how about an arrest or two, they asked.

We took the hint and for eight days and nights searched Nassau County and its neighborhood. Not a trace of our birds did we find. We did not suspect that one of them, Browne, was so well known in the county that his picture had appeared in a leading New York newspaper's Sunday rotogravure section.

Finally, a defrauded banker remembered that every time Howland would appear at his bank a man resembling Browne would show up in an automobile and trail him away. It was obvious this was a pre-arranged plan to detect any police scrutiny. The banker also had noticed on one hub a meter such as is installed on all rental cars. This device is used to record mileage and, unlike a speedometer, cannot be turned back. But no one had noted its number and two days of search for an agency which might have rented the car proved fruitless.

At this point we gathered up our files on these criminals from the time they started their careers in 1913 and began the tiresome task of reading the data on hand for a possible clue, which, added to the important lead furnished by themselves when they decided to act in concert, would bring them to earth.

The records showed that when Browne was arrested at New Orleans in 1919 he carried a watch which he said had been given him by a naval lieutenant then living in Mineola, which is in Nassau County. Also, they recalled to us that in Washington he had posed as a scenario writer. The Howland file showed nothing that could link him to any person or occupation, except crime and Ross Browne.

**O**NCE more we tackled the automobile renting agencies in the vicinity of Mineola, and then our luck began to turn. In a short time we located an agency which for a month had furnished a car to a scenario writer. This writer had not given



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the name of Browne, but his picture was quickly identified as that of Browne. The address he had given proved of little value, but it was obvious that to have driven a car he must have had a driver's or owner's license.

We did some intensive research of files in a department of the New York State government and discovered a clue, the nature of which we are not at liberty to reveal, which led us directly to 12 North Drive, Malba, Long Island.

Malba is a pleasant community not far from Mineola. Its residents are mostly substantial persons who would be surprised to hear that they had harbored criminals. They knew Ross Browne well and favorably. He was quite a sporting chap, in fact his English bull terrier, Navy Guns, had just won first prize in special and reserve classes at the Sixth Annual Dog Show of the Westbury Kennel Association.

A picture of Mr. Browne holding Navy Guns in leash had appeared in the Sunday rotogravure section of a conservative New York morning newspaper. When not exhibiting dogs, Mr. Browne wrote scenarios for the big movie concerns. Yes, they had just moved. What? Criminals? Impossible!

While Browne's neighbors had not known definitely where he had moved, the detectives soon located his new home at 29 Center Drive, Malba. Remembering our experience when we watched Browne's apartment in Chicago we moved cautiously.

One of our operatives approached the house carefully and secreted himself in a place where he could observe nearly every movement in and around the Browne residence. It was not long before he recognized the faces of both criminals. Then he telephoned for reinforcements.

It was no time for taking chances. Howland was a particularly desperate man who knew that one arrest in New York State would send him to the penitentiary for life. Captain King picked a squad of his own and telephoned New York City Headquarters for two of their experienced plain-clothes men. We sent along two of our operatives. All the raiding force carried arms and they were prepared to shoot it out with Howland and Browne.

The Burns men remembered how often Howland and Browne had slipped through their hands. Also, they knew that if they incarcerated Howland in a New York State jail he would have less luck in bluffing his way out than he had had in other communities.

The raiders approached the vicinity of the criminals' home by different routes and met at a designated point. A messenger was dispatched to the operative on guard, who said that both criminals were still inside and that this was the moment to close the net. Cautiously, the members of the party separated and approached the house from different angles. In this way every exit was soon guarded by a concealed and determined man.

At a given signal, the police and detectives rushed from their hiding places and with drawn pistols ran up to every entrance. Entering the lower floor, they found Browne seated drinking with two women.

He jumped to his feet but saw resistance was useless. In response to ques-

tions, he replied: "Howland is here in the house."

Knowledge that a criminal of Howland's type was hiding somewhere nearby, made the raiders apprehensive. They moved cautiously from cellar to roof, with pistols ready, but found no trace of him. Meanwhile, the force outside reported that no one had escaped from the house.

The search continued for two hours when, in one more search of the cellar, disturbed dust was noticed on a window sill. While some police remained in the cellar, others went and directed the force outside to close into the shrubbery that surrounded the house. In a few minutes Howland was found and pulled from his snug hiding place under the shrubbery where he had lain immediately after the first tap at the door.

His capture, after his patient wait of two hours, seemed to have taken the heart out of him and he offered no fight.

In searching the house, the police found a room where neither Mrs. Browne nor the other woman had been allowed to enter. Browne and Howland would disappear into this room at times, explaining that they had to have quiet to concentrate on their scenarios. There the detectives found all kinds of devices for forgery, supplies of blank checks and a blackjack.

Still maintaining a polite demeanor, Browne and Howland accompanied the police to the office of Elvin N. Edwards, District Attorney of Nassau County.

Browne admitted his many aliases, but insisted his name was Crawford Ross Browne.

Howland also admitted his record and aliases, but both men refused to affirm or deny that they were related to one another. They both pleaded guilty to forgery and grand larceny and later Brown received ten years in Sing Sing and Howland drew a life sentence.

Before sentence was formally passed, Howland announced he would oppose it. This was probably a ruse to enable him to remain longer in the Mineola jail.

ONE Sunday night a guard caught him cutting the bars of his cell door with a saw which in some unexplained manner had reached his hands. He was put under extra guard and from then on he was a broken man.

Two days later, Judge Lewis J. Smith in County Court pronounced sentence on him, saying:

"You have made a big mistake. If you ever apply to the governor for commutation, your record will show that you not only attempted to escape here but probably also tried to deliver other prisoners on the cell tier near you."

Dejectedly, Howland walked away between his guards on the road that leads to Sing Sing.

It is well that they should remain there. Their recorded crimes account for many thousands of dollars and there are probably many more swindles that could be solved if they would speak.

Thus end the criminal careers of two young men who showed signs of education and whose bearing, even after years in prison and in association with other criminals, indicates they were given a good start in life. They could have succeeded in honest callings, but they chose otherwise.

# The Man with the Twisted Foot

(Continued from page 24)

of the bungalow a crowd had gathered, a grim, silent crowd, and one look at the faces of these men told me that I would have no difficulty in getting all the help I needed in apprehending the man responsible for this atrocity.

A heart-breaking telegram came for the Colonel from Secretary Gage. It read as follows:

San Diego, Cal.  
June 24, 1909.

C. H. Thompson,  
McDaniel, Md.

*It is terrible. Overwhelmed. Impossible to realize it. Have notified husband. You will hear from him. Can I do anything?*

L. J. Gage.

MEANWHILE during these days, which must have been days of torture to him, Roberts had gone quietly about his business.

When we checked up on his movements later, this is what we found out: All Monday morning—that day after the murder is believed to have taken place—he had sat in the telegraph station at McDaniel. In the afternoon he went to Baltimore to mail the letter which Miss Carrie Thompson received on Wednesday, and which would have delayed the search for some days had the body not been found. The mystery of the letter was never cleared up. Mrs. Woodill may have written it in Easton intending to mail it later herself or Roberts may have framed the whole thing.

Roberts returned to McDaniel on Tuesday night. Sitting in the telegraph office on Wednesday afternoon, he heard George B. Taylor, B. C. & A. agent, suddenly cry out: "They've found the body of a woman murdered in the Creek!"

"My God!" exclaimed Roberts, jumping to his feet. "You don't mean to say a woman has been murdered here! Who was she?"

He dropped back in his chair when Taylor answered that she was still unidentified. After a few minutes he said: "Get me a team, Mr. Taylor. I will go over to St. Michaels to get a story about this murder for the Washington and Baltimore papers. This will be a great scoop!"

Upon reaching St. Michaels, he watched the proceedings and did not leave until the body had been incorrectly identified as that of Miss Plummer.

Then he returned to McDaniel and ordered a ticket for Baltimore. Mr. Taylor said to him:

"Emmett, unless your business is pressing, I wouldn't go to Baltimore tonight. You have missed the regular train and would have to go over by team to Clairborne to catch the freight boat."

Roberts then said: "Oh, if there is to be any suspicion about me, I will remain. But I never even saw this woman." He remained in the telegraph office.

An hour later, the identity of Mrs. Woodill had been suspected and Mr. Taylor was again phoned and asked to go after Colonel Thompson and bring him to the Coroner's. Mr. Taylor left in his horse

and buggy to call for the Colonel. On his way home again, he met Roberts in the road, and again warned him against going away.

"O. K.," called the lame man cheerfully and the two men walked up to Taylor's house together.

"Get me a drink, will you, George?" asked Roberts.

"Certainly," answered Mr. Taylor and he went inside to the kitchen leaving Roberts standing on the porch outside.

When he came out again with the glass in his hand, Roberts had disappeared, but a party headed by Constable A. C. Mortimer and Bailiff E. O. Hamilton were coming up full-tilt.

"Where's Roberts?" they demanded.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked Taylor.

"Well, we want him and we want him quick!" was the answer.

"He can't be far away," said Taylor, "because he was here just a moment ago. Asked me for a drink and I went inside to get it."

*But Roberts had fled.*

THE men first went to Taylor's barn, thinking that he might have stolen a horse and carriage, but nothing was missing. They searched the barn and the cellar and the house.

When someone suggested that they had no search-warrant, George Taylor cried: "Search-warrant the devil!"

Then they made for Eastman's boat, which they found moored at its little wharf; from it, they removed the gasoline starter, in case he should attempt to get it later.

There was but one clue: the skiff of Captain Hugh Dawson, the father-in-law of Mr. Taylor, had been tied to the wharf a few minutes earlier. Now it was gone.

Telegrams were at once sent out to enlist the aid of the best Baltimore detectives, for the Baltimore police force is always at the call of the Maryland counties. Warnings were sent out to watch for a man with a limp—wearing a brace. Hundreds of men and boys prepared themselves for the pursuit of the criminal.

All the forces of law and order were lined up on one side.

On the other was Roberts—in his fragile skiff, without food and water or clothing—in the most thrilling man-hunt in the history of Maryland.

You may think, perhaps, that in this contest between Roberts and the Law, the cards were stacked in favor of the latter—that the Law had a great advantage and that Roberts' capture could be only a matter of time.

This was far from being true. Roberts was without food and clothing (as far as we knew), but he might have been well supplied with money, and perhaps he had some buddy who would be willing to shelter him until the chase died down.

In order to thoroughly comprehend the moves of the game, it is necessary to say a few words about the topography of this part of the Eastern Shore. If you will look at the diagram illustrating this story, you will see that there are more miles of water than of land. A plat of

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Talbot County showing the creeks and rivers and bays crooking in every direction resembles a railroad map gone crazy. Water courses elbow in and out wherever one goes. Some of the sleepy little towns are not two miles apart as the crow flies, but to reach them in a boat you must travel ten. For instance, Roberts' bungalow was but a scant half-dozen miles from St. Michaels, but the distance between these two points by water was forty-five miles!

The Woodill tragedy writhed in and out among these twisting waters, and the curious lay of the land had much to do with the difficulty in catching this suspected murderer.

Then, too, during the summer months—this was the end of June—Maryland's Little Mediterranean, the Chesapeake, is a beautiful island sea, enticing sightseers and visitors by the hundreds.

All the world has heard of the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the James, perhaps of the York and even of the Patuxent, but rivalling these in beauty are the Sassafras, the Chester, the Nanticoke, the Tred Avon, the Wicomico, the Manokin, the Onancock, the Nandua, and the Ocean-hannock, most of them navigable for five or ten miles from the bay, some of them for forty or fifty, and each with a distinctive charm of its own.

Roberts, disguised as a traveller, might wind in and out among these streams for weeks. It is true that his game leg set him definitely apart from other men, but now this thought occurred to us: did Roberts really have a game leg at all, or was this a part of some nefarious disguise deliberately planned long before he ever came to the Eastern Shore?

Everything was so confused—no one really knew anything about Roberts or where he had come from, and the undeniable evidence that the murder had taken place in his bungalow upset every preconceived idea we held.

There was still another factor in favor of Roberts. The rivers were full of small freight boats, loading produce from the "Sho'" and stacked high with crates. Behind these barricades, a man might lie in safety for many days, or drop off unobserved at some isolated spot. Although we had the telephone and the telegraph twenty years ago, many of these small villages were not fully equipped and the spreading of the news was bound to be slow.

The first thing that we did was to send out a lookout sheet, with a reward of \$250 offered by the Talbot County authorities. Here is Roberts' full description:

Age—about 40

Height—5 ft. 6 in.

Build—stout

Face—smooth-shaven

Hair—bushy, luxuriant

Complexion—ruddy

Peculiarity—limps as he walks and is accustomed to wear a brace on his leg.

This information was sent to every big city in case he succeeded in eluding the snare; to every town and village through which he might pass; and plans were made to search every pungie, sloop, and schooner as it docked at its wharf.

Roberts disappeared at about eight o'clock Thursday night. It was at first believed that he had stolen Mr. Dawson's



Former Sheriff A. E. Welsh, who gave the story of this famous case to TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

skiff, but this was not so certain when J. B. Wrightson, who lived near St. Michaels, reported that at about nine o'clock of this same evening someone had stolen one of his horses. This would have made it possible for the man to have ridden to Easton Point and taken the midnight steamer for Baltimore.

All Thursday night and Friday the hunt went on without a single word of the fugitive. The first real clue was received by Justice of the Peace Willey shortly before midnight on Friday. A telephone message came from Commissioner Thomas Cooper of Bozman that Roberts had been sighted near the farm of John William McQuay, four miles down on the town side of Harris Creek.

A posse was at once formed, headed by Justice Willey and Deputy Sheriff Alexander C. Mortimer. There were also Captain Cooper, night-watchman Harry Krone, Henry Fogg, Jr., Edward T. Harper, and a colored man named Charles Payne. I want you to particularly remember this colored man. Before the dawn broke the next morning, his bravery had made him a hero.

The news of Roberts' suspected whereabouts reached me at the Easton jail. State's Attorney Turner called me by phone and asked me to organize my forces and start out in the general direction of Bozman.

Since, however, we are concerned only with the adventures of this first searching party, let me tell you of their chase on this thrilling night.

THE first step was a careful threshing of the woods near McQuay's house. The men were led by a Mr. Nevitt who had first seen Roberts lurking on the waterfront. Only two men were armed.

The night was inky black, with no moon. Noiselessly the underbrush was beaten, and so dark was it and so dense the woods that at times the hunters became widely separated even from one another.

In this manner McQuay's house was finally reached, and there the owner explained that although he had seen Roberts and had actually talked with him, he had been unable to detain him, and the much-wanted man had started to paddle up Harris Creek!

"I'm so thirsty. Won't you give me a drink of water?" he had called to McQuay.

"Sure. Come ashore. I'll fix you up," was the ready answer.

But Roberts, instead of leaving his boat, had, on the contrary, turned away and begun to paddle fiercely off. Perhaps he sensed from McQuay's voice that to come ashore would have meant capture.

"He's almost fagged out," McQuay told the party. "He seemed scarcely able to speak. He can't be far away."

At this point, the searchers separated. Deputy Sheriff Mortimer, Cooper, and Harper got into a skiff and started up the stream, while the others, led by Justice Willey, worked their way up on the shore along the water's edge.

This section is nothing more than a great green marsh, split by ponds and little streams covered with thick unwholesome green saltwater scum. Sometimes the men were waist-deep in water as they sank into the boggy ground.

It was arranged that the two parties—one on land, the other on water—were to meet at a certain point on the creek which was known to have been a favorite haunt of Roberts, and for which it was believed he might make.

The land party reached this rendezvous first, and a wait of half an hour was necessary before Sheriff Mortimer brought his men up.

"Nothing doing," said the land party.

"Nothing doing," reported the water party.

**T**HEIR hopes sank. Was it possible that Roberts had managed to slip out of the net just when they had so nearly had him?"

"Well," said Justice Willey, "I think that the next place he will head for will be McDaniel. He knows that George Taylor's stable is always unlocked, and he may try to get there and steal a horse. Let's go there."

"All right," replied Captain Cooper. "That will enable us to drive him up into



The grave of Edith May Thompson (Mrs. Woodhill) in the Methodist Churhyard at St. Michael's, Maryland. Her foster-brother, a suicide, lies beside her on the left, the stone marking both graves where ended the heartache and sorrow of two tragic lives.

the marsh and corner him."

As a matter of fact, this was exactly what Roberts was attempting to do. An examination of his boat later showed that the water party in its haste and excitement had actually passed the worn-out fugitive, who was standing up in his boat and wearily pushing it along with one oar. So quietly and slowly had he shoved it along, that he had made practically no noise. The next morning it was possible to return to this section of the stream, and in the shallow mud it could be seen plainly how he had driven one oar into the ground to keep the boat from floating from the tide, while he snatched a moment's rest. He must have been desperately tired!

The party now united its forces and throughout the long black night that followed, they trailed Roberts as he turned and twisted, back and forth, over the winding waterways, driving him farther and farther back into the marsh from which there was no escape.

**A**BOUT three o'clock, they reached a spot within fifty yards of the head of Harris Creek and just off the landing place back of the Thompson house. They had not had a sight or a sound of the murderer.

Here they stopped and held a second parley. They realized that if he were farther up the stream ahead of them he could not escape without being seen, as it was now almost dawn. But if he had been passed in the darkness and had been left too far in the rear, the party, by advancing, might give him a chance at a running escape.

*Suddenly there came the faint splash-splash of oars from an approaching boat, far in the distance.*

Roberts had the reputation of being a dead shot and the posse was certain that he must be armed.

Quickly they abandoned their skiff and dropped to the scanty protection of the few bushes edging the shore.

Nearer and still nearer, the listening ears caught the sound of the on-coming oars. So slowly they rose and fell! This was the arrival of a man desperately weary, scarcely able to raise his arms.

The muscles of the waiting men grew tense. Not a word was spoken. At any second now, they would be face to face with death!

In order to get a better view of the creek, Constable Mortimer and a single companion wormed their way along the ground to a position ten yards farther up the creek.

As the boat—for now it was absolutely certain that it was indeed a boat—grew closer, Justice Willey suddenly remembered the many other searching parties that might be out that night. He shouted:

"Is that any of my boys?"

Silence.

But the faint splash-splash of the oars ceased.

The critical moment had now come.

It was the darkest hour of the night, this hour just before the dawn. And now the first pale streaks of light began to fall. They showed to the crouching posse the dim outlines of a skiff and the form of a man in it.

"Throw up your hands, or I will shoot," thundered Justice Willey. The Magistrate and Constable Mortimer were the only



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two men in the entire party who were armed—Mr. Willey with a single-barrelled shotgun and the Constable with a .32-caliber revolver.

When there came no answer, Willey again cried:

"Throw up your hands or I will shoot!"

"Who the hell are you?" came the unexpected answer from the distant figure.

"Throw up your hands, I tell you, or I will shoot," roared the Magistrate for the third time. Now he was certain of his man.

The answer was the thunderous report of a gun once—then again.

**R**OBERTS had been brought to bay and had determined to shoot it out!

Without a second's hesitation, Willey and Mortimer blazed away in the direction of the flash of light. They could scarcely make out the figure of Roberts, who was dressed in a pair of dark plaid trousers and a blue outing shirt.

Mortimer fired a second time, but Willey, in the darkness, was unable to get the shell out of his shotgun and was powerless. But he continued to cover the dark object in the water and again shouted: "Throw up your hands, I tell you. I have you covered and you cannot get away!"

There was no answer except the empty echo of his words.

Nor was there another shot from the enemy.

The members of the posse looked at one another. Was it possible that one of their shots had brought down the quarry, or was he playing possum, hoping to entice them nearer before he again opened fire?

It was at this point that the colored man, Charles Payne, covered himself with glory.

"I'll go see what's up, boss," he volunteered, and before he could be restrained or cautioned, alone and unarmed, he stepped into the water and waded toward Roberts' boat.

The rest of the party, oblivious to their danger, rose to their feet. They all wore white shirts and one man had on white duck trousers. They made splendid targets for Roberts, with the crack-shot, only fifty feet away.

But Roberts would never fire another gun in this world. He lay across the prow of his skiff, with the blood gushing from his eyes and nose and mouth.

"We've hit him," Payne called to the others. "Come on up."

Quickly they approached and seized Roberts' arms and hands; even now they would take no chances. They raised him to his feet, but only their supporting arms kept him from falling inert.

Someone lit a match and by its flicker they saw the gaping wound in his breast which had torn out half his chest. His eyes were glassy and staring, but even in this terrible moment, a calm and contented smile rested on his face.

The man-hunt was over, and Roberts for one, was glad of it. This man wanted for the most brutal and mysterious murder in the state was dead, a .44-caliber revolver still clutched in his hand.

In the bottom of the boat there lay a great bundle of fragrant wheat straw, which Roberts had removed the day before from a field on Harrison Point, and which he had used as a pillow. This golden straw, which only a few hours before, had looked so lovely in its field, was now

stained with his life-blood. There was also a sheaf of letters and papers, but with these the posse did not bother at the moment.

The boat was dragged to shore and Roberts laid on the ground. Justice Willey bent over him and felt his heart. There was no action. He was quite dead.

Now the posse fired their remaining shots into the air to attract the attention of the other searchers.

Aroused by the commotion in the rear of his home, Colonel Thompson had arisen and gone to a back window which was within a stone's throw of the creek. He could not distinguish Roberts or his boat, but each member of the posse stood out quite plainly. He saw the flash of the guns, saw the dead man lifted from the boat.

He gave a sigh of relief and murmured: "It is over. It is settled. I am glad that it ended this way and that there was no trial."

Just as the men lifted the body on an old ladder, a make-shift for a stretcher, a most-dramatic incident occurred. Colonel Thompson arrived on the scene. It was a tragic moment when he looked into the still face of this man who had brought death to his door and sorrow to his family. Then, shaking his head sorrowfully, he turned in silence and walked away from the spot where the murderer of his foster-child had met death—in the very shadow of her home!

News of the death spread like wild-fire. Long before the wagon carrying the remains had reached St. Michaels, crowds of men and boys on horses and bicycles met it. Scores of women, buggies and automobiles joined this singular procession. Unconscious and indifferent to it all, Roberts lay on the rickety wagon stretched out on the ladder, the smile hovering about his mouth and ends of the yellow straw caught into his hair.

Gannon and I met them just outside of Bozman.

"Well, Sheriff," Willey greeted me. "We've got your man, but we're sorry to say he's dead!"

Roberts was carried to the undertaking establishment of Willey and Radcliffe. The place was soon surrounded by a curious mob. Women stopped preparing breakfasts and hastened into St. Michaels, and from the surrounding country-side folks continued to pour in.

Doctors Joseph B. Seth and J. H. Hope made a hurried examination. They discovered a singular fact. The bullet which had rushed Roberts into eternity had been fired from a .44-caliber pistol. Two bullets had entered the body, one through the heart, the other through the lower left jaw. There were no signs on the body of shotgun wounds or of a .32-caliber gun, both of which had been the weapons carried by the posse. Also there were powder-marks on the chest, showing that the shot had been fired at close range.

**A**JURY was hastily impanelled by Justice E. B. Sparks, made up of the following members: Foreman, H. C. Dodson, Doctor J. C. Davis, John H. Jones, R. C. Mansfield, William Bloodsworth, William Steers, Edward Harper, A. R. Radcliffe, Leon Shuck, B. M. Blades, Charles Hambleton, and Edward I. Jones.

They brought in this verdict: *Roberts had been killed—by his own hand!*

Roberts had cancelled his debt for the murder of Edith May Thompson Woodill. He had taken his own life as expiation for the young life he had so ruthlessly destroyed.

But there remained many questions to be answered, and State's Attorney Turner gave the order to begin a complete investigation which would answer the eternal "why? why?" on everybody's lips.

Why had this man, who had posed for all that was good in our community, perpetrated this ghastly crime? How had Mrs. Woodill come to be at his bungalow? From whence had come the letter to her foster-sister, signed with her own name and postmarked Baltimore, when the supposed writer of it was even at that moment providing a feast for the crabs? Who was this man Roberts? Where had he really come from? What was the motive of this strange murder?

These were a few of the questions that everybody was asking. The skiff gave the clue to a couple of them. In the bottom of the boat, you remember, when Roberts was killed, there lay a sheaf of letters and



Charles Payne, member of the posse that cornered Eastman. Payne waded out alone to the fugitive's skiff to investigate in the darkness, and in the face of possible death

papers. Two of these were of vital importance, for the first was the means of determining the slayer's real identity, and the second was a letter to his wife, in which he related what he claimed to be the reason and the circumstances of the murder.

The first paper, on the face of it, seemed trivial and uninteresting enough. It was a deed recording the sale of six lots in Bergen County, New Jersey, on July 29th, 1908, from Robert E. Eastman to John J. Mann.

With this slender clue an enterprising newspaper reporter got busy and succeeded in unearthing the astounding fact that Emmett E. Roberts was none other than "Lame Bob" Eastman of New York City, a crook badly wanted at that very moment by the Metropolitan police.

Eastman had been known as a broker on the Consolidated Stock Exchange

until about December, 1908. He was a member of the firm of Eastman and Company, of 33 Wall Street. The other member of the firm was John T. Garrison. The office was shared with some mining stock sellers.

When the firm failed, Eastman's liabilities were enormous and he was indicted for grand larceny. His middle name was Emmett and it is believed that he found it convenient to use this name as his surname instead of the name under which he was indicted. "Robert Emmett Eastman" is nothing more than a transposition of the name "Emmett Eastman Roberts."

The complainant against him was Helen A. Robertson, of 34 W. 129th Street, New York City. A warrant was issued by a police magistrate for Eastman's arrest and subsequently he was indicted on a charge of grand larceny.

**A**FTER his indictment, Eastman dropped out of sight. On August 4th, 1908, Detectives Flood and Fitzgerald of the District Attorney's office, were in Chicago on their way to the Coast, and got wind that Eastman was on his way to that city.

They tipped off the Chicago police and Eastman was arrested that same day.

The Mechanics' National Bank of New York meantime was interested in the payment of certain checks of Eastman's and had employed the Pinkertons to locate him. In his possession were found something like \$55,000 in certified checks and money.

At that time, when he was locked up in the Harrison Street Police Station in Chicago with two tramps, he is reported to have said: "There was never a more complete failure than myself. Wall Street never witnessed a more complete ruin."

On August 5th, the broker was suspended from the Consolidated Stock Exchange for failure to meet his obligations. The Chicago magistrate released him on \$80,000 bail, and then came reports that he had jumped his bond and disappeared again.

He was rearrested on August 28th by Detective Walsh of the New York Detective Bureau, armed with extradition papers, and Walsh left Chicago that night with his prisoner bound for New York.

In September, Eastman was again released on \$50,000 bail, and dropped from sight, picking the secluded town of St. Michaels, Maryland, as his hiding place.

President Knowles of the Mechanics' National Bank, is reported to have claimed that Eastman was an unmitigated scoundrel.

"He defrauded his own partner," one newspaper declared Mr. Knowles to have said. "He robbed his clients and he 'stuck' a great many Wall Street brokers before he skipped out early last summer. I got on his trail right after he left this city and traced him to Chicago. I had two detectives go with me to Eastman's room. They waited outside while I went in.

"He greeted me with a snarl of rage and said 'I may be deformed, but I'll kill you if you don't get out of here.' He was desperate and I think he would have attacked me if the detectives had not come to my rescue. I got in touch with other persons he had defrauded and had him brought on here to New York. He was as oily a swindler as I have ever heard of."

Up in New York City, Eastman had left a wife and a little baby boy.



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This then was the real man to whom we simple people had given our affection and our trust!

Now then for the second letter, addressed to his wife, Vinnie Bradcomb, an actress, in the care of Klaw and Erlanger, 42nd Street, New York City.

It was like a voice from the tomb, accusing not himself—oh, no!—but a woman of the killing! It had been written by the fugitive when all avenues of escape had been cut off.

Here it is for your perusal, word for word, exactly as we found it in Roberts' boat:

Vinnie:

*Take this money and go at once to McDaniel, Talbot County, Maryland, and claim my body and all my property. The property consists of 22 acres of land and a bungalow. There is also a motor boat. Have a sale and convert the whole thing into cash. I don't owe a cent, excepting for the paint and the pump which Shanahan and Wrighton, of Easton, will be glad to get back, as it is not broken, just as it was shipped.*

*Little girl, I had no hand in the tragedy. Was there and removed the evidence after the other two couples fled. I did this for self-preservation and am haunted. The victim was my particular friend and we were well-mated. Have known her only three weeks. We all, that is two men and two other women from Annapolis, went to the bungalow for a time. Everyone got full excepting Edith and myself. Edith tried to win one of the girls' fellows and while laying on the bed with him, was hit three times on the side of the head with a full bottle of champagne and the fellow hit once. She fell over on the floor and died.*

*The man did not come to for an hour. I was left with the corpse and cannot take a chance for a trial. Life to me is very bitter and I will pull down the shades and say good-bye.*

*You can claim my property and say as little as possible. But get it. I am awfully sorry for you and our boy, and I have been hustling madly to make your path clear, but Fate is against me.*

Bob.

*Take Pennsylvania Railroad to Easton, Maryland, and then change to B. C. & A. Don't neglect this, the property is valuable.*

In one of his pockets, also, was a small bottle, containing enough aconite to have wiped out the entire population of St. Michaels. Evidently he was not taking any chances, and was prepared for the emergency of not being able to get at his gun.

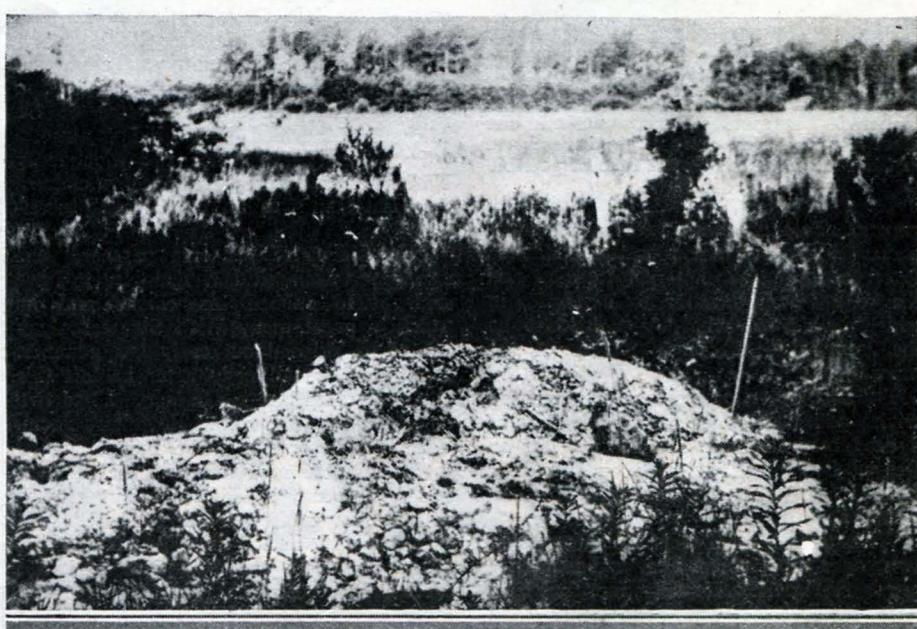
You can imagine what a sensation the contents of this letter created. People looked at one another in amazement. Could such things be true of Mrs. Woodill? Had she voluntarily gone to Eastman's bungalow, as he claimed? Had she been accidentally killed in a drunken brawl? After all, this was the last statement of a man ready to face death, and it was not to be taken lightly.

Or could it be, some suggested, that she had known of Eastman's true identity and had threatened to reveal it? Had it been to talk over that situation that she had gone willingly to his house, and had he, in his terror lest she make good her threat, killed her in desperation? Or was it possible, said others, that she had been accidentally killed in the half-built house and Eastman, knowing that he would be blamed for her murder, sought to do away with her body?

There was still another letter, one which made us inclined to take some stock in his fantastic claim that a woman, and not himself, was responsible for the ghastly crime. Here it is:

Easton, Md.  
June 16, 1909.

Dear Roberts:  
Ryan and Shotwell will arrive Ox-



Eastman's desolate grave as it looked immediately after his burial, located on his own farm and within sight of the spot where he murdered the beautiful Edith May Thompson. No church would accept his remains for burial, nor minister speak the last rites over his grave, but a layman did step forward at the last moment and said a few words

ford boat 12 o'clock tonight. Captain Lee will take us over to your joint. Get there about 20 minutes to 1, but must leave after looking over the place. Sorry you have decided not to go this time. Girls all at Annapolis. Here is to the one you sent for me.

Yours  
Howard.

Was this a genuine letter or was it, like Edith's letter from Baltimore, a clever trick worked out by Eastman to divert suspicion from himself? The man was a clever writer, as a matter of fact, and it was quite true that he had previously been the editor of the Denver magazine "Facts."

Exhaustively and painstakingly we worked upon this angle of the case, running down every slender clue contained in this last letter. We never discovered a single fact that would bear out Eastman's contention that there was a party of guests in his bungalow that Saturday night. It would have been a practical impossibility for a launch to have anchored in as small a place as St. Michaels without being seen and its presence attracting a good bit of comment.

The entire story, like many of the embezzler's stock transactions, seems to have existed only in the diseased fabrications of his mind.

Another interesting fact was made known about this time, too. On Saturday morning, June 27th, while the bodies of both Eastman and Mrs. Woodill lay awaiting burial, there came from Minneapolis a statement purporting to be issued by Edith's true mother, who, after all her long years of silence, saw fit to come forth and claim her child.

Here are the facts, as they were given to a newspaper man who succeeded in locating the other at Ashaka, a settlement in the mountains forty miles up the Clearwater River.

MATTHEW WIRTZ, of Minneapolis, had been murdered at a desolate settlement at Couse Creek, nine miles above Asotin. It was claimed that he had been killed by one Henry Grayson in a dispute over wages. Grayson was tried and acquitted.

Wirtz's widow married again, but a child of the first marriage, then about three years old, was sent to the home of Doctor William R. Roup of Kansas City, Kansas. Doctor Roup's wife becoming ill, the little one was sent back to Minneapolis to a Mrs. Greene, a niece of Doctor Roup.

While at the home of the Greenes, a legal contest began which resulted in the adoption of the girl by the Thompsons. The Greenes had allowed Mrs. Delos Matteson, a friend, to take her into their home. When the Greenes went back to get her, the Mattesons refused to surrender her. A writ of habeas corpus was issued to the district court to determine who should have possession of her.

Mrs. Thompson, struck with the child's beauty, had determined to have her for her own, and while the Greenes and the Mattesons were busy fighting each other, Mrs. Thompson located the child's mother and was quietly made guardian in the Probate Court at Elk River.

The guardianship papers were honored by the Minneapolis court, and Mrs. Thompson

son was awarded the custody of the child whose name was then Anna Pearl Wirtz. To make her position more secure, Mrs. Thompson later adopted the girl with her mother's consent on Oct. 13th, 1890.

All of this was of interest, of course, to those of us who had known and loved Edith Thompson. Strange was it not, if this story was actually true, that the daughter should have been murdered, as her father had been before her?

What was very much more to the point, however, (especially with the stigma which threatened to cloud her name forever) was the information sent down to us on that same Saturday by the Baltimore detectives—information which has satisfactorily cleared up for most of us all the mystery of her killing.

Sergeant Lancaster of the Baltimore Police Force, while making his rounds the preceding Tuesday, noticed some very fine jewels in the pawnshop of Benjamin and Company.

He questioned the dealer who gave him a description of the man who had pawned them. "He was lame," he said, "and of a striking appearance."

One of the rings was a marquise, with a large brown diamond as the central stone. Another ring was a diamond cluster, and there was a brooch made of Orient pearls in the form of a bunch of grapes. Only \$200 had been raised on them, although their actual value was far more.

WHEN the murder by Lame Bob Eastman was reported to Baltimore Headquarters, this officer remembered the jewels, and wondered if these might possibly have been worn by the victim, since they had been pawned by a lame man.

And so it was! It was established that the murderer had disposed of them on the trip he had made to Baltimore the preceding Monday—the day upon which he is believed to have mailed the fictitious letter to the Thompson family, and the day after he is believed to have fed Mrs. Woodill to the crabs.

To clear up all possible doubt, Captain Thompson made a hurried trip to the city, and, shaking throughout his feeble frame, he picked up the gems, one by one, and identified each in turn as having been worn by his darling the last time she had been seen alive.

In the eyes of the police, this cleared up the whole mystery. Eastman was known to have been short of money, since he had been borrowing from George Taylor. Mrs. Woodill's pocketbook at the time of her disappearance was known to have contained a large sum of money, and so robbery provided a clear motive. Apparently he figured that his victim would be devoured by the scavengers of the Bay before his crime could ever be discovered.

He failed to calculate on the tides—and destiny!

EFFORTS were now made to locate Vinnie Bradcomb, Eastman's wife, and late Saturday night Mr. Turner received a message from her stating that she had no money with which to come to Maryland. Mr. Turner immediately wired her that he would pay all expenses, as he did not wish to bury the man without the positive identification of his wife.

Mrs. Eastman arrived in Easton the same night, and here is the story which

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Reverend Hight and Mrs. Hight, from a photograph taken before the minister met Mrs. Sweetin

"About 4 A. M. she asked for coffee. There was some on the stove in the kitchen where my daughters and a neighbor woman were sitting. They handed me a cup of coffee and on the way back to my wife's bedroom I stopped at the pantry, took down a container in which I had hidden arsenic and shook some of it into the coffee.

"My wife gulped it down eagerly and it seemed to help her, so much so that a day or two later she was up and around and was able to take that drive to Eldorado. Then that night she grew worse—and the next day she was dead."

While Hight was baring all these details and Mrs. Sweetin was being rushed to Mount Vernon, word of the minister's final confession involving Mrs. Sweetin had spread over the countryside and a crowd that rapidly began to assume the appearance of a mob was concentrating upon the county seat.

Sheriff Holcomb, as soon as he had Mrs. Sweetin in jail, swore in special deputies, armed them and posted them about the jail around which an excited throng, loudly

voicing angry denunciations of the accused couple, was now swirling.

Throughout the early hours of the night its threatening sound penetrated to Hight, cowering in his cell, and to the room in which Mrs. Sweetin, being submitted to the same ordeal of questioning that had wrenching confession from the minister's lips, was stoutly proclaiming her innocence.

Again Thompson, the Prosecutor, permitted his knowledge of psychology to guide him. To others he left the "rough stuff." He himself remained gentle, courteous but persuasive. To him Mrs. Sweetin turned as to a friend in the midst of enemies.

**I**N the small hours of the morning he suddenly entered the room where she was frantically repeating her denials that she ever had been in love with Hight or had a hand in poisoning her husband.

"Why are you talking to the lady in that brutal manner?" he demanded with mock anger. "Get out of here, all of you. Clear the room and I shall talk to her alone."

A few minutes later he opened the door and called to an assistant: "Bring that man Hight here. She wants to tell him to his face what she thinks of him."

When the agitated Hight was brought he was taken into the room with Mrs. Sweetin and presently Thompson strolled out and left them alone. Out of their sight, however, he became instantly alert and sought a place where he and others might both see and hear what went on between them.

For several moments their talk was casual, inquiring about each other's health and other things of trivial importance.

It was the woman who eventually brought to the fore the thing that really was in their minds.

"Why did you make that absurd confession involving me?" she demanded suddenly.

"Because it was true," he replied. "Elsie! Sweetheart! I am standing in the light of sanctification now. I have confessed my killing and I am at peace. Confess yours,

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for you know you are guilty. Don't make it harder for me than it already is."

"As long as they had you, why didn't you stick to that confession that you did it alone and leave me free to watch out for my children and yours?" she asked.

"Because I wanted you to share my burden," he replied. Then in a lower tone that nevertheless carried to the listeners: "If I faced this thing alone I'd go to the gallows sure. Listen to that mob out there! Nothing but my life will satisfy them and the law will give it to them in the long run unless you take your share of the blame."

Presently Thompson rejoined them and sent Hight back to his cell.

"I've got her about persuaded," he told waiting reporters. "She'll come through after a bit."

He was right except as to the length of time required to extract that confession. As in his case, it was dawn and a great weariness that broke her resistance. To Thompson she made and signed a confession as follows:

"I, Elsie Sweetin, of my own free will do make the following statement:

"That the first time I noticed that Lawrence M. Hight had any feeling of affection

some of the poison which Hight had given me.

"HE became very ill but later seemed to grow better and on the Tuesday following I gave him some more poison in some oatmeal, Mr. Hight having given me some more poison in the meantime. With medical attention Wilford seemed to grow better again and after Doctor S. A. Thompson had waited on him Friday, July twenty-fifth, I administered to Wilford Sweetin the final dose of poison and he grew much worse and died on July twenty-eighth, nineteen twenty-four, the final dose of poison having been administered in some tomato soup.

"Every time Mr. Hight came to the house during Wilford's illness he gave me a note of encouragement to give Wilford more poison.

"I do not know and he did not tell me when he poisoned his wife but when she



Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Sweetin, at the time of their marriage

became ill and died I supposed that he had poisoned her.

"Until I became infatuated with Mr. Hight I had led a blameless life and had always been a true wife and mother."

Before making public Mrs. Sweetin's confession the authorities spirited her and Hight out of jail and took them to the jails of other, and separate, counties to foil possible mob violence, since feeling against them was running high.

In the jail at Salem, Illinois, Mrs. Sweetin collapsed and was in bed several days. Recovering, she began to lay the foundation for a defense.

"I was just a child in Hight's hands," she said. "I did not seem to have a will of my own. I did what he told me and it seemed right because he said so. But I did not poison my husband. Hight never even suggested it. It must be, like he said in his second confession, that he gave Wilford arsenic himself when he was sitting up with him."

Calmly she repudiated her own confession. It had been forced from her by Hight, she said, when he told her that the mob outside the jail would string them both up if she persisted in her denials.

"I was still under his influence and he frightened me so I didn't know what I was doing," she insisted.

She persisted in that stand when the couple were placed on trial three months later for the murder of Wilford Sweetin and her attorneys succeeded in having her confession barred from the evidence. They were not so fortunate, however, in their attempt to have her tried separately.

Hight meanwhile had experienced a change of heart so far as admitting his guilt and, taking the stand in his own

Prosecutor Frank G. Thompson

tion for me was in April, 1924; that my husband had for some time treated me without affection; that Reverend Hight continued his advances and I finally discovered that I returned his affection; that about three months ago Reverend Hight suggested that he give me some poison to give my husband and that he would do the same for his wife.

"At first I was horrified, but he talked so plausibly and I had such confidence in him that it seemed to me to be right to do it.

"We then finally agreed that I was to give poison to my husband, Wilford Sweetin, and he was to administer poison to his wife, Anna Hight; and then, a week or two before my husband, Wilford Sweetin, was hurt in the mine at Mason, Illinois, Lawrence M. Hight gave me a paper package which he told me contained poison and told me to give some of it to Wilford in anything. Wilford was hurt in the mine on the night of July 16th, 1924, and the following day we went to Benton and went to the drug-store and got some ice cream and coca cola and on the way home I gave Wilford Sweetin, my husband, some chocolate candy in which I had mixed

defense, declared that the shock of his arrest had so numbed his mind that he could recall nothing that had happened for two weeks afterwards.

He declared he was innocent of poisoning Sweetin or of persuading Mrs. Sweetin to do so. He professed to have no recollection of making or signing any confession of Sweetin's murder.

The State, however, built up so strong a case of circumstantial evidence that the jury found both Hight and Mrs. Sweetin guilty, but spared their lives. Hight was sentenced to life imprisonment in Chester Prison and Mrs. Sweetin was given thirty-five years in Joliet.

TWO years later, the slowly-revolving wheels of the State Supreme Court having reached Mrs. Sweetin's appeal, she was granted a new trial on a technicality—that her plea for a separate trial should have been granted. (Photo on page 62 shows her as she looked after two years

in prison, as she went on trial a second time.)

Hight did not appeal his life sentence. Now he was brought back from prison to testify for the defense in Mrs. Sweetin's second trial for the murder of her husband.

Taking the stand, Hight glibly backed up Mrs. Sweetin's claim that he had frightened her into a confession.

**O**UTSIDE the jail there was a mob. Inside I had faced continuous questioning for hours. I was nervous and distraught. I don't recall exactly what I told Mrs. Sweetin when they left us alone together that night but I probably told her to confess so we would be taken away where the mob couldn't get at us. I would have said or done anything to get away from that place just then."

Deprived of any help from Hight, the State was unable to satisfy the jury that Mrs. Sweetin had been his accomplice and it acquitted her.

## "Inside" on the Rondout Train Robbery

(Continued from page 39)

legal name, and only with that did he admit he was James Murray.

The government replied to his plea for liberty by issuing a warrant charging him with conspiracy to rob the mails. His bonds were set at \$100,000. Murray, a ward politician of no little prominence, got the bail cut to \$50,000; supplied it, and was released.

With Murray passing temporarily out of their hands, the investigators paused to take stock of their case.

This day, the fourth following the crime, they had seven prisoners, six of whom were in confinement. These seven were taken thirty hours after the train had been robbed.

Each day of liberty enjoyed by the missing members of the gang, those in charge of the case realized, increased the possibility of the \$1,900,000 remaining forever a "lost fortune."

Chief Simmons' presence in Chicago made that city the general headquarters from which the hunt was directed.

That phase of the investigation that involved the finding of the "inside" man was primarily occupying the attention of Chief Simmons and his picked staff. They devoted themselves to a study of every man who had a knowledge of Mail Train 57 and the cargo it carried on the night of June 12th.

**I**NSPECTOR FAHY and the Chicago staff of agents were making a general investigation, working with Simmons' men and also with Captain Schoemaker and Sergeant Tapscott.

The main task of these latter two was the finding of the missing outlaws—Grant and Wilcox.

The police officers felt that something was radically wrong. They had tapped every source at their command, both official and criminal. Bureau of identification files in every large city in the country were scrutinized for records of the men. Police informants known to have contact with "Egan's Rats" were questioned by

St. Louis officers. The Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and San Francisco underworlds were scoured for clues.

Out of it all came exactly nothing. No one was found who had ever even heard of Sam Grant or Blackie Wilcox.

Believing as they did that amateurs could not have displayed the generalship that made the hold-up successful, the detectives could only conclude that Willis had given them fictitious names to protect those of his comrades who were still at large.

It was a serious blow to the investigators, this discovery that the only prisoner who had made admissions, the one counted upon to aid the prosecution, was thwarting them.

He had truthfully identified the others who were in custody. What could be his motive in protecting those who had not yet been apprehended?

Schoemaker and Tapscott theorized that Willis had not become reconciled to his fate. He still had hopes, apparently, of "beating the rap." He was, they began to believe, protecting the missing men on the chance that they would repay him by financing his defense with the loot.

The job was to induce him to change his attitude. Brutal third degree methods would hardly prove effective, both Schoemaker and Tapscott agreed. More subtle ways were needed, and the officers in reaching this conclusion, turned to gangland's lore and stole a leaf from that volume to "rib" Willis.

The underworld says a man is being ribbed when he is told falsely that another has betrayed him. It is not written on coroners' reports, but police have knowledge of cases where one gang has sentenced a member of an opposing group to death by inflaming the mind of a killer with untruthful stories that the man marked for slaughter has shown himself to be a traitor. Gangland derives the descriptive word "ribbing" from the common habit of a man nudging the ribs of another when he says: "You're being fooled; get wise to yourself."

As long as Willis was safe behind jail



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**NOTE:** Due to a last moment exigency, The Diabolical Murder at the Chatou Villa, which we announced last month, had to be replaced by a substitute story in this issue, but it will appear in an early issue of this magazine

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bars the officers were certain that murder would not result from their modus operandi. It was their hope that bantering words would serve to loosen his tongue.

"You've given us a bum steer, Willis," Schoemaker told him, "but you're only hurting yourself. Your pals have double-crossed you and skipped out with all the money. They've left you to stand trial, all alone and broke."

"Think it over, Willis. They don't seem like very good friends, do they?"

**WILLIS**, born on the plains of Texas, a cowboy before he turned train bandit, was a plodding soul, slow to think and slow to act. Against the hard shell of his understanding the officers beat their laughing taunts that his comrades had made a "chump" of him.

Willis was greatly troubled. He wanted advice, and he had no one to whom to turn. His fellow prisoners scorned him as a "squealer" and would have nothing to do with him. His only friends, it seemed to him, were Schoemaker and Tapscott.

He fell into their way of thinking, and it was with a tense air that the officers came to his cell after he had sent word to them.

"I'm ready to come clean," he said. "I've been giving you the run around, I admit, with that bunk about Grant and Wilcox. The fellows you want are 'Herb' Holliday and 'Brent' Glasscock. They led us on the job and they got away with the stuff. I know they've hung out some times with 'Egan's Rats.' They're tough eggs, I can tell you that."

Schoemaker and Tapscott believed they had struck twelve then. Both Holliday and Glasscock were found to have long criminal records and were branded as dangerous men. Holliday was wanted by the state of Texas for the hold-up of a train. Glasscock, an ex-convict and a man of thirteen aliases, was wanted by several western states for bank robberies.

Chief Simmons with the aid of Inspector Fahy and the two officers who had won Willis' confidence organized a nationwide hunt for the pair. The pursuit got underway with the utmost secrecy for there was always the fear that if the men learned that their identity had been revealed, they would flee the country with the loot.

The newspapers were permitted to believe that Grant and Wilcox were still being sought. Circulars bearing the pictures, descriptions and finger-prints of Holliday and Glasscock were prepared and quietly distributed to peace officers throughout the country. Contrary to custom, the circulars were not displayed in public places where the men wanted might come upon them.

A \$2,000 reward was offered for the capture of each, dead or alive. The police officers of the country were warned that the men would not hesitate to shoot their way out of a trap. Glasscock, the circulars stated further, was believed to be wearing a bullet-proof vest.

**SERGEANT TAPSCOTT** seized upon Willis' mention of the pair's connection with "Egan's Rats" to start the search in the gang's haunts in St. Louis.

He gained entree to several resorts, and passed from one to another posing as a Chicago racketeer who expected to meet Holliday and Glasscock for the purpose of

"pulling a big job." Fortune favored him almost at once.

An Egan cohort, anxious to get in the good graces of the supposed Chicago underworld "big shot," edged close to Tapscott in a bar room.

"You and Holliday missed connections, mister," he told the sergeant. "Herb pulled out of here about ten days ago. I heard he'd gone to Kansas City."

The investigators struck a cold trail in Kansas City, but then came the information, gleaned from past activities of Holliday, that the quarry had a wife and mother in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Even criminals want to be close to their womenfolk, so it was in Little Rock that the hunt for Holliday now centered.

Holliday's wife was living with his mother. The mails into the Holliday cottage were watched, but apparently the fugitive seldom took his pen in hand. Postal Inspectors Keefe and Ross were given the thankless task of watching the home, and so well did they do their work that the Holliday women never suspected that they were under surveillance.

Holliday proved himself a man who believed implicitly in his newspapers. He was thinking, perhaps, of accounts of the unsuccessful search for Grant and Wilcox and chuckling a bit over them the morning of July 2nd, when he drove an automobile up to the home.

He stepped out of the car, and there scurried behind him Inspectors Keefe and Ross, who had leaped from their hiding place across the street. Holliday did not see nor hear them until he was in their arms and they had handcuffs on him.

Holliday, not knowing that Willis had named him, suspected that the inspectors had nabbed him only on a blind "hunch," and so he willingly waived extradition.

He came back to Chicago for a "show-up." Engineer Waite promptly identified him as the man who had prodded him with a gun and forced him to stop the train. Holliday had the gift of calmness; he laughed in the face of his accuser, and demanded the government prove he was implicated. He joined the Newtons and the McCombs in jail for they, unlike Murray, had found themselves unable to win their freedom on bond.

Holliday's arrest and identification were important, of course, but his capture did not appear to bring the investigators any closer to the missing \$1,900,000, or of Glasscock's whereabouts. Likewise nothing was developing to bring closer to justice the "inside" man.

Neither Holliday nor any of the other prisoners, Chief Simmons was certain, had been in a position to go behind the scenes and obtain the knowledge that was of such value to the looters of the train. Uncle Sam is zealous in his guardianship of the mails. The "brains" of the hold-up was wanted and wanted badly.

In checking the past histories and present activities of those who were familiar with the operations of the looted train, Simmons' staff took especial care to determine if any had suddenly displayed new prosperity. The bank employees who had prepared the money and bonds for shipment; the mail truck drivers who had delivered the packages to the post office; the post-office clerks; the train clerks; the train crew—all were sub-

(Continued on page 120)

## LUMINOUS PAINT

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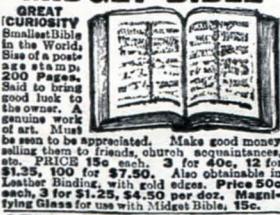
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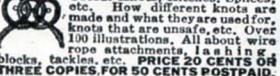
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With bunch of these bills, it is easy for a person of limited means to appear prosperous by flashing a roll of these bills at the proper time and peeling off a genuine bill or two from the outside of the roll, the effect created will be found to be all that can be desired. Prices, postpaid: 40 Bills 20c, 120 for 50c, or \$3.50 thousand postpaid.

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(Continued from page 118)



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Every man came out of the examination free from the slightest suspicion of guilt. Somewhere between the Federal Reserve Bank, the Chicago post-office and the mail train there was a man who was the key-stone of the conspiracy, but he, seemingly, had covered his tracks well.

Baffled at every turn, Chief Simmons felt himself as helpless as a weaver of a fine net who knows there is a flaw in his creation and yet cannot find it. And then—

**A** N embittered woman, her heart crying for vengeance, stepped in to turn the hunt for the master bandit into a new channel, the way into which seemed to lead only to the height of a mad improbability.

"Mrs. Irma Fontana to see you," a clerk told Chief Simmons.

"Show her in," the Chief answered, although her name meant nothing to him, and he could not imagine the reason for her call.

The woman who sat down before Simmons was a handsome blonde, about twenty-five years old. Her husband was Ernest Fontana, who had a long police record in Chicago as a bootlegger and gunman. He was now in jail. He had been arrested May 6th on the charge that he was one of two men who slugged a postal messenger at Harvey, Illinois, March 25th, and escaped with a mail sack containing \$150,000 in currency.

Mrs. Fontana explained that her husband's arrest had a great deal to do with her visit to the chief inspector. She went on with her story, and at the very start she caught and held the attention of Chief Simmons.

She had been convinced of her husband's innocence, she said. She believed that he had been "framed"—made the victim of the arresting officer who needed a prisoner to maintain his reputation as a thief catcher. She set out for revenge.

She found it no easy task, she went on. Her prey was a trusted and highly-respected law officer. He and she moved in different circles. Adroit manoeuvres were necessary before she made his acquaintance. She gave him her smiles.

**P**OISING as one sickened with the life of a jailbird's wife and sorely smitten with the charms of her husband's captor, she disarmed his natural suspicions, and won an invitation to a road-house party. More invitations followed, and were accepted.

Then came the Rondout robbery.

The man was in the very thick of the investigation. The newspapers told her how he was leading squads about the city and environs, running down clues and questioning prisoners. Ostensibly he was devoting twenty hours a day to the case, and for a brief time, Mrs. Fontana feared

her campaign must necessarily be delayed.

But such was not to be. The man, for all his labors, did not forget her, she was happy to learn. He had a good many late evening and early morning hours available for cabaret visits in her company.

The woman who was out for revenge was making progress. She was one who believed that every man has his price; be he law officer or criminal, he is somehow "getting his," she was convinced. This man, she had no doubt, was no different than the rest; sooner or later, she was certain, he would betray himself.

Now she was coming to the point of her story. The midnight preceding, she explained, she visited a café with the officer.

The trusted investigator was unusually gay. He drew his chair close to her, and they put their heads together over liquor glasses. He spoke of finery for her.

She laughed, and told him gaily that she had no faith in his fine promises. He was serious, he insisted. He leaned even closer, and whispered in her ear.

She heard his words, and a flush of excitement swept over her. She saw the whole structure of the Rondout case investigation turned topsy-turvy, and saw that her task was at an end! She found it difficult the rest of the evening to carry on calmly in her role of ardent sweetheart.

It was those few words he had whispered in her ear just a few hours before that now brought her into the presence of Chief Simmons.

"He is one of your own men," Mrs. Fontana warned the Chief.

"Who is he, and what did he say to you?" Simmons asked.

The woman answered the last part of his question first.

"He said to me: 'I am expecting fourteen thousand dollars from Jimmy Murray.'"

"Name the man?" Chief Simmons demanded.

And Mrs. Fontana answered:  
"Postal Inspector William Fahy."  
"Fahy!"

Chief Simmons echoed the name in utter amazement. A veteran of criminal investigation, he had known many strange and surprising things, but never before had he been given such a startling thought to contemplate as that of Postal Inspector Fahy, the government's ace investigator, in the role of bandit leader!

In all the great cases in criminal history that have baffled the detectives, has there ever been a more startling disclosure than this one—**IF TRUE?** Do YOU believe it is true? The second and concluding instalment of this sensational and outstanding detective case piles one surprise upon another. Don't fail to read it in next month's **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**—a genuine thriller—in the May issue, on sale everywhere April 15th.

## To Our Readers

Most of the contents of this magazine come from leading newspaper men, detectives, and police officials. But we wish to make it plain that all readers of **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES** are invited to send in, for consideration, fact stories of crime which they deem are suitable for publication herein. In writing for this magazine, please stick to the facts. Decision on manuscripts submitted will be made as promptly as possible, and we will pay at our usual rates, for those accepted. Actual photographs are desirable. Address: **TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES**, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

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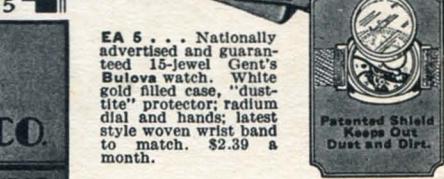


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